

THE PSALMES OF DAVID

In Meeter.

According as they are
sung in the Church
of SCOTLAND.

Bee filled with the Spirit; spea:
king to your selues in Psalmes
and Hymns, and spirituall
Songes: singing and making
melodie in your heartes to the
Lord. Ephes. 5. 18. 19.



EDINBURGH,
Printed by the Heires of ANDRO
HART: Anno Dom. 1630.

TEMPESTVS



THE PSALMES OF DAVID.

PSALME I.

THE Mā is bleſt, that hath not bent
To wicked reſe his eare: ,
Nor led his life as ſinners doe,
Nor ſat in Scorners Chaire.
But in the Law of God the Lord,
Doe ſet his whole delight:
And in that Law doe exercise,
Himſelfe both Day and Night.

3 He ſhall bee lik the tree that groweth ,
Faſt by the Riuere ſide :
Which bringeth forth moſt pleaſat fruite
In her due time and tide.
Whose Leafe ſhall never fade nor fall,
But flouriſh ſtill and stand:
Euen ſo ſhall all things proſper well,
That this man takes in hand.

4 So ſhall not the vngodlie men,
They ſhall bee nothing ſo,
But as the Duff which from the Earth ,
The Winde drives to and fro.

5 Therefore ſhall not the wicked men,
In judgement ſtand vpright:
Nor yet the ſinners with the Iuſt,
Shall come in place or ſight,

6 For why? the way of godlie men ,
Vnto the L O R D is knowne:
And eke the way of wicked men,
Shall quite bee ouer throwne.

PSALME II.

WHY did the Gentiles tumults raise?
What rage was in their braine?
Why did the Iewiſh people auife,
Seeing all is but valne?
2 The Kings and Rulers of the Earth ,
Conſpire, and are all bent
Againſt the L O R D and Christ his Son,
Whom hee among vs ſent.

3 Shall wee bee bound to them, ſay they ,
Let all their bonds bee broke :
And of their Doctrine and their Law,
Let vs reſect the yoke.

4 But hee that in the Heauen dwelleth ,
Their doings will deride:
And make them all as mocking ſtockes,
Throughout the World ſo wide.

5 For in his wrath the L O R D will ſpeake ,
To them vpon a day:
And in his furie trouble them ,
And then the L O R D will ſay ,
I haue anoynted him my King,
Upon mine holie Hill ;

2 I will therefore, L O R D preach thy Lawes ,
And eke declare thy Will.

7 For in this wiſe the L O R D himſelfe ,
Did ſay to mee, I wote :
Thou art my deare and onelie Sonne ,
This Day I thee begote.

8 All people I will giue to Thee ,
As Heires at thy request :
The ends and Coaſtes of all the Earth ,
By thee ſhall bee poſſeſt.

9 Thou ſhalt them bruife euē with a ſtrake ,
As men vnder foote trode:
And as the Potters ſharde ſhalt break
Them with an Yron rodde.

10 Now yee , O Kings and Rulers all ,
Bee wiſe therefore and learende:
By whom the matters of the World ,
Bee judged and decerde.

11 See that you ſerve the L O R D above ,
In trembling and in feare:
See that with reuernace yee rejoice ,
To him in like manner.

12 See that yee kiffe and eke embrace ,
His blessed Sonne, I ſay:
Lest in his wrath yee ſuddenlie ,
Periſh in the mid way.

13 If once his wrath neuer ſo ſmall ,
Shall kindle in his breſt:
Oh, then all they that truſt in Christ ,
Shall haſſie bee and bleſt ,

PSALME III.

O L O R D, how art my foes increaſe ,
Which vexe mee more and more ,
They kill mine heart when as they ſay ,
G O D can not him reſtore.

2 But thou , O L O R D , art my deſence
When I am heare beſtead :

3 My worſhippe and mine honour borh ,
And thou holdſt vp mine head.

4 Then with my voyce vpon the L O R D :
I did both call and cry:
And hee out of his holie Hill ,
Did heare mee by and by.

5 I laide mee downe, and quietlie ,
I ſlept, and roſe againe:
For why? I know, assuredlie ,
The L O R D will mee ſustaine.

6 If ten thouſand had hemde mee in ,
I could not bee affraide:

Psalmes iiii.

For thou art full my L O R D my G O D
My Saviour and myt aide.
7 Rise vp therefore, save mee my G O D,
For now to Thee I call:
For thou hast broke the cheeke and teeth,
Of these wicked men all,

8 Saluation onelie doeth belong,
To thee, O I. O R D . aboue,
Thou doest bethow vpon thy Folke,
Thy blessing and thy loue.

PSALME. IIII.

O G O D , that art my righteousesse,
L O R D heare mee when I call:
Thou hast set mee at libertie.
When I was bound and thrall,
2 Haue mercie, L O R D , therfore on mee
And grant mee this request:
For vnto thee vncessantlie,
To cry I will not rest.

3 O mortall men how long will yee,
My glorie thus despise:
Why wander yee in vanitic,
And follow after lies.
4 Know yee that good and godlie men,
The L O R D doeth take and chuse:
And when to him I make my plaint,
Hee doeth mee not refuse.

5 Sinne not, but stand in awe therefore;
Examine well your heart:
And in your Chamber quietlie,
See yee your selues convert.
6 Offer to G O D the Sacrifice,
O F R ighteousesse , I say,
And looke that in the liuing L O R D ,
You put your trust alway.

7 The greater sort craue worldlie goods,
And Riches doe embrace:
But, L O R D , grant mee thy countenance,
Thy Fauour and thy Grace.
8 For Thou thereby shalt make mine heart
More joyfull and more glad:
Than they that of their Corne and Wine,
Full great increase haue had.
In Peace therefore lye downe will I ,
Taking my rest and sleepe:
For thou onelie wilt mee , O L O R D ,
alone in safetie keepe.

PSALME V.

1 Ncline thine Eares vnto my Word,
O L O R D , my plaint consider,
2 And heare my voyce my King my G O D ,
To Thee I make my prayer.
3 Heare mee betime, I. O R D , tariue not
For I will haue respect:
My prayer carelie in the Morne,
To Thee for to direct.
4 And I will trust through patience,
In thee my G O D alone :
That art not please with wickednesse,
And ill with Thee dwel' th noue.
5 And in thy sight shall never stand,
These furions, Fooles , O L O R D ,
Vaine workers of iniquicie ,
Thou hast alwayes abhord.

6 The lyars and the gatterers,
Thou shalt destoy them these

Psalmes vi.

And G O D will hate the blood-thi
And the deceitfull man.
7 Therefore I will come to thine H
Trusting vpon thy gr ees
And reverentlie will worshipe the
Toward thine holie place.

8 L O R D , lead mee in thy righteon
For to confound my foes:
And eke the way that I shall walke,
Before my face disclose.
9 For in their mouthes there is no true
Their heart is foulc and vaine:
Their throate an open Sepulchre
their tonges doe glose and faine.
10 Destroy their false conspiracies,
That they may come to noughe
Subuert them in their heapes of sinne,
Which hane rebellion wrought.
11 But those that pnt their trust in the
Let them bee glad alwayes:
nd render thankes for thy defence,
And giue thy Name the praise.
12 For thou with Fauour wilt increase
The just and righteous still,
And with thy grace as with a shield,
Defende him from all ill.

PSALME VI.

L O R D in thy wrath reproue mee
Though I deserve thine ire:
Noryet correct mee in thy rage;
O L O R D , I thee desire.
2 For I am weake therefore, O L O R D
Of mercie mee forbear:
And heale me, Lord, for why thou know
My bones doe quake for feare.

3 My Soule is stronbled verie sore,
And vexed vchementlie:
But, L O R D . how long wilt thou del
To cure my misterie.
4 L O R D . turne thee to thy wouted gr a
My sille Soule vp-take :
Oh, lase mee not for my desertes ,
But for thy mercies sake.

5 For why? no man among the deads
Remembereth thee ouer white,
Or who shall worship thee, O L O R D
In the infernall pitte.
6 So grieuous is my plaint and moe
That I waxe wondrous faint:
All the night long I walke my bed,
With teares of my complaint.

7 My fight is dimme and waxed olde,
With anguish of mine heart:
For feare of those that bee my foes,
And would my soule subuert.
8 But now away from mee all yee ,
That worke iniquicie:
For why? the L o r d hath heard the vo
Of my complaint and cry.

9 Hee heard not onelie the request,
And prayer of mine heart:
But it received at mine hand,
And tooke it in good part.
10 And now my Foes that vexed mee
The L O R D will soone defaue
And suddenlie confound them all,
To their rebuke and shame.

Psalme vii.

1 Lord my God I put my trust,
And confidence in thee:
Save mee from them that mee pursue,
And eke deliuer mee,
2 Lest like a Lyon hee mee teare,
And rent in picces small:
Whilst there is none to succour mee,
And ride mee out of thrall.

3 O L O R D my G O D, if I haue done
The thing that is not right:
Or else if I bee found in fault,
Or guiltie in thy sight.
4 O r to my Friend reward d enill,
Or lost him in distresse:
Which mee pursue most cruellic,
And hated mee causellos.

5 Then let my Foes pursue my Soule,
And eke my life downe thrust
Vnto the Earth, and also lay
Mine honour in the Dift.
6 Start vp, O L O R D, now in thy wrath,
And put my foes to paine:
Performe thy Kingdome promised,
To mee which wrong sustaine.

7 Then shall great Nations come to thee,
And know thee by this thing:
If thou declare for loue of them,
Thy selfe as Lord and King.
8 And thou that art of all men Judge,
O L O R D, now judge thou mee,
According to my righteouinesse,
And mine integritie.

9 O L O R D, cease the hate of wicked men,
And bee the Iust mans Guide:
By whom the secretes of all hearts,
Are searched and descryd.
10 I take mine helps to come of G O D,
In all my griefe and smart:
That doeth preserve all those that bee
Of pure and perfect heart.

11 The just man and the wicked both,
G O D judgeth by his power:
So that hee feeleth his mightie Hand,
Euenevery day and houre.
12 Except hee change his minde, I die,
For euene as hee shoulde smite:
Hhee whetes his sword, his bow hee bends,
Aiming where hee may hitte,

13 And doeth prepare his mortall Dartes,
His Arrowes keene and sharpe:
For them that doe mee persecute,
Whiles hee doeth mischiche warpe.
14 But loe, though hee in trauell bee,
Of his deuillish fore-caſt:
And of his mischiche once conceiu'd,
Yet bringeth foorth nought at laſt.

15 He dig'þ a ditch, and delues it deepe,
In hope to hurt his brother:
But hee shall fall into the pit,
That hee digde vp for other.
16 Thus wrong returneth to the hurt,
Of him in whom it bred:
And all the mischiche that hee wrought,
Shall fall vpon his head.

17 I will give thankes to G O D therefore
That judgeth righteouslie,

Psalme viii.

And with my song will praise the Name
Of him that is most hie.

P S A L M E . V I I I .

1 Lord our God, how wonderfull,
Are thy Workes every where!
Whose fame surmount in digustic,
Aboue the Heavens cleare.
2 Euen by the monthes of sucking Babes
Thou wilt confound thy foes,
For in these Babes thy might is seene,
Thy graces they disclose.

3 And when I see the Heavens high,
The workes of thine owne hand,
The Sunne, the Moone, and all the Stars,
In order as they stand.
4 What thing is Man, Lord, thinke I then,
That thou doest him remember?
Or what is mans posteritie,
That thou doest it consider?

5 For thou haſt made him little lesse,
Than Angel: in degree,
And thou haſt crownd him also,
With glorie and dignitie.
6 Thou haſt preferde him to bee Lord,
Of all thy workes of wonder:
And at his Feete haſt set all thinges,
That he ſhould keepe them vnder.
7 As ſheepe, and neate, and all things elſe,
That in the Fieldes doſe ſeede:
8 Fowles of the Aire, Fish in the ſea,
And all that there in breed.
9 Therefore muſt I ſay once againe,
O G O D that art our L O R D,
How famous and how wonderfull,
Are thy workes through the world.

P S A L M E . I X .

W Ith heart and mouth vnto the Lord,
Will I ſing laude and praise:
And ſpeakc of all thy wondrous workes,
And them declare alwayes.
2 I will bee glad, and much rejoyce,
In thee, O G O D, moſt hie:
And make my ſong extoll thy Name,
Aboue the ſtarrie Skie.

3 For that my foes are driven backe,
And turned vnto flight:
They fall downe flatte, and are destroyd
By thy great ſorce and might.
4 Thou haſt reuenged all my wronges,
My grieſe, and all my grudge,
Thou doest withiustice beare my caſt,
Moſt like a righteous Judge.

5 Thou doest rebuke the Heathen folke,
And wicked ſo confound:
That afterward the memorie
Of them canoſt bee found.
6 My foes thou haſt made good dispatch,
And all our Townes destroyde:
Thou haſt their fame with them defaced,
Throughiout the World ſo wide.

7 Know thou that hee which is aboue,
For euermore ſhall reigne:
And in the ſeats of equitie,
True judgement will maſtaine.
8 With iuſtice hee will keepe and guide,
The world and euerie wight,
And ſo will yeaſe with equitie,
To carry man his righte.

Psalme ix.

9 Hee is protector of the poore,
What time they bee opprest:
Hee is in all aduersitie,
Their refuge and their rest.

10 All they that know thine holie Name
Therefore shall trust in thee:
For thou forsakest not their sute,
in their necessitie.

11 Sing Psalmes therefore vnto the Lord
That dwelles in Syen Hill:
Publish among all Nations.
His noble Actes and will.

12 For hee is mindefall of the blood,
Of those that bee opprest,
Forgetting not th'afflicted heart,
that seeke to him for rest.

13 Haue mercy, Lord, on me poore wretch
Whose enemies still remaine:
Which from the gates of death are wont
to raise mee vp againe.

14 In Syon that I might sette foorth,
Thy praise with heart and voyce.
And that in thy Saluation, L O R D ,
My Soule might still rejoice.

15 The Heathen sticke fast in the Pitte,
That they themselves prearde,
And in the net that they did set,
Their owne Feete fast are snarde.

16 God shewes his Iudgements which were
For every man to marke: (good
When as yee see the wicked man,
Lye trapt in his owne worke.

17 The wicked and the sinfull man,
Goedowne to Hell foreuer:
And all the people of the World,
That will not G O D remember.

18 But sure the L O R D will not forget,
The poore mans grieve and paine:
The patient people neuer looke
For helpe of G O D in vaine.

19 O L O R D , arise, lest men preuale,
That bee of worldlie might:
And let the Heathen Folke receiue
Their judgement in thy sight.

20 Lord, strike such terror feare & dread,
Into the hearts of them,
That they may know assurdelie,
They bee but mortall men.

PSALME X.

What is the cause that thou , O Lord,
Art now so farre from thine ?
And keepest close thy countenance,
From vs this troublous time.

2 The poore doe perish by the proude,
And wicked mens-desire,
Let them bee taken in the craft,
That they themselues conspire.

3 For in the lust of his owne heart,
Th'ngodlie doeth delite:
So doeth the wicked praise himselfe,
And doeth the L O R D despite.

4 Hee is so proude that right or wrong,
Hee setteth all a part:
Nay, nay, there is no God, saith hee,
For thus hee thinkes in heart.

5 Because his wayes doe prosper still,
Hee doeth thy Lawes nglest;

Psalme x.

And with a blast doeth pufse aginst,
Such as would him correct.

6 Tush, tush, sayeth hee, I haue no dread,
Lest mine estate should change:
And why ? for all aduersitie,
to him is verie strange.

7 His mouth is full of cursedesse,
Of fraude, deceite, and guile:
Vnder his tongue doeth mischiefe sit,
And trauell all the while.

8 Hee lyeth hide in wayes and holes,
To slay the innocent:
Against the poore that passe him by,
His cruell eyes are bent.

9 And like a Lyon priuileie,
Ly'th lurking in his denne:
(If hee may snare them in his net)
To spoile poore simple men.

10 And for the nones full craftily,
Hee croucheth dowie, I say,
So that great heapes of poore men made,
By his strong power his prey.

11 Tush, GOD, forgetteth this, saith hee
Therefore may I bee bolde,
His countenance is cast aside,
Hee doeth it not behold.

12 Arise, O L O R D , O GOD, in whom,
The poore mans hope doeth rest:
Lift vp thine Hand, forgetto not, L O R D ,
The poore that bee opprest.

13 What blasphemie is this to thee,
Lord, doest thou not abhorre it ?
To heare the wicked in their hearts,
Say, Tush, Thou cares not for it.

14 But thou seest all these wickednesse ,
And well doest vnderstand:
That friendlesse and poore fatherlesse ,
Are left into thine Hand.

15 Of wicked and malicious men,
Then breake the power for euer:
That they with their iniquitie,
May perish altogether.

16 The L O R D shall reigne for euermore,
As K I N G and G O D alone:
And hee will chase the Heathen folke
Out of his Land each-one.

17 Thou hearest, O Lord, the poore mans
Their prayers and request: (plaint
Their hearts thou wilt confirme vntill,
Thine earest to heare bee prest.

18 To judge the poore and fatherlesse,
And helpe them in their right:
That they may bee no more opprest
With men of worldlie might.

PSALME XI.

I Trust in God, how dare ye then,
Say thus my soule vntill:
Flic heuse as fast as anie Fowle,
And hide you in your Hil?

2 Behold, the wicked bend their bowes,
And make their Arrowes prest:
To shoothe in secret, and to hurt
The sound and hamelesse brest.

3 Of worldlie hope al stayes were shrowd
And clearelie brought to nought:
Alas, the just and righteous man
What euill hath bee wrought.

Psalmē xii.

4 But hee that in his Temple is,
Most holie and most hie:
And in the Heauen hath set his seate,
Of Royall Majestie.

The poore and simple mans estate,
Considereth in his minde:
And searcheth out full narrowlie,
The maners of man-kinde.
5 And with a chearefull countenance,
The righteous man will vse:
But in his heart hee doeth abhorre,
All such as mischiefe muse.
6 And on the sinners casteth snares,
As thicke as anie Raine:
Fire, and brimstone, & whirlwinds thicke
Appointed for their paine.
7 Yee see then how a righteous G O D,
Doeth Righteousnesse embrase:
And to the just and vpright man,
Shew'th foorth his pleasant Face.

PSALME XII.

HElpe, Lord, for good and godly men,
Doe perish and decay:
And Faith and Trueth from worldly men
Is parted cleane away.
2 Who so doeth with his neighbour talke
His talke is all but vaine:
For every man bethinketh how
To flatter, lye, and faine.
3 But flattering and deceitfull lippes,
And tongues that bee so stout:
To speak proud words, & mak great brags
The L O R D soone cut them out.
4 For they say still, Wee will preuaile,
Our tongue shall vs extoll:
Our tongues are ours, wee ought to speak
What Lord shall vs controll?

5 But for the great complaint and cry,
Of poore and men opprest,
Arise will I, now saith the L O R D,
And them restore to rest.
6 G O D S Word is like the Silver pure,
That from the Earth is tryde:
And hath no lesse, than seuen times,
In fire beeue purified.

7 Now since thy promise is to helpe,
L O R D, keepe thy promise then,
And saue vs now and euermore,
From this ill kinde of men.
8 For now the wicked world is full
Of mischiefe manifold,
When vanitie with mortall men.
So bighlie is extold.

PSALME XIII.

How long wilt thou forget me, Lord,
Shall I never bee remebered?
How long wilt thou thy visage hide,
As though thou were offended?
2 In heart and minde how long shall I,
With care tormented bee,
How long eke shall my deadlie foe,
Thus triumph ouer mee?
3 Behold mee now my L O R D my G O D,
And heare mee sore opprest,
Lighten mine eyes, least that I sleepe,
As one by death possest.
4 Lest thus mine enemies say to mee,
Beholde, I doe preuaile:

Psalmē xiv. xv.

Left they also that hate my Soule,
Rejoyce to see mee quale.

5 But from thy mercies and goodnessse,
Mine hope shall never start,
In thy reliefe and sauing health,
Right glad shall bee mine heart.
6 I Will gine thanks vnto the L O R D,
And praisest to him sing,
Because hee hath heard my request,
And granted my wishing.

PSALME XIV.

There is no God as foolish men
Affirme in their mad moode:
Their drifts are all corrupt and vaine,
Not one of them doeth good.
2 The L O R D beheld from Heaven high
The whole race of man-kinde:
And saw not one that songht indeedes,
The liuing G O D to finde.

3 They went all wide, and were corruptes
And truelie there was none:
That in the World did anie good,
I say, There was not one.
4 Is all their Iudgement, so farre lost,
That all worke mischiefe still:
Eating my people even as bread.
Not one to seeke G O D S will.

5 When they thus rage, then suddenlie,
Great feare on them shall fall:
For G O D doeth loue the righteous men,
And will maintaine them all.
6 Yee mocke the doings of the poore,
To their reproach and shame:
Because they put their trust in G O D,
And call vpon his Name.

7 But who shall gine thy people healths,
And when wilt thou fulfill:
The promise made to Israel,
From out of Syon Hill?
8 Euen when thou shal restore againe,
Such as were captainedde:
Then Iaakob shall therein rejoice,
And Israel shall bee glad.

PSALME XV.

O L O R D, within thy Tabernacle,
Who shall inhabite still?
Or whom wilt thou receive to dwell,
In thy most holie Hill?
2 The man whose life is vncorrupt,
Whose workes are just and straight,
Whose heart doth thinke the verie truthe,
Whose tongue speakes no deceite.

3 Nor to his Neighbour doeth none ill,
In bode, good, or vaine:
Nor willinglie doeth heare false tales,
Which might empere the same.
4 That in his heart regardeth not,
Malicious wicked men:
But those that loue and feare the L O R D
Hee maketh much of them.

5 His oathes, and all his promises,
That keepeth faithfullie:
Although hee make his Covenant so,
That hee doeth losse thereby.
6 That putteth not to vsurie,
His Moncy and his Coyne:
Nor for to hurt the Innocent,
Doeth brybe or else purloyne.

Psalmes XXV.

9 Who so addeth all things as yee see,
That heere is no beadone:
Shall never perish in this World,
Nor in the World to come.

PSALME XVI.

O R D, keepe me, for I trust in thee
And doe confesse indeede:
Thou art my G O D, and of my good,
O L O R D, thou hast my neede.

2 I give my goodnessse to the Saintes,
That in the World doe dwell,
And namele to the fafull Folke,
In vertue that extell.

3 They shall heape sorrowes on their heads
Whiche runne as they were madde,
To offer to the idle gods,
Alas, it is too badde.

4 As for their bloodie sacrifice,
And offerings of that sort,
I will not touch, nor yet thereof,
My lippes shall make report.

5 For why? the L O R D the Portion is
Of mine inheritance
And thou art hee that doeth maintaine
My rest, my lotte, my chace.

6 The place wherein my lotte did fall,
In beautie doeth excell:
Mine Heritage assignde to mee,
Doeth please mee wondrous well.

7 I thanke the L O R D that caused mee,
To understand the right:

For by his meanes my secret thoughts,
Doe teach mee euerie night.

8 I set the L O R D, still in my sight,
And trust him ouer all:
For hee doeth stand on my right hand,
Therefore I shall not fall.

9 Wherefore mine heart and tongue also,
Doe both rejoyce together,
My flesh and boode rest in hope,
When I this thing consider.

10 Thou wilt not leane my soule in graue
(For L O R D thou louest mee)

11 Nor yet wilt gne thine holie One,
Corruption for to see.

12 But wile teach mee the way to lise
For all treasures and store,
Of perfect joye are in thy Face,
And power for evermore.

PSALME XVII.

O L O R D, giue care to my just cause,
Attend when I complaine:

And heare the pryer that I put soorth,
With lippes, that doe not faine.

2 And let the judgement of my cause,
Proceede always from thee,

And let mine eyes behold, and cleare
This my simplicitie.

3 Thou hast well tryde mee in the night,
And yet couldst nothing finde:

That I haue spoken with my mouth,
That was not in my minde.

4 As for the workes of wicked men,
And pathies pernise and ill:

For loue of thy most holie Word,
I haue refrained all.

5 Then in thy Pathes that bee most pure
Stay mee, L O R D, and preserue:

Psalmes XVIII.

That from the way wherein I walke,
My steppes may never swerue.

6 For I doe call to thee, O L O R D,
Surelie thou wilt me ayde.

7 Then heare my prayer, & weigh right well
The wordes that I haue said.

8 Oh, thou the Sauour of all them,
That puts their trust in thee,
Declare thy strength on them that spurne
Against thy Majestie.

9 Oh keepe me, Lord as thou wouldest keepe
The Apple of thine Eve.
And vnder couert of thy Winges,
Defend mee secretlie.

10 From wicked men that trouble mee,
And daylie mee annoy:
And from my foes which goe about,
My soule for to destroy.

11 Which wallow in their worldlie wealth,
So full and eke so fatte:
That in their pryde they doe not spare,
To speake, they care not what.

12 They lye in waite where we shuld passe
With craft mee to confound:
And musing mischiefe in their mindes,
To cast mee to the ground.

13 Much like a Lyon greedilie,
That woulde his prey embrace:
Or lurking like a Lyons Whelpe,
Within some secret place.

14 Up, Lord, I haue preuent my foes,
And cast him at my feete:
Sauc thou my Soule from the ill man,
And with thy Sword him smyte.

15 Deliver mee, L O R D, by thy power,
Out of these Tyrantshands:
Which now so long time reigned haue,
And kept vs in their bands.

I meane from worldlie men to whom,
All worldlie goods are ryfe:
That haue none hope nor part of luyes
But in this present life.

Thou of thy store their Bellies fill'st,
With pleasures to thair mindes
Their Children haue enough, and leaue
To theirs the rest behinde.

16 But I shall with pure Conscience,
Beholde thy gracious Face:
So when I wake I shall bee full,
With thine Image and grace.

PSALME XVIII.

O G O D, my strength and fortitude:
Of force I must loue thee:
Thou art my Castle and defence,
In my necessitie.

2 My G O D, my Rocke, in whom I trust,
The wortke of mine health:
My Refuge, Buckler, and my Shield,
The horse of all mine health.

3 When I sing laude vnto the L O R D,
Most worthie to bee serued:
Then from my foes I am right sure,
That I shall bee preserued.

4 The pangues of death did compasse me
And bound mee euerie where,
The flowing waues of wickednesse,
Did put mee in great feare.

Psalme xviii.

The sly and subtle snare of Hell,
were round about mee set:
And for my death therewas preparede
A deadlie trapping net.
I thus beset with paine and griefe,
Did pray to GOD for grace,
And hee soorth-with did heare my plaint,
Out of his holie place.

Such is his power, that in his wrath,
Hee made the Earth to quake:
ea, the foundations of the Mount
Of Bathan for to shake.
And from his Nostrels came a smoake,
When kindled was his ire:
And from his mouth came kindled coales
Of hote consuming fire.

The L O R D descended from aboue,
And bowde the Heauens hie,
And vnderneath his Feete hee cast,
The darknesse of the Skie.
On Cherubs and on Cherubins,
Full roiallic hee rode:
And on the wings of all the Windes,
Came flying all abroade.

1 And like a denne most darke he made,
His hide and secret place,
With waters blacke, and airie clowdes,
Enironed hee was.

2 But when the presence of his Face,
In brightness shall appeare,
Then Cloudes consume, and in their stead,
Came Haile and Coales of fire.

3 These fierie Darts and thunder-boltes,
Disperse them heere and there,
And with his often lightnings,
Hee puts them in great feare.

4 Lord, at thy wrath, & threatning sharpe
And at thy thyding cheare:
The Springs and the Foundations,
Of all the World appeare.

5 And from aboue the Lord sent downe,
To teach mee from below:
And plukt mee out of Waters great,
That would mee ouer-flowe.

6 And mee delivered from my Foes,
That would haue made mee thrall:
Sea, from such foes as were too strong,
For mee to deale with all.

7 They did pretent mee to oppresse,
In time of my great griefe:
But yet the Lord was my defence,
My succour and relieve.

8 Hee brought me soorth in open place,
Whereas I might bee free:
And kept mee safe, because hee had
A favour vnto mee.

9 And as I was an innocent,
So did hee mee regard:
And to the cleannessse of mine hands
Hee gaue mee my reward.

10 For that I walked in his wayes,
And in his pathes haue toode:
And haue not wauered wickedlie,
Against my L O R D my G O D.

11 But euermore I haue respect,
To his Law and Decree:
12 Statutes and commandements,
I cast not out from mee.

Psalme xviii.

22 But pure and cleane and vncorrupt,
Appearde before his Face:
And did refraine from wickednesse,
And sinne in any case.

23 The Lord therefore shall mee reward,
As I haue done aright:
And to the cleannessse of mine hands,
Appearing in his sight.

24 Thou w. It with him that holie it,
Bee holie, I. O R D, also:
And with the good and vertuous men,
Right vertuouslie will doe.

25 And to the louing and Elect,
Thy loue thou wile reserue:
And thou wile vse the wicked men,
As wicked men deserue.

26 For thou doest save the simple folkes,
In trouble when they live:
And doest bring downe the countenance,
Of them that looke full hie.

27 The L O R D will light my Candle so
That it shall shine full bright.
The L O R D my G O D will make also
My darknesse to bee light.

28 For by thine helpe an host of men,
Discomfite, L O R D, I shall:
By thee I scale and ouer-leape.
The strength of anie Wall.

29 Unspotted are the wayes of G O D,
His word is sur lie tride:
Hee is a true defence to such,
As in his Faith abide.

30 For who is G O D, except the L O R D,
For other there is none,
Or else who is Omnipotent,
Sauing our G O D alone.

31 The God that girdeth me with strength
Is hee that I did meane:
That all the wayes wherin I walke,
Did ouermote keepe cleane.

32 That made my feete eu'en like y' Hatt
In swiftnesse of my pace:
And for my suretie brought mee soorth
Into an open place.

33 Hee did in order put mine hands,
To Battell land to fight,
To breake in sundre barres of Brasse
Hee gaue mine Armes the might.

34 Thou teacheſt mee thy fating healths,
Thy right Hand is my Tower:
Thy loue and familiaritie,
Doeth still increase my power.

35 And vnder mee thou makeſt plains,
The way wher I should walke,
So that my feete shall never slip,
Nor stumble at a balke.

36 And fiercelie I pursue and take
My foes, that mee annoyde:
And from the fieldes doe not returne,
Till they bee all destroyde.

37 So I suppress and wond my foes,
That they can rite no more,
For at my feete they fall downe flat,
I strike them all so sore.

38 For thou doſt gird me with thy strength
To warre inſuch a wile

Psalme xix.

That they bee scattered all abroade,
That vp against mee rise.

39 L O R D, thou haft put into my hands
My mortall enemies yoke:
And all my foes thou didst diuide,
In sunder with thy stroke.

40 They calde for helpe, but none would
Nor yet gine them relieve: (pheare
Yea, to the L O R D they cald for helpe
Yet heard hee not their griefe.

41 And still like dust before the wind,
I drieue them vnder scete:
And trode them downe like filthie clay,
Thatlyeth in the streeete.

42 Thou keepest mee from seditious folke,
That still in strife bee led:
And thou doest of the Heathen folke,
Appouit mee to bee head.

43 A people strange to mee vñknowne,
And yet they shall mee serue:
And at the first obey my word,
Wheras mine owne will swerue.

44 I shall bee ikesome to mine owne,
They will not see my light:
But wander wide out of the way,
And hide them out of sight.

45 But blessed bee the living L O R D,
Most worthie of all praise:
That is my Rocke and sauing health,
Praised bee hee alwayes.

46 For G O D it is that gaue me strength
Renenged sor to bee:
And with his onclie word subdue,
The peopl: vnto mee.

47 And mee deliuered from my foes,
And set mee vp from those:
That cruell and vngodly were,
And vp against mee rose.

48 And for this cause, O Lord my God,
To thee give thankes I shall:
And sing out praises to thy Name,
Among the Gentiles all.

49 That gauest great prosperitie,
Vnto the King, I say,
To Danid thine anointed King,
And to his Seede for aye.

PSALME XIX.

THE Heauens and the Firmament,
Do wondrously declare:
The glorie of G O D Omnipotent,
His workes and what they are.

2 The wondrous wor kes of G O D appeare
By euery dayes succelle:
The nights which likewise their race runne
The selfe same thing expresse.

3 There is no language, tongue or speach,
Where their sound is not heard:
4 In all the Earth and Coastes thereof,
Their knowledge is confred.
In them the L O R D made for the Sunne
A place of great renowne:
Who like a Bridegrome readie trimde,
Dreth from his Chamber come.

5 And as a valiant Champion,
Who for to get a prize:
With joye doth hasten to take in hand,

Psalme xx.

Some noble enterprize.

6 And all the Skie from end to end,
Hec compasseth about:
Nothing can hide it from his heate,
But hee will finde it out.

7 How perfect is the Law of G O D,
How is his Couenant sure:
Conuerting Soules and making wise,
The simple and obscure.

8 Just are the L O R D S Commandement
And glad both heart and minde,
His Precepts pure, and giueth light,
To eyes that bee full blinde.

9 The feare of G O D is excellent,
And doeth endure for euer:
The judgements of the L O R D are true,
And rightcons altogether.

10 And more to bee embrac'd alwayes,
Than fained Gold, I say,
The honie and the honie combe,
Are not so sweete as they.

11 By them thy Servants is fore-warnd,
To haue G O D in regard,
And in performance of the same,
There shall bee great reward.

12 But, Lord, what earthly man doth know
The errors of this life?
Then cleanse my Soule from secret sinnes,
Which are in mee most rife.

13 And keepe mee, that presumptuous,
Preniale not ouer mee,
And then shall I bee innocent,
And great offences fie.

14 Accept my mouth, and eke mine heare,
My wordes and thoughts each one:
For my Redeemer and my strength,
O L O R D, thou art alone.

PSALME XX,

IN trouble and aduersitie,
The L O R D G O D heare thee
The Majestic of Iakobs G O D,
Defend thee from all ill.

2 And send thee from his holly place,
His helpe at euerie neede:
And so in syou establish thee,
And make thee strong indeede.

3 Men bring we'll the sacrifice,
That now to him is done,
And so receiue right thankfullie,
Thy burnt offerangs each one.

4 According to thine hearts desire,
The L O R D grant vnto thee,
And all thy counsell and devise,
Fullwell performe may hee.

5 Wee shall rejoice when thou vs faneys,
And our Banners display:
Vnto the L O R D, which thy request
Fulfilled hath alway.

6 The L O R D will his Anoynted
I know well by his grace:
And send him health by his right hand, And
Out of his helpe place.

7 In Chaires some put confidence,
And some in Horses truit:
But wee remember G O D our L O R D,
That keepeh promise just.

Psalme xxi.

3 They fall downe flatte, but we doe rise
And stand vp stedfastlie
Now saue and helpe vs LORD and King,
On thee when we doe cry.

P S A L M E X X I .

O L O R D , how joyfull is the King,
In thy strength, and thy power:
How vehementlie doeth hee rejoice,
In thee his Saviour.

2 For thou hast giuen vnto him,
His godlie hearts desire:
To him hast thou nothing denyed,
Of that hee did require.

3 Thou didst prevent him with thy grace,
And blessings manyfold:
And thou hast set vpon his head,
A Crowne of perfect Gold.

4 And when hee asked life of thee,
Thereof thou madst him sure:
To haue long life, yea, such a life,
As euer should endure.

5 Great is his glorie by thine helpe,
Thy benefite and ayde:
Great worship and great honour both,
Thou hast vpon him laide,

6 Thou wilt giue him felicitie,
That never shall decay:
And with thy chearefull counteuarce,
Will comfort him alway.

7 For why? the King doe strongly trust,
In G O D for to preuaile:
Therefore his goodnesse and his grace,
Will not that hee should quale.

8 But let thine enemis feele thy force,
And those that thee with-stand:
Finde out thy foes and, let them feele,
The power of thy right hand.

9 As in au Ouen burne them , O L O R D
In fierie flarie and fume:
Thine anger shall destroy them all,
And fire shall them consume.

10 And thou wilt roote out of the earth,
Their Fruite that should increase,
And from the number of the folke,
Their seede shall end and cease.

11 For why? much mischiefe did they muse
Against thine holie N A M E:
Yet did they faile, and had no power,
For to performe the same.

12 But as a marke thou shalt them set,
In a most open place:
And charge thy Bow-stringes readilie,
Against thine enemis face.

13 Bee thou exalted , I. O R D , therefore,
In thy strength euerie houre:
So shall we sing right solemnedlie,
Praising thy might and power.

P S A L M E x x i i .

O God my God, wherefore doest thou,
For sake mee vterlie,
And helpest not when I doe make
My great complaint and cry.

14 To thee my G O D , euera all day long
I doe bath cry and call,
cease not all the night, and yet
Thou hearest not at all.

Psalme xxi i .

3 Euen thou that in thy Sanctuarie,
And holie place doest dwell,
Thou art the comfort and the joye,
And glorie of Israel.

4 And hee in whom our Fathers olde,
Had all their hope for euer,
And when they put their trust in thee,
Thou didst them aye deliuer.

5 They were deliuered euer when,
They called on thy Name,
And For the Faith they had in Thee,
They were not put to shame.

6 But I am now become a worme,
More like than anie man,
An out-cast whom the people scorne,
With all the spite they can.

7 All mee despise, as they behold,
Mee walking on the wayes:
They grine, they mow, they nod their
And in this wise they say, (heads,

8 This man did glorie in the L O R D ,
His fauour and his loue:
Let him redeme and helpe him now,
His power for to prone.

9 Euen from my motheis wombe, O Lord
To take mee thou walt preste:
Thou didst preserue mee still in hope,
While I did sucke her brest.

10 I was committed from my birth,
With Thee to haue abode:
Since I was in my Mothers wombe,
Thou hast beene aye my G O D .

11 Then, Lord, depart not now from me,
In this my present greife:
Since I haue none to bee mine helpe,
My succour and reliefe.

12 So manie Bulles doe compasse mee,
That bee full strong of heade:
Yea, Bulles so fatte, as though they had
In Bathan fielde beeene fed.

13 They gape vpon mee greedilie,
As though they would mee slay.
Much like a Lyon roaing out,
and ramping for his prey.

14 But I drop downe like water shed,
My syntes in sunder break:
Mine heart doth in my bodie melt,
Like waxe agaist the heate.

15 And lik a pot-hard dryeth in strength
My tongue it cleaueth fast:
Vuto my jawes, and I am brought
To durt of death at laist.

16 And many Dogges doe compasse mee,
And wicked counsill eke:
Conspire against mee cursedlie,
They pierce mine Hands and Feete.

17 I was tormented, so that I
Might all my bones haue tolde:
Yet still vpon mee they doe looke,
And still they mee behold.

18 My garments they diuided eke,
In partes among them all:
And for my Coate they did cast lots,
To whom it mght befall.

19 Therefore I pray thee be not farre
From mee in my great neede:

Psalme xxii.

1 But rather sith thou art my strength,
To helpe mee, I O R D, make i speed,
2 And from the sword, Lord sau me soule
By thy might and thy power:
And keepe my soule thy darling deare,
From dogges that would deuoure.

3 And from the Lyons mouth that would
Mee all in sunder shiver:
And from the hornes of Unicomes,
L O R D, safelie mee deliuer.
4 And I shall to my Brethren all,
Thy Majestie record:
And in thy Church shall praise the Name
Of thee the living L O R D.

5 Allyee that feare the Lord, him praise
Exalt him Iaacob's Seede:
And thou O house of Israel,
Looke thou him feare and dread,
6 For hee despiseth not the poore,
Hee turneth not away:
His countenance, when they doe call,
But granteth to their cry.

7 Among the stocke that feare the Lord,
I will therefore proclaim:
Thy præife, and keepe thy promise made,
For setting forth thy Name.
8 The poore shall eate, and bee sufficed,
And those that endeouour:
To know the Lord, their heart shall live
And praise him euermore.

9 All Coasts on earth shall praise y Lord,
And turne to him for grace:
The Heathen folke shall worship him,
Before his blessed Face.
10 The Kingdomes of the Heathen folke,
The L O R D shall haue therefore:
And hee shall bee their Gouvernour,
And King for euermore.

11 The rich man of his godlie giftes,
Shall seeke and taste also,
And in his presence worshippe him,
And bow their Knees full low.
12 And all that shall goe downe to dust,
Of life by him must taste:
My seede shall serue and praise his Name,
Whilst anie world shall last.

13 My seede shall plainelie shew to them
That shall bee borne heereafter:
His justice and his righteouessee,
And all his workes of wonder.

PSALME xxiiii.

1 The L O R D is onelie my support,
And hee that doeth mee feede:
How can I then lacke anie thing,
Whereof I stand in neede?
2 Hee doeth mee folde in cotes most safe,
The tender grasse fast by:
And after drives mee to the stremes,
Which runne most pleasantlie.

3 And when I seele my selfe neere lost,
Then doeth hee mee home take,
Conducting mee in his right pathes,
Even for his owne Names sake.
4 And though I were euern at deaths doore,
Yet would I feare none ill:
For by thy riddle and sheepe-heards crooke
I am comforted still.

Psalme xxviii.

5 Thou hast my Tablerichlie dekt,
In despite of my foe,
Thou hast mine head with Balme refred
My Cuppe doeth ouer-flow.
6 And finallie while breath doeth last,
Thy grace shall mee defende,
And in the House of G O D will I,
My life for euer spend.

PSALME xxviii.

T O God the Earth doth appertaine,
With all things great and small:
The World also is his demaine,
With the indwellers all.

2 For hee hath founded it full fast,
Aboue the salt-Sea strand:
And stablisht abide and last,
And ou the floodes to stand.

3 Now who is hee that will vp-goe,
Into G O D S holie Hill?
And in his holie place also,

Who shall continue still? (wron)
4 The man whose handes no wrong haue,
Whose heart is pure and neate:
Whose minde for vanitie not so gult,
Nor sworne hath with deceite.

5 Hee that is such, the L O R D will set
His Blessings him vpon:
And Righteousnesse vnu him lend,
Shall G O D his Saluation.

6 This is the stocke and offering eke,
Of those that search for Thee:
Of them, O L O R D, that thy Face see,
Who true Israelites bee.

7 Exalt your heades yee Gates on hie,
Yee Doores that last for aye:
Bee lift, so the King of Glorie,
Shall through you make his way.

8 Who is this King so glorious,
The strong and mightie L O R D?
Euen hee that is victorious,
In Battell tryde by Sword.

9 Exalt your heades yee Gates on hie,
Yee Doores that last for aye:
Bee lift, so the King of Glorie,
Shall through you make his way.

10 Who is this glorious King, I say,
The L O R D of Hostes most hie?
Euen hee is King, and shall bee aye,
Of euerlasting Glorie.

PSALME xxv.

I Lift mine Heart to Thee,
My G O D and Guide most just,
Now suffer mee to take no shame,
For in Thee doe I trust.

2 Let not my foes rejoyce,
Nor make a scorne of mee:
And let them not bee ouerthronwe,
That put their trust in Thee.

3 But shame shall them befall,
Which haime them wrongfullie:
Therefore thy Paties and thy right waye
Unto mee, L O R D desyre.

4 Direct mee in thy Trueth,
And teach mee, I Thee pray:
Thou art my G O D and Sauour,
On Thee I waite alway,

Psalme xxv.

5 Thy mercies manyfolde,
I pray Thee, L O R D , remember,
And eke thy pittie plentifull,
For they haue beeene for euer.

6 Remember not the faults,
And frailtie of my Youth:
Remember not how ignorant,
I haue beeene of thy Trueth,

7 Nor after my deserts,
Let mee thy mercie finde:
But of thine owne benigntie:
L O R D , haue mee in thy minde.

7 His mercie is full sweete,
His Trueth a perfect Guide.
Therefore the L O R D will sinners teach
And such as goe aside.

8 The humble hee will teach,
His Precepts for to keepe:
Hee will direct in all his wayes,
The lowlie and the meeke.

9 For all the wayes of G O D ,
Are trueth and mercie both,
To them that keepe his Testament,
The witnesse of his trueth.

10 Now for thine holie Name,
O L O R D , Ithee intreat,
To grant mee pardon for my sinne,
For it is wondrous great.

11 Who so doeth feare the L O R D ,
The L C R D doeth him direct,
To leade his life in such a way,
As hee doeth best accept.

12 His Soule shall euermore,
In goodness dwell and stand,
His seede and his posteritie,
Inherite shall the Land.

13 All those that feare the L O R D ,
Know his secret intent,
And unto them hee doeth declare,
his will and Testament.

14 Mine eyes and eke mine heart,
To him I will aduance:
That pluckt my foote out of the snare,
Of sinne and ignorance.

15 With mercie mee behold,
To thee I make my none,
For I am poore and desolate,
And comfortlesse alone.

16 The troubles of mine heart,
Are multiplied indeede:
Bring mee out of this miserie,
Necessitie and neede,

17 Behold my pouterie,
Mine anguish and my paine:
Remitte my sinne, and mine offence,
And make mee cleane againe.

18 O L O R D , behold my Foes,
How they do: st ill increase:
Pursuing mee with deadlie hate,
That faile would liue in peace,

19 Preserue and keepe my Soule.
And eke deliuer mee:
And let mee not bee ouer throwne,
Because I trust in Thee.

20 Let my simple purcresse,
Mee from mine enemies shewde:

Psalme xxvi.

Because I looke as one of thine,
That thou shouldest mee defend.

21 Deliuer, L O R D , thy Folke,
And send them some reliefe:
(I meane thy chosen Israel)
From all their paine and griefe,

PSALME xxvi.

L O R D bee my Judge, for loe my way,
Is vpright just and plaine:
In G O D my trust hath beeene for aye,
Who shall mee still sustaine.

2 Proue me, O Lord, try thou my sciences
Mins heart examine eke:

3 Sith in my sight thy grace remaines,
Thy trueth I sue and seeke.

4 I had no will to haunt or vse,
With men whose workes are vaines
The companie I did refuse,
Of the deceitfull traine.

5 I much abhorde the wicked sort,
Their deedes I did refuse.
To them would I not once resort,
Which hurtfull thinges devise.

6 Mine hands I wash, and doe proceede,
In workes that are vpright:
Then to thine Altar I make spedee,
To offer there in sight.

7 That I might speak & preach the praise
That doeth belong to Thee:
And so declare how wondrous wayes
Thou haft beeene good to mee.

8 O Lord, thine House I haue most deare
To mee it doeth excell:
I haue delight, and would bee neare,
Whereas thy grace doe dwell.

9 Oh, gather not my soule with them,
To sone that bend their will:
Nor yet my life among those men,
That thirst much blood to spill.

10 Whose hands are heapt, and stufed full
Of fraude, deceit, and gnile:
And their right hand for brybes doe pull,
And plucke with wrench and wyle.

11 But I in righteouesnes intend,
My time and dayes to serue:
Haue mercie, L O R D , and me defend,
So that I doe not swerue.

12 My foote is stiye de gaint all assayes,
It standeth well and right:
Therefore, O G O D , thee will I prayse,
In all the peoples sight.

PSALME xxvi.

T He L o r d my light and health will be
For what then shouldest I bee dismaide?
My strugth and life also is hee,
Of whom then shouldest I bee assayde.

2 When that my foes (men vyle & vaine)
Approached neare my flesh to eate,
They stumbled in the selfe same traine,
Whiche they for mee laid by deceit.

3 Against me though there pitcht an hoast
Mine heart from feare yet farre it is:
Thogh warr be raisde with great boast,
Yet will I surelie trust in this.

4 One thing I haue the L O R D besought,
That I may in his House still dwelle:
To see his glorie passing though,
His Temple whiche doeth excell.

Psalme xxvii.

3 For in the time of troubles great,
His Tabernacle shall mee hide,
His secret tents shall bee my set,
And on a Rocke I shall abide.

6 And now mine head lift vp will hee,
Aboue my foes which worke such fraud
With sacrifice and offeringes free,
Within his Tentes I will him laude.

7 My voyce, O Lord, let it take place,
With mercie heare mee when I cry:

8 When thou didst say, Seeke ye my Face
With full consent, Ioe, hecre, quoth I,

9 Hide not therefore, thy Face inee fro,
Nor in thy wrath thy servant spill:
Thou hast mee helpt, then leue not so
O God of health helpe thou mee still.

10 Although my Parents mee forsake,
The Lord, yet will mee raise and stay,
My Foes set shars mee in to take,
But, Lord, lead mee in the right way,

11 Vnto mine aduersaries lust,
L O R D, giue mee not in anie wise:
For witnesse false, with words vnujust,
They seeke against mee to deuise.

12 I shalld waxe faint, and sore dismaide,
But that I did believe to see
Gods goodnesse in that Land displaide,
Whereas his faithfull Seruants bee.

13 Hope in the Lord, and bee thou strong,
Hec comfort will thine heart indeede,
Trust in the Lord, and thinke not long.
For hee will surelie come with speede.

P S A L M E x x v i i .

THOU art, O God, my strength and stay
The succour which I crave:
Neglect mee not, lest I bee like
To them which goe to Graue.

3 The voyce of thy Suppliant heare,
That vnto thee doe cry:
When I lift vp mine hands vnto
Thine holie Arke most hie.

3 Repute mee not among the sort,
Of wicked and peruerct:
That speake iight faire vnto their Friends,
And thinke full ill in heart.

4 Accordi g to their handie-worke,
As they deserue indeede:
And after their inuentions,
Let them receiue their meede.

5 For they regard nothing Gods workes
His Law nor yet his Lore:
Therefore will hee them and their seede,
Destroy for euermore.

6 To render thankes vnto the L O R D,
How great a cause haue I:
My voyce, my prayer, and my complaint
That heard so willinglie.

7 Hee is my shield and fortitude,
My buckler in distresse:
Mine hope, mine health, my hearts relieve,
My Song shall him confesse:

8 Hee is our strength and our defence,
Our enimies to resist:
The health and the Saluation,
Of thine Elect by Christ,

9 Thy people and thine heritage.
L O R D, blesse, guide, and preserue
Increase them, Lord, and rule their hearts,
That they may uerue swerage.

Psalme xxix.

Give to the L O R D, yee Potentates,
Yee Rulers of the World:
Giue yee all praise, honour and strength,
Vnto the living L O R D.

2 Giue glorie to his holie N A M E.
And honour him alone:
Worshippe him in his Majestie.
Within his holie Throne.

3 His voyce doeth rule the Waters all,
Euen as himselfe doeth please:
Hec doeth prepare the Thunder-claps,
And gouerneth all the Seas.

4 The voyce of G O D is of great force,
And wondrons excellent:
It is most mightie in effect,
And most magnificent.

5 The voyce of G O D doeth rent & breake
The Cedar trees so long:
The Cedar trees of Libanus,
Which are most high and strong.

6 And makes them leape like as a Calfse,
Or else the Vnorne:
Not onelie Trees, but Mountaines great,
Whereon the Trees are borne.

7 His voyce diuideth flames of fire.
And shakes the Wilderness:

8 It makes the Desart quake for feare,
That called is Cades.

9 It makes the Hindes for feare to calme,
And makes the Couertplaine:
Then in his Temple currie man,
His glorie doeth proclaimme:

10 The L O R D was set aboue the Floodes,
Ruling the raging Sea:
So shall hee reigne as L O R D & K I N G
For euer and for aye.

11 The Lord will giue his people power,
In vertue to increase:
The Lord will blesse his chosen Folke,
With euerlasting peace.

P S A M L E x x x .

All laud & praise with heart & voyce,
O I. O R D, I giue to thee,
That didst not make my foes rejoyce,
But hast exalted mee.

2 O Lord, my Gnd, to thee I cryde,
In all my paine and grife:
Thou gaueit au eare, and didst prouide,
To ease mee with relief.

3 Of thy good will thou hast cald backe
My Soule from Hell to sauе,
Thou didst reuive, whē strength did lacke
And kep' st mee from the Graue.

4 Sing praise yee Sainctes y proue & sev,
The goodnesse of the L O R D,
In memorie of his Majestie,
Rejoyce with one accord.

5 For why? his anger but a space,
Doeth last and stacke againe:
But in his fauour and his grace,
Alwayes doeth life remaine.

Thogh gripes of griefe & pangues ful soone
Shall ladge with mee all night:
The L O R D to joye shall vs restore,
Before the day bee light.

6 When I enjoyde the world at will,
Thus would I boast and say,

Psalme xxx.

1. Tush, I am sure to feele none ill,
This wealth shall not decay.
2. For thou, O Lord, of thy good grace,
Hast sent mee strength and ayde:
But when thou turn'st away thy Face,
My minde was sure dismayde.

3. VVherefore againe yet did I cry,
To thee, O I. O R D, of might:
My G O D with plaints I did apply,
And prayde both day and night.
4. VVhat gaine is in my blood said I,
If Death destroy my dayes:
Doeth dult declare thy Majestie,
Or yet thy trueth doeth praise.

5. VVherefore my G O D some pittie tak
O L O R D, I thee desire:
Doe not this simple soule forsake,
Of helpe I thee require.
6. The didst thou turne my grise & woe
Vuto a chearefull voyce,
The mourning weede thou tookst me fro,
And madst mee to rejoyce.

7. Wherefore my Soule vncessantlie,
Shall sing vnto thee praise,
My L O R D, my G O D, to thee will I
Giue laude and thankes alwayes.

PSALME xxxi

1. O L O R D, I put my trust in thee,
Let nothing worke mee shame,
As thou art just deliuer mee,
And set mee quyte from blame.
2. Heare mee, O I. O R D. and that anone
To helpe mee make good spedde:
Bee thou my Rocke and House of stome,
My fence in time of neede.

3. For why? as stones thy strength is tryde,
Thou art my Fort and Tower,
For thy Namesake bee thou my Guyde,
And lead mee in thy power.
4. Plucke foorth my feete & break the snare
Which they for mee hane laide:
Thon art my strength, and all my care,
Is in thy might and aide.

5. Into thiue hands, L O R D, I committ,
My Spirite, which is thy due,
For why? thou hast redeemed it,
O I. O R D my G O D most true,
6. I hate such Folke as will not part,
From things to bee abhorde:
When they on trifles set their heart,
My trust is in the L O R D.

7. For I will in thy mercie joye,
I see it doeth excell:
Thou seest when ought would mee annoy,
And knowest my loule full well.
8. Thou haist not left mee in their haund,
That would mee ouer-chargc:
But thou hast set mee out of band,
To walke abroad at large.

9. Great griefe, O Lord, doeth mee assaile,
Some pittie on mee take:
Mine eyes waxe dijn, my might doth faile
My wombe for woe doeth ake.
10. My life is worne with griefe and paine
My yeares are gone and past:
My strength is gone, and through disdaine
My bones corrupt and waste.

Psalme xxxi.

11. Among my foes I am a scorne,
My Friendes are all dismaide:
My Neighbours and my Kinsmen borne,
To see mee are affraide.
12. As men once dead are out of minde,
So am I now forgot:
As small effect in mee they finde:
As in an broken pot.

13. I heard the bragges of all the rout,
Their thieates my minde did frayes:
How they conspire and went about,
To take my life away.
14. But, L O R D, I trust in thee for ayde
Not to bee ouer-tred:
For I confesse, and still haue said,
Thou art my L O R D and G O D.

15. The length of all my life and age,
O L O R D, is in thine hand:
Defend mee from the wrathfull rage,
Of them that mee with-stand.

16. To mee thy seruant, L O R D, expresse:
And shew thy joyfull Face:
And saue mee, Lord, for thy goodnessse,
Thy mercie and thy grace.

17. Lord, let mee not bee put to shame,
For that on thee I call,
But let the wicked beare theirblame,
And in the graue to fall.

18. O Lord, mak dumb their lips out right
Vvich are addit to lies,
And cruellie with prude and spight:
Against the just deaigne.

19. Oh, how great good hast thou in store,
Laide vp and done for them
That feare and trust in thee before,
The Sonnes of mortall men!

20. Thy presence doth them fence & guide
From all proude bragges and wrongs:
Vvithin thy place thou doest them hyde,
From all the strife of tongues.

21. Thanks to the Lord that hath declarde
On mee his grace so farre,
Mee to defende with w itch and ward,
As in a Towne of warre.

22. Though in mine haste and griefe said I
Loc, see, I am resel:
Yet, L O R D, on thee when I did cry,
My plaints thou didst accept.

23. Yee, Sainctes loue yee the Lord, I say
The faithfull hee doeth guide,
And to the pround hee will repay,
According to their prude.

24. Bee strong & God shall stay your heart
Bee bold ye that are just:
For sure the L O R D will take your part,
Sith yee on him doe trust.

PSALME xxxii.

1. The man is blest, whose wickednesse,
The Lord hath cleane remitted:
And hee whose sinne and wretchednesse
Is hidde and also couered.

2. And blest is hee to whom the L O R D doth
Imputte not his sinne:
Which in his heart hath hid no guyles,
Nor fraude is found therein,

3. For whiles that I kept close my sinne,
By silence and constraint:

Psalm xxxiii.

My bones did weare and waste away,
With dayly mone and plaint.
4 For night and day thine hand on mee,
So grieuous was and smart:
That all my blood and humours moyst,
To dryneste did convert.
5 I did therefore confesse my fault,
And all my sinnes discouer.
Then thou, O L O R D, didst mee forgiue,
And all my sinnes passe ouer.
6 The humble man shall pray therefore,
And sike thee in due time,
So that the floodes of waters great,
Shall haue no power on him.
7 When trouble and aduersitie,
Doe compasse mee about:
Thou art my refuge and my joye,
And thou deest red mee out.
8 Come hither, and I shall thee teach,
How thou shalt walke aright:
And will thee guide as I my selfe,
Haue learnde by prooffe and sight.
9 Bee not so rude and ignorant,
As is the Horse and Mule:
Whose mouth without a raine or bit,
From harme thou canst not rule.
10 The wicked man shall manyfold
Sorrowes and griefe sustaine:
But unto him that trusts in G O D,
His goodness shall remaine,
11 Bee merrie therefore, in the L O R D,
Yee Iust lift vp your voyce:
And yee of pure and perfect heart,
Bee glad, and eke rejoice.
P S A L M E x x x i i i .
Y ee Righteous in the Lord rejoice,
It is a seemlie sight:
That vpright men with thankfull voyce,
Should praise the G O D of might.
2 Praise vee the Lord with Harpe and song
In Psalms and pleasant thinges:
With Iute and Instrument among,
That soundeth with ten strings
3 Sing to the L O R D a Song most new,
With conrage give him praise:
4 For why? his word is euer true,
His workes and all his wayes.
5 To judgement, equitie and right,
Hee hath a great good will:
And with his gites hee dieth delight,
The Earth throughout to fill.
6 For by the word of G O D alone,
The Heauen all were wrought,
Their hostes and powers enerie-each-one,
His breath to passe hath brought.
7 The VVaters great gathered hath hee,
On heapes within the Shores:
And hid them in the depths to bee,
As in an house of store.
8 All men on Earth, both least and most
Fear G O D, and keepe his Law,
Yee that inhabite in each Coast.
Dread him, and be in awe.
9 What hee comandement wrought it was,
At once with present speede:
What hee doeth willis brought to passe
With full effect indeede.

Psalm xxxiv.

10 The Counsels of the Nations rude,
The L O R D doth bring to nought:
He doeth deface the multitude,
Of their devise and thought.
11 But his decrees continue still.
They never slake nor swage:
The motions of his minde and wiH,
Take place in euery Age.
12 And blest are they to whom the Lord,
As G O D and Guyde is knowne,
VWhom hee doeth choose of meere accorde,
To take them as his owne.
13 The Lord frō heauen doth cast his sight,
On men mortall by birth,
14 Considering from his Seat of might,
The dwellers on the Earth.
15 The Lord, I say, whose hand hath wrought
Mans heart, and doeth it frame:
For hee alone doeth know the thought,
And working of the same.
16 A King that trusteth in his Hoast,
Shall not preuaile at length:
The man that of his might doeth boast,
Shall fall for al his Strength.
17 The troupes of horse men eke shall fall,
Their sturdie Steedes shall sterue,
The strength of Horse shall not preuaile,
The Ryder to preseine.
18 But loe, the eyes of G O D intende,
And watch to ayde the Iust,
VWith such as feare him to offend,
And on his goodness trust.
19 That hee of death and all distresse,
May set their soules from dread
And if that deirth the Land oppresse,
In hunger them to feede.
20 VVherefore our soule doeth still depend
On G O D, our strength and stay,
Hee is our Shield vs to defend,
And draine all darts away.
21 Our soule in God hath joye and game,
Rejoycing in his might:
For why? in his most holie Name,
VVee hope and much delight:
22 Therefore, let thy goodness, O Lord,
S:ill presen' with vs bee:
As wee alwayes with one accord,
Doe onelie trust in thee.
P S A L M E x x x i i i i .
I VVill give laude, and honour both,
Vnto the L O R D alwayes:
And eke my mouth for euermore,
Shall speake vnto his praise.
2 I doe delite to land the L O R D,
In soule and eke in voyce:
That humble men and mortified,
May heare, and so rejoice.
3 Therefore seeth yee magnifie,
VVith mee the living L O R D:
And let vs now exalt his Name,
Together with one accord.
4 For I my selfe besought the Lord,
Hee answered me againe:
And mee relieved incontinent,
From all my feare and paine.
5 Who so they bee that him behold,
Shall see his light most cleare:

Their

Psalm xxxiv.

their countenance shall not bee dashe,
They neede it not to feare.
The fillie wretch for some relieve,
Unto the L O R D did call:
Who did him heare without delay,
And rid him out of thrall.

The Angel of the L O R D doeth pitch
His Tents in eue ie place:
To save all such as feare the L O R D,
That nothing them deface,
Taste and consider well therefore,
That G O D is good and just:
happie man, that maketh him,
His onelie stay and trust.

Fear yee the Lord his holie Ones,
Above all earthly thing:
or they that feare the living L O R D,
Are sure to lacke nothing.
The Lyon shall bee hunger-bit,
And pine for Famine much:
But as for them that feare the L O R D,
No lacke shall bee to such.

1 Come neare therfore my children deare
And to thy wordes give eare:
Shall you teach the perfect way,
How yee the L O R D shall feare.
2 Who is the man that would live long,
And lead a blessed life?
3 See thou refraine thy tongue and lips
From all deceite and strife.
4 Turne backe thy face from doing ill,
And doe the godliedeede:
5 Quire for peace and quietnesse,
And follow it with speede.
5 For why? the eyes of G O D abyones
Upon the lust are bent:
Miserares likewise doeth heare the plaint
Of the poore innocent.

6 But he doth frowne & bende his browes
Upon the wicked traitres,
And cuts away the memorie,
That shold of them remaine.
7 But when the lust doth call and cry,
The L O R D doeth heare them so,
That out of paine and miserie,
Forth-with heelets them goe.

8 The Lord is kind and straight at hand,
To such as bee contrite,
He saues also the sorrowfull,
The mcke and pnes in spirit.
9 Full many bee the miseries,
That righteous men doe suffer:
But out of all aduersities:
The L O R D doeth them deliver.

10 The Lord doeth so preserue and keepe
His verie bones alway:
That not so much as one of them,
Doeth perish or decay.
11 The sinne shall slay the wicked man,
Whiche he himselfe hath wrought,
And such as hate the righteous man,
Shall soone bee brought to nought:
12 But they that serue the living Lord,
The L O R D doeth saue them sound
And who that put their trust in him,
Nothing shall them confound.

Psalm xxxv.

1 Ond, plead my cause against my foes,
Confound their force and might,
Fight on my part against all those,
That seeke with mee to fight.
2 Lay hand my G O D vpon thy Shield,
Thy selfe in Armour dresse:
Stand vp for mee and fight the field e,
To helpe mee in distresse.

3 Bring foorth the Speare, & stop the way
Mine enemies to with-stand
Then, L O R D, vnto my Soule thus say
I am thine helpe at hand.
4 Confound them with rebuke and blame,
That seeke my Soule to spill:
Let them turne backe, and flee with shame,
That shooke to worke mee ill.

5 Let them bee scattered all abrod,
As Chaf let them bee lost:
And by the Angel of our G O D,
Disprest, destroyde, and lost.
6 Let all their wayes bee voyde of light
And slipperie like to fall:
And send thine Angel with thy might,
To persecute them all.

7 For why? without my fault they haue,
In secret set their grin.
And for no cause haue digde a Cane,
To take my Soule therin:
8 When they think least, and haue no care,
O L O R D, destroy them all:
Let them bee trapt in their owne snare,
And in their mischiefe fall.

9 Then shall my spirit, mine heart & voyce
In G O D haue joye and wealthe.
That in the L O R D, I may rejoyses,
And in his sauing health:
10 And then my bones shall speake and say
My partes shall all agree:
O Lord, though they doe seeme full gaye
What man is like to thee?

11 Thou doft defend the weak from them
That are both ston: and strong,
And rid the poore from wicked men,
That spoyle and doe them wrong.
12 Against moortall men did rise,
To witnessethings vntreue,
And to accuse, wfe, wif deuise,
Of that I never knew.

13 And where to them I bare good will,
They quite mee with disdaine:
For their intent was how to spill,
And bring my Soule in paine.
14 Yet I when they were sick took thought
And clad my selfe in Sacke:
With fasting I my selfe low brought,
To pray I was not slacke.

15 As to my Friend or Brotherdeare,
I did my selfe behaue:
And as one making wofull cheare,
About his Mothers Graue:

16 But in my troubles they did joye:
And gathet on a rout:
Yea, abject slaves at mee did toye,
With mockes and checkes full stout,

17 The bellic gods and flattering traines
At Feasts did mee deride:
C They

Psalme xxxv.

They gnash their teeth with great disdain
And wide their mouth aside.
18 Lord, when wilt thou amend this geare
Why doest thou stay and pause?
Oh, rid my Soule replete with feare,
Out of these Lyons clause.
19 So then will I give thankes to thee,
Before thy Church alwayes:
And where in preesse the people bee,
There will I shew thy praeife.
20 Let not my foes preuarle on mee,
Which hate mee for no fault:
Nor yet to winke or turke their eye,
That causelesse mee assault.
21 Of peace no word they thinke or say,
Their talke is all vntrue:
They still consult, and wold betray,
All thos: that peace ensue.
22 With open mouth they runne at mee
They gape, they laugh, they syere,
Well, well, say they, our eye doeth see,
The thing that wee desire.
23 But, Lord thou seest what wayes they
Cease not this geare to mend, (take,
Be not farre off, nor me for sake,
As men that faile their Friend.
24 Awake, arise, and stirre abroad,
Defend mee in my rights.
Reaenge my cause, my L O R D my GOD
And aide mee with thy might.
25 According to thy righteousnesse,
My L O R D G O D set mee free:
And let not them their pride expresse,
Nor triump: over mee.
26 Let not their hearts rejoynce and cry,
There, there, this geare goeth trim,
Nor gyue them cause to say us hie,
Wee have our will on him.
27 Confound them with rebuke & shame,
That ioye when I doe mourne:
And pay them home with spitt & blame,
That bragge at mee with scorne.
28 Let them bee glad, and eke rejoynce,
which loue my vpright way:
And they all times with heart and voyce,
Shall praisethe Lord, and say,
29 Great is the Lord, and doeth excell,
For why? hee doeth delight
To see his Seruants prosper well,
That is his pleasant sight.
30 VVherefore my tongue I will applie,
Thy righteousness to praise,
Unto the L O R D my G O D will I,
Sing laude and thankes alwayes.

PSALME xxxvi.

THe wicked deedes of the ill man,
Vnto mine heart doo witness plaine,
That feare of G O D in him is non,
2 Though he himselfe wold flatter faine
His wickednesse is judge and knowyne.
3 His mouth is bent to vyle deceite,
VVith ignorance hee isreplete,
And to doe good hee hath no will,
4 In bidden hee doeth for mischiefe waite,
Full bent to seeke the way most ill.
5 Thy mercies, Lord, to heauen reach,
Thy faulthulnesse the Clouds do preach

Psalme xxxvii.

6 Thy righteoufnesse as mountaines haue,
Thy judgements deepe no tong can teach
To man and beast thou art refuge.
7 O G O D, how great thy mercies bee,
The sonnes of men doe trust in thes,
8 VVith thes they shall bee fullie fed,
And thou wilt give them drink fulfie
Of pleasant Rivers largelie spred,
9 The Well of Life is thine by right,
Thy brightnesse doth give vs our light
10 Thy fauour, L O R D, to such extend,
Acknowlede thee with heart vpright,
Thy righteousness to such men lead.
11 Let not the pronde, O Lord preuald,
Nor vaine mens power make me to quail
But loe, they faile in thei devise,
They mischiefe work in tooth and naille
And fall, but can by no meanes rise.
PSALME xxxviii.
1 Rudge not to see the wicked men,
In wealth to flourishe still:
Nor yet enuie such as to ill,
Haue bent and set their will.
2 For as greene grasse, & flourishing herbe
Are cut and wither away:
So shall their great prosperitie,
Soone passe, fade, and decay.
3 I trust thou therefore, in God alone,
To doe well give thy minde:
So shall thou haue the Land as thine,
And there sure foole shall finde.
4 In G O D set all thine hearts delight,
And looke what thou woldst haue:
Or else can wish in al the world,
Thou needst it not to crave.
5 Cast both thy selfe and thy affaires,
On G O D with perfect trust:
And thou shalt soe with patience,
Thi effect both sure and just.
6 Thy perfect life and godlie name,
Hee will cleare to the light:
So that the Signe euene at noone day,
Shall not shine halfe so bright.
7 Bee still, therefore, and stedfastlie,
On G O D see thou waite then,
Not shrinking for the prosperous stately
Of leude and wicked men.
8 Shake off despite, enuie and hate,
At least in aise wise:
Their wicked steps auoide and flee,
And follow not their guise.
9 For every wicked man will G O D,
Destroy both more and lesse:
But such as trust in him, are sure
The Land for to p fesse.
10 Watch but a while, and thou shalt see
No more the wicked traine:
No, not so much as house or place,
Where once hee did remaine.
11 But mercifull and humble men,
Enioye shall Sea and Land:
In rest and peace they shall rejoynce,
For nought shall them with stand.
12 The lewde men and malicious,
Against the just conspire:

Psalm xxxvii.

They gnash their teeth at him as men
Which doe his bane desire.

13 But while that lewd men thus doe think
The Lord laugh'th them to scorne:
For why? he seeth their terme approach
When they shall sigh and mourne.

14 The wicked hane their sword outdrawn
Their Bow eke hau'e they bent,
To ouer-thow and kill the poore,
As they the right way went.

15 But the same sword shall pierce their
Which was to kill the just. (heart,
Likwise the Bow shall breake to shiuers,
Wherein they put their trust.

16 Doubtlesse the just mans poore estate,
Is better a great deale more:
Than all these lewd and worldlie mens,
Rich pompe and heaped store.

17 For bee their power never so strong,
G O D will it ouer-thowc:
Where contrarie hee doeth preserue,
The humble men and low.

18 Hee seeth by his great prouidence,
The good mans trade and way,
And will giue them inheritance,
Which never shall decay.

19 They shall not bee discouraged,
When some are hard bested:
VWhen other shall bee hunger-bit,
They shall bee clad and fed.

20 For whosoeuer wicked is,
And enemiesto the Lord: (grease,
Shall quale, yea, melt even as Lambes
Or smoke that flyeth abroad.

21 Behold the wicked borroweth much,
And never payeth againe:
VWhereas the lust by liberal gifts,
Makes many glad and faine.

22 For they who God doth blesse shall haue
The Land for Heritage:
And they whom hee doeth curse likwise,
Shall perish in his rage.

23 The Lord the just mans way doth guide
And giueth him good successse,
To euerie thing hee takes in hand,
Hee sendeth him good addresse.

24 Though hee should fall, yet is hee sure
Not vtterlie to quale:
Because the Lord stretch'th out his hand,
At neede, and doeth not faile.

25 I haue beeene young, and now am olde,
Yet did I never see
The just man left, or else his seede,
To begge for miserie.

26 But giueth alwayes most li g'rallie,
And lendeth whereas is neede,
His Children and Posteritie,
Receive of G O D their meede,

27 Flee vice therefore, and wickednesse,
And vertue doe embrace,
So God shal grant thee long to haue
In Earth a dwelling place.

28 For G O D so loued equitie,
And sheweth to his such grace,
That hee preserueth them alway,
But stroketh the wicked race.

Psalm xxxvii.

29 VVhereas the good and godlie men,
Inherit shall the Land:

Hauing as lords all things therein,
In their owne power and hand.

30 The just mans mouth doeth euer speake
Of matters wise and hic:
His tongue doeth talke to edifie,
With trueth and equitie.

31 For in his heart the Law of G O D,
His L O R D doeth still abide:
So that where ever bee goes or walke'th,
His foote shall never slide.

32 The wicked like a rauening VVolfe,
The just man doeth beset:
By all meanes seeking him to kill,
If hee fall in his net.

33 Though hee should fall into his hands,
Yet G O D would succour send:
Though men against him sentence giue,
G O D would him yet defende.

34 Waite thou on God, & keepe his way
Hee shall preserue thee then,
The Earth to rule, and thou shalt see,
Destroyde these wicked men.

35 The wicked hane I seeene most strong,
And plac'de in high degree:
Flourishing in all wealth and store,
As doth the Lawrell tree.

36 But suddenlie hee passed away,
And loe, hee was quite gone,
Then I him sought, but could scarce find
The place where dwelt such one.

37 Marke and behold the pe f'lt man,
How G O D doeth him increase,
For the just man shall haue at length,
Great joye with rest and peac'.

38 As for transgrefours, woe to them,
Destroyde they shall all bee:
G O D will cut off their budding race,
And rich posteritie.

39 But the Saluation of the Just,
Doeth come from G O D above
Who in their trouble send' th them aide,
Of his meere grace and loue.

40 God doth th m aelpe, saue and deliuer
From leide man and vnjust:
And still will saue them, whil's h they,
In Him doe put their trust.

PSALME xxxviii.

P Ut mee not to rebuke, O L O R D,
When kindled is thine ire:
Nor in thy furie mee correct,
O L O R D, I thee desire.

3 For loe, on me poore wretch haue lighc
Thine Arrowes sharpe and keene,
And on my backe thine heauie hand,
To lye, may well bee seene.

3 Sith thou art angrie, Lord, therefore,
None health my flesh is in:
Nor in my bones rest lesse or more,
By reason of my sinne.

4 For loe, my wicked doings, L O R D,
Aboue mine head are gone,
A greater lode than I can beare:
They lye mee sore vpon.

5 My woundes so stinke, and festered are,
As loathsome is to see:

Psalme xxxviii.

Which all through mine owne foolishnes,
Betydeth vnto mee.

6 I am bowde downe, and crooke full sore
Through this my great distresse:
That I passe ouer all the day,
With plaintes and heauiness.

7 For why? with raging heate throughout
My Loynes are whole, replete:
And in my flesh no part at all,
Is sound or yet compleate.

8 So weake and feeble am I brought,
And broken eke so sore:
That euē for verie griefe of heart,
I am compelde to roarē.

9 My whole request, my sighes also,
Are present in thy sight: (faulde,

10 Mine heart doth pant, my strength hath
Mine eyes haue lost their light.

11 My louers and my wanted Friendes,
Flee this my plague and griefe,
My Kins-folke they a loose doe stand,
And shew mee no reliefe.

12 They that did seeke my life laid snares
And they that sought the way:
To doe mee hurt speake lies, and thought
On treason all the day.

13 But as a deafe man I became,
That could not heare at all,
And as one dumbe that opponeth not
His mouth to speake with all,

14 Even as the man both deafe & dumbe,
That answereth not againe:
When heere reproued is, suchlike,
Am I bechme certaine.

15 For why? O Lord, on thee with hope,
I waite, and doe attend:
Thou wilt mee heare, my Lord my God,
And succour to mee send.

16 Heare mee in time, said I, least that
My foes shold mee despise,
Rejoycing when they see mee slip,
Who then against mee rise.

17 For loe, I am alreadie brought,
To halfe most shamefullie,
And euer present mee before.
Is my great miserie.

Psalme xxxix.

18 For while tha I my wickednesse,
In humble wise contesse:
And while I for my sinfull deedes,
My sorrowes doe expresse.

19 My foes doe still remaine aliue,
And mightie are also:
And they that hate mee wrongfullie,
In number hugelie grow.

20 They are mine aduersaries eke,
That ill for good repay:
Because I follow with mine heart,
And ensue goodnesseye.

21 Forsake mee not, therefore, O Lord,
Be not farre off away:
With speede make haste vnto mine helpe
O G O D, mine health and stay.

P S A L M E x x x i x.

I Said, I will louke to my way,
Forfeare I should gē wrong;
I will take heede al times that I
Offend god with my tonguc.

Psalme XL.

As with a bitte I will keepe fall,
My mouth with force and myght,
Not once to whisper all the while,
The wicked are in sight.

2 I helde my tongue, and spake no wordes
But kept mee close and still:
Yea, from good talke I did refraine:
But sore against my will

3 Mine heart waxt hote within my brest,
With musing, thought, and doubt,
Whiche did increase, and stire the fire,
At last these wordes brast out.

4 I. O R D, number out my life and dayes
Whiche yet I haue not past:
So that I may bee certified,
How long my life shall last.

5 Lord, thou haft pointed out my life,
In length much like a span,
Mine age is nothing vnto thec,
So vaine is euerie man.

6 Man walketh like a shade and doeth,
In vaine himselfe annoy:
In getting gouds, and cannot tell,
Who shall the same enoye.

7 Now, Lord, sith things this wise do fram
What helpe doe I desire:
Of truel mine hope doe hang on thee,
I nothing else require

8 From all the sinnes that I haue done,
L O R D, quite mee out of hand:
And make mee not a scorne to Fooles,
That nothing understand.

9 I should haue beene as dumbe, and to
Complaine, my lippes not moue,
Because I knew it was thy worke,
My patience for to proue.

10 Lord, tak from me thy scourge & plague
I can them not with stand:
For I consume and pine with feare,
Of thy most heauie hand.

11 When thou for sinne doth man rebuke,
Hee waxeth woe and wan:
As doeth a Cloath that Moathes haue free
So vaine a thing is man.

12 Lord, heare my sute, & gine good heed
Regard my teares that fall:
I solourne like a stranger heere,
As did my Fathers all.

13 Oh, spare a little, gine mee space,
My strength for to restore:
Before I goe away from hence,
And shall bee seue no more.

P S A L M E X L.

1 Waited long, and sought the Lord,
And patiently did beare;
At length to mee hee did accord,
My voyce and cry to heare.

2 Hee pluckt mee from the Lake so deepes
Out of the myre and clay.
And on a Rocke hee set my feete,
And hee did gude nyway.

3 To mee hee taught a Psalme of prais,
Whiche I woul shew abrod,
And sing new Songs of thankes alwayes,
Unto the L O R D our G O D.

4 Whene all the folk these things shall see
As people much afraide.

Psalm XL.

Then they vnto the L O R D will flee,
And trust vpon his ayde,

O Blest is hee whose hope and heart,
Doeth in the L O R D remaine,
That with the proude doeth take no part,
Nor such as lie and faine:

5 For Lurd, my God, thy wondrous deeds,
In greatness farre doe passe,
Thy fauour towards vsexceedes,
All things that euer was.

VVhen I intend and doe douise,
Thy warkes abroad to shew,
To such a reckoning they doe rise,
Thereof above end I know.

6 Burnt offering thou doest not desire,
(Mine eares well understand,) Nor sacrifice for sinne with fire,
Thou didst all demand.

7 But then said I, Behold, and looke,
I come O L O R D , to thee,
For in the volume of thy Booke,
Thus is it write of mee,

8 That I O God, with my whole minde,
Thy will to doe like well:
For in mine heart thy Law I finde,
Fast placed there to dwell.

9 Thy Justice and thy Righteousnesse,
In great reportes I tell:
Behold my tongue no time shall cease,
O L O R D , thou knowest full well,

10 I haue not hid within my brest,
Thy goodnesse as by stealth:
But I declare, and haue exprest,
Thy trueth and sauing health.

I kept not close thy louing minde,
That no man should it know,
The trust that in thy trueth I finde
To all the Church I show.

11 Thy tender mercies, Lord, from mee,
With draw thou not away:
But let thy loue and veritie,
Preserue mee still for aye.

12 For I with mischiefes manie one,
Am sore beset about:
My sinnes such hold hath tane mee one,
I cannot once looke out.

Yea, they in number farre exceede,
The haire vpon mine head,
So that mine heart doeth faint for dread
That I almost am dead.

13 With speed send helpe, and set me free
O L O R D . I thee require.
Make haste with aide to succour mee,
O L O R D , at my desire.

14 Let them sustaine rebuke and shame,
That seeke my soule to spill:
Driue backe my foes, and them defame,
That wish and would mee ill.

15 For their ill feates doe them destroy,
That would deface my name,
Which at mee thus doe raile and cry,
Fye on him, fye for shame.

16 Let them on thee haue joy and wealth,
That seeke to thee alwayes:
That such as loue thy sauing health,
May say, to G O D , bee prayse.

Psalm XL.

17 But as for mee, I am but poore
Opprest and brought full low,
Yet thou, O L O R D , wilt mee restore,
To health full well I know.

For why? thou art mine hope and trust,
My refuge, helpe, and stay,
Wheresore my G O D , as thou art just,
With mee no time delay.

PSALME xli.

THe man is blest, that carefull is,
The needie to consider:
For in the season perillous,
The L O R D will him deliuer.

2 The Lord will make him safe and sound
And haipple in the Land:
And hee will not deliuer him
Into his enemis hand.

3 And in his bed when hee lyeth sickle,
The L O R D will him restore.
And thou, O Lord, will turne to health,
His sicknesse and his sore.

4 Then in my sicknesse thus say I,
Haue mercie , L O R D , on mee,
And heale my soule, which is full woe,
That I offend thee.

5 Mine enemies wisht mee ill in heart,
And thus of mee did say,
When shall hee die, that all his name,
May vanish quite away.

6 And when they come to visite mee,
They aske if I doe well:
But in their hearts mischiefe they hatche,
And to their mates it tell.

7 They bite their lips , and whisper se,
As though they would mee charme
And cast their fetches how to trappe
Mee with some mortall harme.

8 Some grieuous sin hath brought him to
This sicknesse, say they plaine:
Hee is so low, that without doubt
Rise can hee not againe.

9 The man also that I did trust,
With mee did vse deceite:
Who at my Table ate my bread,
The same for mee laidewaite.

10 Haue mercie , L o r d on mee therefore
And let mee bee preserued.
That I may render vnto them,
The things they haue deserued.

11 By this I know assuredlie
To bee beloued of thee:
VVhen that mine enemies haue no cause,
To triumph ouer mee.

12 But in my right thou hast mee kept,
And maintained always:
And in thy presence place assignde,
Wherell shall dwell for aye.

13 The L O R D the G O D of Israel,
Bee praised cuermore:
Euen so bee it, L O R D , will I say,
Euen so bee it therefore.

PSALME xlii.

Like as the Hart doe breath and bray,
The wel springs to obtaine,
So dooth my Soule dñe alwayes,
With thee L O R D to remaine.

2 My soule doth thist & wold draw neare
The living G O D of might:

Psalme XLII.

Oh, when shall I come and appeare,
In presence of his sight?

3 The teares all times are my repast,
Vvhich from mine eyes doe flydet
Vvhich wicked men cry out so fast,
Vvhile is now G O D thy Guyde?

4 Alas, what griefe is it to thinke,
Vvhich freedome once I had?
Therefore my Soule as at pits brinkes,
Is most heauie and sad.

When I did march in good array,
Well furnishit with my traine,
Vnto the Temple was our way,
Vvith Songs and hearts most faine.

5 My Soule, why art thou sad alwayes.
And frest thus in my brest?
Trust still in G O D , for him to praise,
I hold it ever best.

By him I haue succour at neede,
Agiaust all paine and griefe:
Hee is my G O D , which with all speede
Vwill haue to send reliefe.

6 And thus my Soule within mee, Lord,
Doeth faint to thinke vpon,
The Land of Jordan, and record,
The little hill Hermon.

7 One griefe another in doeth call.
As Cloudes burst foorth their voyces,
The floodes of euils that doe fall,
Runne ouer mee with myce.

8 Yet I by day felte his goodnesse,
And helpe at all assayes:
Likewise by night I did not cease
The living G O D to praise.

9 I am periswaded thus to say,
To him with pure pretence,
O L O R D , thou art my Guide and stay,
My Rocke and my defensse.

Why doe I then in pensiuenesse,
Hanging the head thus walke,
While that mine enemies mee oppresse,
And vexe mee with their talke.

10 For why? they pierce mine inward parts
With panges to bee abhord:
When they cry out with stubborne hearts
Where is thy G O D thy L O R D .

11 So soone why doest thou faint & quale
My soule with paines opprest?
With thoughts why doest thy selfe assaile
So sore within my brest.

Trust in the L O R D thy G O D alwayes,
And thou the time shalt see,
To giue him thankes with laude & praise,
For health restorde to thee.

PSALME XLIII.

1 Vdge and reuenge my cause, O L O R D ,
From them that euill bee:
From wicked and deceitfull men,
O L O R D , deliuere mee.

2 For of my strength, thou art the G O D ,
Why puttest thou mee thee fro?
And why? walke I so heauilie,
Oppressed with my foe.

3 Send out thy light, and eke thy trueth,
And lead mee with thy grace,
Vvhich may conduct mee to thine Hill,

Psalme XLIV.

And to thy dwelling place.
4 Then shal I to the Altargoe.
O G O D my joye and chare,
And on mine Harpe giue thankes to thee,
O G O D my G O D most deare.

5 Why art thou then so sad my soule?
And frest thus in my brest:
Still trust in G O D , for him to praise,
I hold it alwayes best.
By him I haue deliuereunce,
Against all paine and griefe,
Hee is my G O D , which doeth alwayes
At neede send mee reliefe.

PSALME XLIII.

O Vreare haue heard our Fathers tell,
And reverentlie recorde:
The wondrous workes that thou haft done
In aldei time, O L O R D ,

2 How thou didst cast the Gentiles out,
And stayedst them with strong hand,
Planting our Fathers in their place,
And gauest to them their Land,

3 They conuered not by sword nor streghth
The Land of thy behest:
But by thine Hand, thine Arme & grace,
Because thou louest them best.

4 Thou art my King, O God, that helpt,
Iaakob in sundrie wise,

5 Led with thy power we threw down such
As did against vs rise.

6 I trusted not in bow nor sword,
They could not save mee sound:

7 Thou kept vs from our enemies rage,
Thou didst our foes confound.

8 And still wee boast of thee our God,
And praise thine holie Name.

9 Yet now thou goest not with our Hoast,
But leauest vs to shame.

10 Thou madst vs flee before our foes,
And so were ouer-trode:
Our enemies spoilde and robde our goods
When wee were sparst abroad.

11 Thou hast vs giuen to our foes,
As theepe for to bee slaine:
Amongst the Heathen every where,
Scattered wee doe remaine.

12 Thy people thou hast sold like Slaves
And as a thing of nought:
For profite none thou hadst thereby,
No gaine at all was sought.

13 And to our neighbours thou hast made
Of vs a laughing stocke,
And those that round about vs dwell,
At vs doe grinne and mocke.

14 Thus wee serue for none other vise,
But for a common talke?
They mock, they scorne, & nod their heads
Whiche ever wee goe or walke.

15 I am ashame continuallie,
To heare those wicked men,
Yea, I so blush, that all my face,
With red is couered then,

16 For why? we haue such sladerous words
such false reportes and lies:
That death it is to see their wronges,
Their threatnings and their cryes.

Psalme XLV.

27 For all this wee forget not thee,
Nor yet thy Covenant breake:
28 We turne not back our hearts from thee
Nor yet thy Pathes for sake.
29 Yet thou hast trod vs downe to dust,
Where dennes of Dragons bee,
And couered vs with shade of death,
And great aduersitie.
30 If wee had our Gods Name forget,
And helpe of idolessought,
31 VVold not God then haue tryed this out
For hee doeth know our thought.
32 Nay, nay, for thy Names sake, O Lord,
Alwayes are wee slaine thus:
As sheepe vnto the shambles tent,
Right so they deale with vs.
33 Up, Lord, why sleepest thou awake,
And leaue vs not for all
34 VVhy hidest thou thy countenance,
And doest forget our thrall.
35 For downe to dust our soule is broght
And vve now at last cast:
Our bellie like as it were glodie,
Vnto the ground cleaues fast:
36 Rise vp, therefore, for our defence,
And helpe vs, L O R D, at neede,
Wee thee beseech for thy goodnesse
To resoue vs with speede.

PSALME xlv.

Mine heart doeth take in hand,
Some godlie Song to sing:
The praise that I shall shew therein,
Pertaineth to the King.
My tongue shall bee as quicke,
His honour to endite:
As is the Pen of anie Scribe,
That vseth fast to write.
2 O fairest of all men,
Thy speach is pleasant pure:
For G O D hath blessed thee with gifte,
For euer to endure.
3 About thee girde thy Swoerde,
Thou mighty Prince of fame,
Which is the glorie and renowne,
And honour of thy Name.
4 Goe foorth with prosperous speede,
In meekenesse, trueth, and right,
And thy right hand shall thee instruct,
In workes of dreadfull might.
5 Thy Shaftes are sharpe O King,
To pierce thy foes hearts all:
Therefore shall Nations thee obey,
And at thy Feete downe fall.
6 Thy Royall seate, O L O R D,
For euer shall remaine:
Because the Scepter of thy Realme,
Doeth Righteousnesse maintaine,
7 Thou Righteousnesse doest loue,
And wickednesse deteste:
Because G O D hath anointed thee,
With joye above the rest.
8 Of Myrrie and Cassia,
Thy cloathes most sweete smell had:
VWhen thou didst from thy Palace passe,
VWhere they had made thee glad.
9 Among thy Ladies are
Kings Daughters right demure:

Psalme XLVI.

At thy right hand the Queene doe stand,
Arrayed in Gold most pure.

10 O Daughter, take good heed,
Incline and give good eare,
Thou must forget thy Kinred all,
And Fathers house most deare.
11 So shall the King desire,
Thy beautie excellent:
Hee is thy Lord, therefore shalt thou,
To honour him bee bent.

12 The Daughters then of Tyre,
With gifts full rich to see:
And all the wealth of the Land,
Shall make their fute to thee.

13 The Daughter of the King,
Is glorious to behold,
Within her Chamber shee doeth sit,
Deckt vp in broydered Gold.

14 In Robes by Neede wrought,
With many pleasant thing:
And Virgins faire on her doe waite,
Shee commeth to the King.

15 They shall bee brought with joye,
And mirth on eueris side:
Into the Palace of the King,
And there they shall abide.

16 In stead of Parents left,
O Queene the easie so stands,
Thou shalt haue Sons whom thou mayst see
As Princes in all Landes.

17 Wherefore thine holie Name,
All ages shall record:
The people shall give thankes to thee,
For euermore, O Lord.

The Lord is our defence and ayde,
The strength whereby wee stand:
When wee with woe were much dismayde
Wee found his helpe at hand,
2 Though t' Earth remoue, we wil not feare
Though Hilles so high and steepes:
Bee thrus and hurled heere and there,
Within the Sea so deepe.

3 No though the waues doe rage so sore,
That all the Bankes it spilles:
And though it ouer-flow the shore,
And breake downe mighty Hills.

4 Yet one faire floode doeth send abroad,
His pleasant stremes apace:
To fresh the Cittie of our G O D,
And wash his holie place.

5 In midst of her the L O R D doth dwell,
Shee can no whit decay:
With speedie helpe those that rebell,
Against her G O D will stav.

6 The Heathen Folke, the Kingdome faire
The people make a noyce:
The Earth doeth melt, and not appearey
VWhen G O D puts foorth his voyce.

7 The Lord of Hostes doeth take our part
To vs hee hath an eye:
Our hope of health, with all our heart,
On Iakobs G O D doeth lye.

8 Come heare & see with minde & thoght
The working of our G O D.
What wonders hee himselfe hath wrought,
Throughout the Earth abrode.

Psalme XLVIII.

9 By him all warres are hault and gone,
Vwhich Countries did conspire,
Their Bowes he brak, and Speares eachone
Their Charetshampt with fire.
10 Leane off therefore, saith hee and know
I am a G O D most stout:
I will bee praised of high and low,
Euen all the Earth throughout.

11 The Lord of Hostes doth vs defend,
Hee is our strength and tower:
On Iaakobs G O D doe wee depend,
And on his mightie power.

PSALM E xlvii.

Let all Folke with joye,
Clappe hands and rejoyce:
And sing vnto G O D,
With most chearefull voyce.
2 For high is the L O R D,
And feared to bee,
The Earth ouer all,
A great K I N G is Hee.
3 In dannting the Folke,
Hee hath so well wronged,
That vnder our feete,
Whole Nations are brought,

4 An Heritage faire,
Hee choose vs to moue:
Whch Iaskēt enjyed,
Whom hee so did loue.
5 Our G O D is gone vp,
With triumph and fame,
With sound of the Trumpe,
To wittnesse the same.
6 Sing praises to G O D,
Sing praises, I say,
To this our great K I N G,
Sing praises alway.

7 For of all the Earth,
Our G O D is the King,
Such as vnderstand,
Now praise to him sing.

8 The Heathen to rule.
G O D also doeth reigne,
Who doeth still vpon,
His high Throne remaine.
9 Strange Princes doe come
Vnto the L O R D S Folde:
Who are as his Shieldes,
His Church to vphold.
For Shieldes of the World,
Belong to the L O R D :
His Name to exalt,
Let all men accord.

PSALM E XLVIII.

Great is the Lord, & with great praise
To bee aduanced still:
Within the Citie of our G O D,
Vpon his holie Hill.
2 Mount Syen is a pleasant place,
It gladdeth all the Land:
The Citie of the mightie King,
On her North-side doeth stand.
3 Vvithin her Palaces the L O R D ,
Is knowne a refinge sure,
For loe, the Kings together came,
Her ruine to procure.
4 But when they did behold the same,
They wondred, and they were
Astonied much, and suddenlie,
Were driven backe with scafe.

Psalme XLIX.

6 Great terrorre there on them did fall,
For veriewne they cry:
As doeth a woman when shee shall
Goe travell by and by.
7 As with the storme Easteine winder,
Then breakest the shippes that sailes
Of Tarshish, so they scattered were,
Destroyde and madde to quale.

8 VVithin the Citie of the L O R D ,
VVee saw, as it was tolde:
Yea, in the Citie of our G O D ,
Vwhich hee will aye vp-holde.
9 O Lord, wee waite, and looke to haue,
Thy loving helpe and grace:
For which all times wee doe attend,
Within thine holie place.

10 O Lord, according to thy Name,
For euer is thy praise.
And thy right hand, O Lord is full,
Of righteousnesse alwayes:

11 Let for thy judgementes Syon mount,
VVith joyes fulfilled bee:
And let Iehudahs Daughters all,
Bee glad, O L O R D , in thee,

12 Goe walke about all Syon hill,
Yea, round about her goe:
And tell the Bulwarkes that thereon,
Are builded on a rowe:

13 View and markewell the wals thereof
Behold her Towers hie:
That you of it may make report,
To your Posteritie.

14 For euen this God, our God is hee,
For euer and for aye:
Hee shall direct and vs conduct,
Euen to our dying day.

PSALM E xlix.

All people hearken, and give eare,
To that, that I shall tell:
Both high, and low, both rich and poore,
That in the world doeth dwell.
3 For why? my mouth shall mak discours
Of many thinges right wile:
In vnderstanding shall mine heart
His studie exercise.

4 I will incline mine eare to know,
The Parables so darke:
And open all my doubtfull speach,
In meeter on min Harpe.

5 Why should I feare afflictions,
Or anie carefull toyle?
Or else my foes, which at min cheeles,
Are prest my life to spoyle?

For as for such as riches haue,
Wherein their trust is most:
And they which of their treasures great,
Themselves doe bragge and boaste.

7 There is not one of them that can
His Brothers deaeth reueeme:
Or that can giue a price to G O D .
Sufficient for him.

8 It is too great a price to pay,
None can there to attaine:

9 Or that hee might his life prolong,
Or not in Graue remaine.

10 They see wise men as well as Fooles,
Subject

Psalme XLIX.

Subject vnto deathis bands,
And beeing dead, strangers possesse,
Their goods, their rentes, their Lands.

Their care is to build houses faire,
And so determine sure:
To make their Name right great on Earth
Foreuer to endure.
Yet shall no man alwayes enjoye,
High honour, wealth, and rest:
But shall at length taste of deathis cuppe,
As well as the bruite beast.

And though they try these foolish
To be most lewd and vaine, (thoughts
their Children yet approue their talke,
And in like sinne remaine.
As Sheepe into the Fold are brought,
So shall they vnto Graue:
Death shall them eate, and in that day,
The just shall Lord-ship haue.

Their Image and their royall port,
Shall fade and quite decay:
Then as from house to perte they passe,
With woe and well away.
But G O D will surelie mee preserue,
From death and endlesse paine,
because hee will of his good grace,
My Soule receiue again.

If any man waxe wondrous rich,
Feare not, I say, therefore,
Although the glorie of his honse,
Increaseth more and more.
For when hee dyeth, of all these things
Nothing shall hee receiue:
His glorie will not follow him,
His pompe will take her leue.
Yet in this life hee taketh himselfe,
The happiest vnder Sunne:
And others likewise flatter him,
Saying, All is well done.
And presuppose hee liue as long,
As did his Fathers olde:
Yet must hee needes at length giue place,
And bee brought to deaths folde.
Thus man to honour G O D hath calde,
Yet doeth hee not consider:
But like bruite beastes so doeth hee liue,
Which turne to dust and powder.

PSALME L.

THE mightie G O D,
Th'Eternall thus hath spoke,
And all the VVorld.
Hee will call and prouoke:
Euen from the East,
And so soorth to the West,
From toward Syon,
Which place him liketh best,
G O D will appeare
In beautie most excellent,
Our G O D will come
Before that long time bee spent.

Deuouring fire,
Shall goe before his Face,
great tempest,
Shall round about him trace.
Then shall hee call,
The Earth and Heauen so bright,
To judge his Folke,

Psalme L.

With equitie and right,
5 Saying, Goe to,
And now my Sainthes assemble.
My Part they keepe,
Their giftes doe not dissemble,

6 The Heauen shall
Declare his righteouesesse,
For G O D is Judge,
Of all things more and lesse,
7 My people heare,
For I will now reueale,
List Israel,
I will thee nought conceale,
Thy G O D thy G O D,
Am I, and will not Blame thes,
8 For giuing not,
All manner offeringsto mee.

9 I haue no neede
To take of thee at all,
Goates of thy Folde:
Or Calues out of thy Stall:
10 For all the Beastes,
Are mine within the Woodes,
On thousand Hilles,
The Beastes are mine owne goods.
11 I know for mine,
All Birds that are on Mountaines,
All Beasts are mine,
Which haunt the Fields & Fountaines

12 Haugrie if I were,
I would not thee it tell:
For all is mine,
That in the VVorld doeth dwell.
13 Eat I the flesh,
Of great Bulles or Bullockes,
Or drinke the Blood,
Of Goates, and of the Flockes?
14 Present to G O D,
Due thankfullnesse and praise:
And pay thy vowed,
To him most high alwayes.

15 Call vpon mee,
VVhen troubled thou shalt bee,
Then will I helpe,
And thou shalt honour mee.
16 To wicked men,
Thus sayeth th'Eternall G O D,
VVhy doest thou preach,
My Lawes and Hestes abroad?
Seeing thou hast,
Them with thy mouth deformed,
17 And hatest to bee,
By Discipline reformed.

My wordes, I say,
Thou dost reject and hate,
18 If that thou see,
A Thiefe, as with thy Mate,
Thou runnest with him,
And so your Prey doe seeke,
And art all one,
VVith Baudes and Ruffians eke.
19 Thou gaest thy selfe
To back-bite and to slander,
And how thy tongue,
Deceiueth it is a wonder.

20 Thou si'lt musing,
Thy Brother how to blame,
D
And

Psalme L.

And how to put
Thy Mothers Sonne to shame.
21 These things thou didst,
And whilist I helde my tongue:
Thou didst me judge,
(Because I stayd so long)
Like to thy selfe,
Yet though I kept long silence,
Once shalst thou feele,
For thy wronges, just recompence,
22 Consider this,
Yee that forget the L O R D ,
And feares not when,
Hē threatneth with his word.
Left without helpe ,
I spoyle you as a Prey.
23 But hee that thankes
Offereth , praiseth mee aye.
Sayeth the L O R D G O D .
And hee that walketh this trae,
I will him teach
G O D S saving health to imbrace.

P S A L M E L . I .

O L O R D , consider my distresse ,
And now with speed some pity tak
My sinnes deface , my faultes redresse ,
Good Lord for thy great mercies sake
2 Wash me O Lord , and make mee cleane ,
From this vnjust and sinfull act ,
And purifie yet once againe ,
Mine hainous crime and bloodie fact .
3 Remorse and sorrow doeth constraine ,
Mee to acknowledge mine excesse ,
My sinnes alas , doeth still remaine ,
before my face without release .
4 For thee alone I haue offended ,
Committing euill in thy sight :
And if I were therefore condemned ,
Yet were thy judgements just & right
5 It is too manifest , alas ,
That first I was conceiu'd in sinne ,
Yea , of my Mother so borne was ,
And yet vyle wretch remaines therin
6 Also behold , L O R D , thou doest loue
The inward trueth of a pure heart ,
Therefor thy wisedome from aboue ,
Thou haft reualte mee to conuert ,
7 If thou with Hysop purge my blot ,
I shall bee cleane than the Glasse ,
And if thou wash away my spot
The Snow in whitenesse shall I passe .
8 Therefore , O Lord , such joye mee send ,
That inwardlie I may finde grace ,
And that my strength may now amend ,
Which y haft swadgde for my trespassse .
9 Turne backe thy Face and frowning ire ,
(For I haue felt enough thine hand)
And purge my sinne I thee desir ,
Which doe in number passe the Sand .
8 Make new mine heart within my breaste
And seame it to thine holie will :
Thy constant Spirit in mee let rest ,
Which may these raging enemies kill
11 Cast mee not out , Lord , from thy face ,
But speede me my tormentes end ;

Psalme L I .

Take not from mee thy Spirit and grace
Which may from danger mee defay ,
12 Restore mee to these joyes againe ,
Which I was wont in thee to finde
And let mee thy free Spirit retaine ,
Which vnto thee may stir my mind
13 Thus when I shall thy mercies know ,
I shall instruct others therein ,
And men that are likewise brought low
By mine example shall free sinne ,
14 O God that of mine health art Lord ,
Forgive mee this my bloodie vice
Mine heart and tongue shall then accord
To sing thy mercies and justice .
15 Touch thou my lips , my tongue vnto
O L O R D , which art the onelie Key
And then my mouth shall testifie ,
Thy wondrous workes & praise alway
16 And as for out-ward sacrifice ,
I would haue offered many one ,
But thou esteinest them of no price
And therein pleasure takest thou none ,
17 The hearie heart , the minde opprest ,
O L O R D , thou nearey doest respect ,
And to speake trueth it is the best ,
And of all sacrifice th'effect .
18 Lord , vnto Syon turne thy Face ,
Powre out thy mercies on thine Hill ,
And on Ierusalem thy grace ,
Builde vp the wals , and loue it still .
19 Our offrings then thou shalt receiue ,
Of peace and righteousnesse , I say .
Yea , Calnes and all that thou doest craue
Vpon thine Altar shall wee lay .

P S A L M E L . I I .

W hy doft thou Tyrant boast abroad
Thy wicked workes to prayse :
Dost thou not know there is a G O D ,
Whose mercies last alwayes ?
2 Why doeth thy minde yet still deuise ,
Such wicked wyles to warpe ?
Thy tongue vntue in forging lies ,
Is like a Rasoure sharpe .
3 On mischiefe why sets thou thy minde ,
And will not walke vpright :
Thou hast more lust false tales to finde ,
Than bring the trueth to light .
4 Thou doest delight in fraude and guyl ,
In mischiefe , blood , and wrong :
Thy lips haue leualte the flattering fil ,
O false deceitfull tongue .
5 Therefore shall God for sye confound
And plucke thee from thy place ,
Thy Seede roote out from off the gro ,
And so shall thee deface .
6 The just when they behold thy fall ,
With feare will praise the L O R D ,
And in reproach of thee with all ,
Cry out with one accord .
7 Behold the man that would not take
The L O R D for his detence :
But of his goods his god did make ,
And trust his corrupt sence .
8 But I an Olyne fresh and greene ,
Shall spring and spread abroad :

Psalme LIII.

For why? my trut all times hath beene,
Upon the liuing G O D.
5 For this therefore, will I giue praise,
To thee with heart and voyce,
I will set foorth thy N A M E alwayes,
Wherem thy Sainctesrejoyce.

PSALME LIII.

There is no god as to shish men,
Affirme in their mad moode:
Their drifts are all corrupt and vaine
Not one of them doeth good.
3 The L O R D beheld from Heaven hie
The wholerace of mankind,
And saw not one that sought indeedes
The liuing G O D to finde.

3 They did turne backe, and were corrupt
And truelie there was none:
That in the world did anie good,
I say, Therewasnot one.
Doe not all wicked workersknow,
That they doe feede vpon
My people, as they feede on bread?
The L O R D they call not on.

5 Euen there they were afraid, and stood
With trembling all dismaide,
Whereas there was no cause at all,
Vvhyl they shoulebee afraide,
For G O D his bones that thee besiegde,
Hath scattered all abroad:
Thon hast confounded them, for they
Rejected are of G O D.

6 O Lord, giue thou thy people health,
And thou, O L O R D, fulfill,
Thy promise made to Israel.
From out of Syon Hill,
When G O D his people shall restore,
That erst was capture led:
Then Iaakob shall thererin rejoyce,
And Israel shall bee glad.

PSALME LIV.

7 Aue me, O God, for thy Namesake,
And by thy grace my cruse defend,
8 Oh, heare my prayer which I make:
And let my wordes to thee ascend,
For strangers doe against mee rise,
And Tyrants secke my soule to spill:
They set not G O D before their eyes,
But bent to please their wicked will.
Behold, God is in me helpe and staye,
And is with such as doe mee aide:
My foes despite hee will repay:
O!, cut them off as thou haft said.
Then Sacrifice, O L O R D, will I,
Presentfull fcelic in thy sight:
And will thy Name still magnifie,
Because it is both good and right.
For he me brought from troubles great,
And kept mee from their raging ire:
Yea, on my lo es, which did me threate
Mine eyes haue seene mine heartsdesire.

PSALME L.V.

8 O G O D Give care and doe applic,
To heare mee when I pray:
And when to thee I call and cry,
Hid not thy selfe away.
Take heede to mee grant my request,
And answere mee againe:
With plaintes I pray, full sore oppress,
Great griefe doeth mee constraint.

Psalme Lv.

3 Because my foes with threats and cryes
O pr flc mee with despight:
And so the wicked sort likewise,
To vexe mee haue delight.
For they in counsell doe conspire,
To charge mee with some ill:
And in their hastie wrath and ire,
They doe persecutee still.

4 My heart doth faint for want of breath,
It panteth in my brest,
The terrors and the dread of death,
Doe worke mee much vnrest.
5 Such dreadfull feare ou mee doe fall,
That I there withdoe quake:
Such horrour whelmeth mee withall,
That I no shifft can make.

6 But I did say, VVho will giue mee,
The swift and pleasant VVings
Of some fai'e Doue? then would I fles,
And rest mee from those things.
7 Eoc, then I would goe farre away,
To fles I woldnot cease,
And I would hide my selfe, and stay
In some great wildernesse.

I would bee gone in all the haste,
And not abide behinde:
That I were quite and ouer past,
These blastes of boisterous windes.
9 Diuide them, Lord, and from them pull
Their devillish double tongue:
For I haue spyd their Citie full
Of rapine, strife, and wrong.

10 For they both night and day about,
Doe walke vpon her wals:
In mids of her is mischiefe stout.
And sorrow eke with all.
11 Her inward parts are wicked plaine,
Her deedes are much too vyles:
And in her streetes there doeth remaine,
All craftie, fraude, and guyle.

12 If that my foes had sought my shame,
I might it well abide:
From open enemies checke and blame,
Somewhere I could mee hide.
13 But thou that was my Fellow deare,
Which friendship didst pretend,
And didst my secret couseil heare,
As my familiar Friende.

14 With whom I had delight to talkes,
In secret and abroad:
And wee together oft did walke,
Within the House of G O D,
15 Let death in hast vpon them fall,
And send them quicke to Hell:
For mischiefe reighteth in their Hall,
And Parlour where they dwell.

16 But I vnto my G O D will cry,
To him for helpe I kee,
The L O R D will heare mee by and by,
And hee will succour mee.
17 At Morning, Noone, and evening tides,
Vnto the L O R D I pray:
When I so instantlie haue cryed,
Hee doeth not say mee nay.

18 To peace hee shall restore mee yet,
Though warre bee now at hand:
D 2 Although

Psalme LVI.

Although the number bee full great,
That would against meo stand.

19 The L O R D that reigneth aire & late,
Shall haire, and wracke them sore,
For sith no change is in their state,
They feare not G O D therefore.

20 Vpon his Friendes hee laid his hands,
Which were in Couenant knit:
Of friendship to neglect the bands,
Hee passeth not a white.

21 Though war within his heart did boile
Like butter were his words
Although his words were smooth as oyle,
They cut as sharpe as Swords.

22 Cast thou thy care vpon the L O R D,
And hee shall nourish thee,
For hee will not for aye accord,
The just in thrall to bee.

23 But G O D shall cast them deepe in pit
That thirst for blood alwayes:
Hee will no guilefull man permit,
To liue out halfe his dayes.

Though such bee quite destroyde & gone,
In thee, O L O R D I trust:
I shall depend thy grace vpon,
With all mine heart and lust.

P S A L M E L V I .

O G D, to mee thy mercie show,
Whom men wold swallow & devoure
Each day they striue to bring mee low,
Vexing mee sore from houre to houre.

2 Mine enemies daylie wold mee eate,
For manie doe against mee fight:
O thou most high, yet in this straite,
3 In thee mine hope is surelie pight.

4 I will rejoice in G O D for aye,
Because his words are true and just,
And feare no whit what fletch doz may,
To mee, sith I in G O D doe trust,

5 The wordes which I my selfe did speake,
Are turned to my smart and grieve:
Their thoghts eachouer red the to wreak
On mee causelesse to my mischiefe.

6 In Companies conneene doe they, —
Keeping them secret in their straite,
They to my steps take heede alway,
For why? to trap my soule they waite.

7 They thinke they shall escape at last,
Because by wrong they much annoy,
But thou, O God in wrath downe-cast,
These wicked folke, and them destroy.

8 My wandrings thou hast numbred all,
And in thy bottell put my teares,
Are they not witten great and small,
As thy Register witnessesse bares.

9 What time to thee I call and cry,
Mine enemies then abacke shall flee,
This know I most assuredlie
That G O D the L O R D he is with me.

10 For this I will in G O D rejoice,
Because his promises are sure:
To him will I lise vp my voyce,
Whose word for euer doeth endure.

11 And since my trust in G O D doth stand
I will mans power not feare at all:

12 O L O R D , thy vowes are in mine hand,
To thee I praiers render shall.

Psalme Lvii.

13 For thou from death my soule restord
And keepst my feete from slip or fall:
That I may walke before the L O & D,
With such as light haue ouer all.

P S A L M E L V I I .

BEE mercifull to mee, O G O D ,
Bee mercifull to mee:
For why? my Soule in all assaultes,
Shall euer trust in thee.

And till these wicked stormes bee past,
Whiche rise on every side,
Under the shadow of thy VVinges,
Mine hope shall alwayes bide.

2 I will therefore call to thee, L O R D
Whiche is most high alone:
To G O D who will his worke in mee,
Bring to perfection.

3 Hee will send down from Heauen above
To faine mee and restore,
From the rebukes of wicked men,
That faine would mee deuoure.

G O D will his mercie surelie send,
And constant trueth also,
To comfort mee and to defend,
Against my cruell foe.

4 Alastoo long my Soule doe lye,
Amongst these Lyons keene,
That rage and fume like flames of fire,
The sonnes of men I meane.

VVhose teeth are like the grounden speare,
Like arrowes are their wordes.
And eke their tonges in forging lies,
As sharpe as anie Swoordes.

5 Exalt thy selfe, O G O D , therefore,
Aboue the Heauens hight,
And ouer all the Earth declare,
Thy glorie and thy might.

6 To trap my steps where I should passe,
A snare they did lay out:
My Soule was pressed downe for feare,
Whiche compast mee about.

Before mee they did digge and cast,
A deepe and vglie pit,
Yet they now fallen are at last,
Theniselves in midst of it.

7 Mine heart is readie bent , O G O D ;
Mine heart is readie bent.
I will sing Songs, and Psalmes of praise,
To thee I will present.

8 Awake my tongue, my great delight,
My Viole, and mine Harpe,
I will get vp by break of day,
And of my G O D will carpe,

9 I will thee praise, O L O R D of might,
The people all among:
And eke amid the Natioues great,
Of thise shall bee my song.

10 For thy goodnessse is wondrous great,
And to the Heauens doeth reach,
The Cloudes and Elements abone,
Thy faithfulnessse doe preach.

11 Exalt thy selfe, O L O R D , therefor
Aboue the Heauens hight:
And ouer all the Earth declare,
Thy glorie and thy might.

Psalme Lviii.

But it is true, O froward folke;
Doe yee now justlie talke,
O Sonnes of men in judging thus,
Doe yee vprightlie walke?
2 Nay, nay, yee rather mischiese mase,
Whereto your hearts bee bent,
To execute your cruell rage,
On Earth your time is spent.

3 But what? the wicked strangers are.
And from the wombe they stray:
Yea, from their birth they leudly erre,
And none so lyke as they.

4 Their subtle malice doeth surmount,
The craftie Serpents speare:

5 Who could th'encounters charmes avoyd
By stopping clesse his eare.

6 Breake thou, O Lord, the teeth of such,
As doeth thy trueth detourne,
The jawes of these young Lyons, LORD,
Breake downe and swage their power.

7 And as the waters doe decrease,
Away so let them passe:
When that thou dost thine arrowes shoothe
Then let them breake as glasse.

8 Let such consume as doeth a saile,
VVhose nature is to melt:
Or like vntimelie Fruite, whose eyes,
No Sunne hath seene nor felt.

9 As flesh red raw vntreete for meate.
Till change bee made by fire,
So let them Lord, fade hence as with
A whirle winde in thine ire.

10 The Righteous shall in heart rejoynce,
Thy vengeance thus to see,
And bath his seete in such mens blood,
VVith pure effect shall bee.

11 And men shall say, Now of a trueli,
The Righteous fruite may haue.
By seeing GOD to judge the Earth,
And yet his Flocke to sauue.

P S A L M E . L . i x .

Deliver mee my GOD of might,
From danger of mine enemies,
And mee defend in this my right,
From them that doe against mee rise,
2 Delivere mee from them that haue
Delite to worke iniquitie,
And from these bloudie men mee sauue,
That seeke my Soule with craultie.

3 For he, they waite my Soule to take,
Strong men against mee did conuene:
Not for the fault that I did make,
That they O Lord, in mee haue seene,
4 They runne on fast, for none offence,
Prepare themselves with brag & boasts
Arise, therefore, in my defence.
And them behold, Lord, God, of boasting

5 O G O D of Israel, awake,
That thou all Nations so mayst try,
To puniſh them no pittie take,
That thus transgresse malicie.

6 At night they Kirre, and ſecke about,
As hungry Hounds they howle and cry,
And all the Cittie cleane throughout,
From place to place they ſecke and ſpy

7 Behold, their lips ſuch ſpitefull words,
Cast out as they ſhould ſeeme to beare:

Psalme Lix.

within their mouth ſharp edged ſwords
For what regard they who doeth heare,
8 But, Lord, thou haſt their wayes ſpyde
And at the ſame ſhalt laugh ſpaces:
The Heathen folke then ſhalt deride,
Yea, mocke & ſcorne them to their face

9 His force therefore ſy would me wrong
I will referte, O L O R D, to thee:
For though for mee hee bee too ſtronge
Yet G O D will my deſender bee.

10 God will preuent mee with his grace,
VVhose mercie I haue found of olde,
G O D will my foes each one deface,
So that mine eyes ſhall it behold.

11 But ſlay them not leſt their decay,
My people ſhould forget and light,
Diſperſe them, Lord our thieſt & ſtay,
And bring ihe low by thy great might.

12 Let them bee taken in their pride,
The ſins of their own mouth, euen that
Whereto their lips were aye applyde,
Perjured lyes then let them prate.

13 Conſume, conſume, them in thine ire,
That they hence-forth no more be kend
That men may know how great enipyte
Hath Iaſkobs God to the worlds end.

14 And they in th'Evening ſhall turne back
Like barking Dogs which howle and cry
When they ran heere & there for lacke,
The towne about their prey to ſpy.

15 They wander ſhall for hunger great,
To ſecke their foode with neede oppreſſe
Before they ſilled bee with meate,
Although the night drine them to rebbe.

16 But I will ſing of thy great power,
And earelie will thy mercie prayſe:
For ȳ haſt aye beeue my ſtrong Tower,
And refuge in my troublous dayes.

17 To thee mine onelie ſtrength I will,
Therefore ſing Psalmeſ vnceſtantlie,
For G O D is my deſence, and ſtill,
A G O D moſt merſiful to mee.

P S A L M E . L . x .

O L O R D, thou didiſt vs cleane forſake,
And ſcatterediſt vs abroad:
Such great diſpleaſure thou didiſt take,
Returne to vs, O G O D.

2 Thy might did iue the Land ſo ſore,
That it iuſſunder brake:
The hurt thereof, O L O R D reſtore,
For it doth bow and quake.

3 With heauie things thou plaguediſt thus
The people that are thine,
And thou haſt giuen vuto vs,
A drinke of giddie wine.

4 But yet to ſuch as ſeare thy N A M E,
A Banner thou didiſt ſhew:
That they may triumph in the ſame,
Because thy word is truw.

5 So that thy might may keepe and ſave,
Thy Folke that fauour thee:
That they thine helpe at hand may haue,
O L O R D, grant this to mee,

6 I will rejoice, for G O D hath ſaid,
Within his holiſt place:
That I ſhall ſicimens Land diuide,
And Succothis vale by pace.

Psalme Lx.

7 Gilead is giuen to mine hand,
Manasses mine beside:
Ephraim the strength of all my Land,
My Law doeth Iudah guide,
8 In Moab I will wash my feete,
Ouer Edom throw my shoe:
And thou Palestine see thou seeke,
For fauour mee vnto.
9 But who will bring mee at this tyde,
Vnto the Citie strong?
Or who to Edom will mee guide,
So that I goe not wrong?
10 Wilt thou not God? which didst forsak
Thy folke their Land and Coastes,
Our warres in hand that wouldest not take
Nor walke among our Hoastes,
11 Give aside, O L O R D, and vs reliene,
From them that vs disdaine,
The Helpe that hostes of men can giue,
It is but all in vaine. (might
12 But throughour G O D wee shall haue
To take great things in hand,
Hee will trededowne, and put to flight
All those that vs with stand.

P S A L M E L x i.

R egard, O Lord, for I complaine,
And make my sute to thee:
Let not my words returne in vaine,
But giue an eare to mee.
2 From off the Coast and out most partes
Of all the Earth abroad,
In grieue and anguylsh of mine heart,
I cry to thee, O G O D.
Vpon the Rocke of thy great power,
My wofull minde repose:
3 Thou art mine hope, my fort & Towre,
My fence against my foes,
4 Within thy tent I lust to dwell,
For euer to endure:
Vnder thy VVings I know right well,
I shall bee safe and sure.
5 For theu, O Lord, hardst my request,
And grantest eke the same:
And with an Heritage hast blest,
All such as feare thy Name.
6 Thus shall thou graunt the King alwayes
A life full long to see:
To manie Ages shall his dayes,
And yeares prolonged bee
7 That hee may haue a dwelling place,
Before the L O R D for aye:
O let thy mercie, trueth and grace,
Defend him from decay:
8 Then shall I sing for euer still,
VVith praise vnto thy Name,
That all my vowes I may fulfill,
And daylie Pay the same.

P S A L M E L x ii.

A lthough my Soule,
Hath sharpe lie beene assaulted,
Yet towards G O D
VVith silence haue I walked.
2 In whom alone,
All health and hope I see,
Hee is mine health,
And my Saluation sure,
My strong defence,
Which shall for euer endure.
Therfore afraide,
I needewot much to bee,

Psalme Lxii.

3 How long will yee,
Of mischiefe thus bee mising,
Thereby not mine,
But your owne deathes procuring,
For yee shall bee, i
Like to a rotten wall,
4 Yet loe, how they,
Consult for to displace him,
And by their lyes,
From diguitie to chase him,
With mouth they blesse,
Their heartes repleate with gall,
5 But thou, my Soule,
In silence waike G O D S leasure,
6 Who is mine hope,
My strength and onerlie treasure,
Therefore my foes
I neede nothing to feare,
7 In G O D the L O R D.
My sauing health is certaine,
My glorie doeth,
To him also apper aine.
Hee is my Rocke,
I trust hee will mee heare,
8 Trust in this L O R D,
Yee people sore oppressed,
Shew him your grieue,
Hee will it see redressed,
For Hee alone,
Our hope must bee, and stay,
9 But yet, alas,
Mens sonnes are meere vanities,
Such lyars are,
As pretend most gratitie,
Yea, vanitie,
In weight them downe will wey.

10 Put then no trust,
In wicked oppression,
And bee not vaine,
Nor yet want discretion.
If riches grow,
Set not your heartes thereon.
11 G O D once or twice,
Spake thus within mine hearing,
That power to him
Alone was appertaining.
And that all should,
Depend well therepon.
12 But thou, O L O R D,
To thinke thy mercie shewest,
And as men bee,
So thou their workes rewardest.

P S A L M E L x i i i.

O God, my God, I watch betime,
To come to thee in haste:
For why? my Soule and bodie both,
Doe thirst of thee to taste.
And in this barren VVildernesse,
VVhere waters there are none:
My flesh is parcht for thought of thee,
For thee I wish alone:

2 That I might see yet once againe.
Thy glorie, strength, and might,
As I was wont it to behold,
VVithin thy Temple bright.
3 For why? thy mercies farre surmount,
This life and wretched dayes,
My lips, therefore shall giue to thee,
Dae honour, laude, and praise.

Psalme Lxiv.

4 And whiles I live, I will not faille,
To worship thee alway:
And in thy Name I shall lift vp:
Mine hands when I doe pray.

5 My Soule is fill'd as with marrow,
VVhich is both fatte and sweete:
My mouth therefore shall sing such Songes
As are for thee most meete.

6 VVhen as on bedde I thinke on thee,
And eke all the night tyde:
7 Fot vndercouert of thy VVinges,
Thou art my joyfull Guide,

8 My Soule doeth surely sticke to thee,
Thy right hand is my power:
9 And those that seeke my Soule to stroy,
Them death shall soone deuoure.

10 The Sword shall them deuoure eachone
Their Carcases shall feede
The hungry Foxes that doe runne
Their prey to keepe at neede.

11 The King and all men shall rejoice,
That doe professe G O D S word,
For lyars mouthes shall then bee stopt,
Which haue the trueth disturbed.

PSALM E L x i i i .

O L O R D , vnto my voyce giue eare,
With plaints when I doe pray,
And ride my life and soule from feare,
Of foes that threate to slay.

2 Defend mee from that sort of men.
VVhich in decite doe lurke,
And from the frowning face of them,
That all ill feates doe worke.

3 VVho whet their tongs, as we haue scene
Men whet and sharp their Swords.
They shooote abroad their Arrowes keene
I meane most bitter wordes.

4 With priuy slight ihoote they their shafts
The vpright man to hit:
The iut vnuare to strike by craft,
They care and feare no whit.

5 A wicked worke they haue decreede,
In counsell thus they cry,
To vse deceit, let vs not dread,
What? who can vs espy?

6 What wayes to hurt they talke & muse,
All times within their heart,
They all consult, what feates to vse,
Each doeth iuuent his part.

7 But yet all this shall not auiale,
When they thinke lealt vpon,
GOD with his dart shall them attaile,
And wound them euerie one.

8 Their craftes, and their ill tongs withal
Shall worke them tales such blame,
That they shall see which see their fall,
And wonder at the same.

9 Then all shall see, and know right well
That G O D the thing hath wrought
And praise his wittie workes, and tell,
What hee to passe hath brought.

10 Yet shall the iust in G O D rejoice,
Still trusting in his might:
So shall they joye with minde and voyce,
Whose heart is pure and right.

PSALM E L xv .

T Hy praise alone, O Lord doth reigne
In Syon thine owne Hill?

Psalme Lxv.

Their vowes to thee they doe maintaine,
And their behastes fulfill.

2 For that thou doest their prayer heare,
And doest thre to agree:
Thy people all, both farre and neare,
VVith trust shall come to thee.

3 My wicked deads preuaile, O L O R D ,
They power haue ouer mee,
But thou shalt mercie vs accord,
Although wee sinfull bee.

The man is blest whom thou doest chooest,
Within thy Courts to dwell,
Thine House and Temple hee shall vse,
VVith pleasuresthat excell.

5 Thou wilst in Justice heare vs, G O D ,
Our health of thee doe rise,
The hope of all the Earth abroad,
And the Sea Coastes likewise,

6 VVith strength hee is beset about,
And compast with his power,
He mak'th the Mountaines strong & stouer,
To stand in euerie stouer.

7 The swelling Seas hee doeth asswage,
And mak'th their stremes full still,
Hee doeth restraine the peoples rage,
And rules them at his will.

8 The Folke that dwell full farre on Earth
Shall dread thy signes to see,
Thou shalt the Morne and Euen with mirth
Make passe with praise to thee.

9 VVhen that the Earth is chapt and dry,
And thirsteth more and more:
Then with thy drops thou doest apply,
And much increase her store.

The floodes of G O D doeth ouer flow,
And to doeth cause to spring,
The Seede and corne which men doe sow,
For hee doeth guyde that thing.

10 With wet thou doest her sorrowes fill,
VVhereby her cloddes doe fall,
Thy drops to her thou doest distill,
And blesse her Fruite withall:

11 Thou deck'st Earth of thy good grace
VVith faire and pleasant crop,
Thy cloudes distill their dew space,
Great plentie they doe drop.

12 The pastures of the Desart drop,
VVith fatnesse they abound:
The Hils also for joye shall hop,
So fertile is their ground.

13 The Pastures plaine the Flocks doe feed
And cover all the Earth,
The Vales with Corne shall so excede,
That men shall sing for mirth.

PSALM E L xv i .

Y Ye Men on Earth in G O D rejoice,
VVith praise set forth his Name,
Ext ill his might with heart and voyce,
Giue glorie to the same.

3 How wonderfull, O L O R D , say yee,
In all thy workes thou art,
Thy foes for feare shall seeke to thee,
Full sore against their heart.

4 All men that dwell the Earth throughout
Shall praise the Name of G O D :
The lande thereof, the world about
They shall shew forth abroad,

Psalme Lxvi.

5 All folke come foorth, behold and see,
VVhat things the Lord hath wrought,
Marke well the wondrens works that hee
For man to passe hath brought.

6 Hee laide the Sea like heapes on hie,
Therein a way hee had:
On foote to passe both faire and dry,
VVhereof our hearts were glad,
7 His might doeth rule the world alway,
His eyes all thinges beholde,
All such as would him disobey,
By him shall bee controld.

8 Yet people giue vnto our G O D,
Due laude and thankes alwayes:
VVith joyfull voyce declare abroad,
And sing vnto his pracie:
9 VVhich doth endue our soules with life,
And it preferue with all
Hoo stayes our frete, so that no strife.
Can make vs slip or fall.

10 The Lord doth prove our deedes with
If that they will abide: (fire,
As worke-men doe, when they desire,
To haue their Siluer tryde.
11 Thou hast vs taken in th-snares,
Where wee haue beeue full long,
Our lounes likewise they compaite are,
With chaunes and fettors strong.

12 And thou also didst suffer men,
On vs to ride and raigne,
We went through fire and water then,
And enerie painful thing.
Yet sure thou doest of thy good grace,
Dipole it to the best:
And bring vs out into a place,
To lise in wealth and rest.

13 Vnto thine house resort will I,
To offer, and to pray:
And there I will my selfe apply,
My vowes to thee to pay.
14 The vowes that with my mouth I spak
In ali my grieve and smart:
The vowes (I say) which I did make,
In dolour of mine heart.

15 Burnt offerings I will give to thee,
Of incense and fat Rammes,
Yea, this my Sacrifice shall bee,
Of Bullockes, Goates, and Lambes,
16 Come forth, & hearken here full loone
All ye that feare the L O R D,
What hee for my poore Soule hath done,
To you I will record.

17 Full oft I calde vpon his grace,
This mouth to him did cry:
My tongue likewise did sperde apace,
To praise him by and by.
18 But if I feele mine heart within,
In wicked workes rejoice;
Or if I haue delite to sinne,
G O D will not heare my voyce.

19 But surelie G O D my voyce hath heard
And what I did require:
My prayer hee did well regard,
And granted my desire.
20 All praise to him that hath not put,
Nor cast me out of mind;

Psalme Lxvii.

Nor yet his mercie from mee shew,
Which I doe euer shude.

P S A L M E I x v i i .

O V R G O D that is L O R D,
And Author of Grace,
Turne to vs poore Soules,
His mercifull Face.
His blessings increase,
Defend vs with might,
And shew vs thy loue,
And Countenance bright.

2 That whiles in this Earth,
VVee wander and walke,
Thy wayes may bee knowne,
In thought, deede, and talke.
And how thy great loue,
Toward man-kinde is bent,
Since thy sauing health,
To all folk is sent.

3 The people therefore,
O G O D, let them praise,
Thy wonderfull workes,
And mercifull wayes.
Yea, let all the world,
Both farre wide and neare:
Praise vee their L O R D G O D,
With ruerence and feare.

4 O let the whole world,
Bee glad and rejoice
And praise thee their G O D,
With heart and with voyce.
For thou shalt judge all,
VVith judgement most right,
And likewise on Earth,
Shall rule by thy aight,

5 O Soueraigne G O D,
Whose workes passe all lame,
Let all people praise,
Thy glorious N A M E.
All people, I say,
In cuerie place,
Let them give thee praise,
And extoll thy gracie.

6 So shall thou then cause,
The Earth Fruite to beare,
Most plentifullie,
And cuery where.
And G O D, eu'en G O D,
On whom wee doe call,
His blessings shall giue,
And prosper vs all.

7 So then wee shall seele,
G O D S Blessingseachone:
And so of his Grace,
There shall complaine none.

Then all the worlds ends
And Countries throughout,
His maruileous power.
Shall feare and redoubt.

P S A L M E I x v i i i .

I Et God arise, and then his foes,
VVill turne theimclues to flight:
His enemies then will runne abroad,
And scatter out of sight.
2 And as the fire doeth melt the waxe,
And winde blow smoke away,
So in the presence of the L O R D,
The wicked shall decay.

Psalme Lxviii.

But rightous men before the L O R D
Shall heartilie rejoyce:
They shall bee glad and mirrie all,
And cheareful in their voyce.
Sing praise, sing praise vnto the Lord,
Who rideth on the Skie:
Vtoll this Name of I A H our G O D,
And Him doe magnifie.

That same is Hee that is aboue,
VVithin his holie Place:
hat Father is of fatherlesse,
And Judge of VVidowes case.
Houses hee gines, and Children both,
Vnto the comfortlesse:
hee bringth bond-men out of thrall,
And Rebels to distresse.

When thou didst march before thy folk
Th'Egyptians from among:
nd brought them through the wildernes,
VWhich was both wide and long.
The earth did quak y raine powrd down
Heard were great clappes of thunder:
The Mount Sion shooke in such sort,
As it would cleave asunder.

Thine Heritage with dropes of raine,
Aboundantliewas washit:
And if so bee it barren waxt,
By thee it was refresht.
Thy chosen Flocke doth there remaine
Thou hast prepard that place:
And for the poore thou didst prouide,
Of thine especiall grace,

11 G O D will gine women causes just,
To magnifie his N A M E.
When as his people triumphes make,
And purchase bruite and fame.
12 For puissant Kings for all their power,
Shall flee and take the foyle:
And women which remaine at home,
Shall helpe to part the spoile.

13 And though yee were as blake as pots,
Your hew shall passe the Doue:
VWhose wings and feathers seeme to haue
Siluer and Golde aboue.
14 VVhen in this Land God shall triumph
Ouer Kinges both high and low,
Then shall it bee like Salmon Hill,
As white as any Snow.

15 Though Bathan bee a fruitefull Hill,
And in hig ht others pasie:
Let Syon G O D S most holie Hill,
Doeth farre excell in grace.
16 VVhy brag yee thus ye Hils most high
And leape for pride together,
This Hill of Syon G O D doeth loue,
And there will dwell for euer.

17 G O D S Armies is two millions,
Of warriours good and strong:
The L O R D alio in Sinai,
Is present them among.
18 Thou did, O L O R D, ascend on high,
And captives led them all:
VWho in times past thy chosen Flocke,
In prison kept and thrall.

Thou madst them tribute for to pay,
And such as did repine:

Psalme Lxviii.

Thou didst subdue, that they might dwell
In thy Temple divine.

19 Now praised bee the Lord for that,
Hee powres on vs such grace,
From day to day, hee is the G O D
Of our health and solace.

20 Hee is the G O D from whom alone,
Saluation commeth plaine:
Hee is the G O D by whom wee scape,
All dangers, death, and paine.
21 Thus God will wound his enemies head
And biate the haire scalpe,
Of those that in their wickednesse,
Continallie doe walke.

22 From Bathan will I bring, said hee,
My people and my sheepe,
And all mine owne as I haue done,
From danger of the deepe.

23 And mak the n dip their feete in blood
Of those that hate my Name.
And dogs shall haue their tonges embrude,
With licking of the same.

24 All men may see how thou, O G O D
Thine enemies doest deface:
And how thou goest as God and Kiog
Into thine holie Place.

25 The Singers goe before with joye,
The Minstrels follow after:
And in the mids the Damesels play,
With Timbrell and with Taber.

26 Now in thy Congregationes,
O Israel, praise the L O R D,
And Iaakobs whole posteritie.
27 Giue thankes with one accord:

27 Their Chiefe was little Beniamin,
But Iudah made their Hoaste
With Zabulon and Nephtalim,
VWhich dwelt about their Coast,

28 As God hath giuen power to thee,
So, L O R D make firme and sure,
The things that thou haft wrought in vs,
For euer to endure.

29 And in thy Temple gistes will wee,
Giue vnto thee, O L O R D,
For thine vnto Ierusalem,
Sure promise made by word.

30 Yea, and strange Kings to vs subdue,
Shall doe like in those dayes:
I meane to thee they shall present
Their giftes of brude and praise.
30 Hee shall destroy the speare mens ranks
These Calues and Bullis of might:
And cause them tribute pay and daunt,
All such as loue to fight.

31 Then shall the Lords of Egypt come,
And presents with them bring.
The Mors most blackthal stretch their hand
Vnto their L O R D and K I N G.

32 Therefore vee Kingdomes of the earth
Giue praise vnto thee L O R D,
Sing Psalms to G O D with one consent,
Therto let a l accord.

33 VVho though hee ride and euer hath,
Aboue the heauens bright:
Yet by the fearefull thunder clappes,
Men may well know his might.

Psalm Lxix.

34 Therefore the strength of Israel,
Ascribe to GOD on hie:
Whose might and power doth far extend
Aboue the cloudie Skie.

35 O GOD, thine holinesse and power,
Is dread for euermore
The GOD of Israel giueth vs strength,
Praised bee GOD therefore,
PSALME Lxix.

Save me, O God, and that with speede,
The waters flow full fast,
So nre my Soule doe they proceede,
That I am sore agast.

2 I sticke full deepe in filth and clay,
Vvhreas I feele no ground:
I fall into such floodes, I say,
That I am like bee drownde.

3 Vvith crying oft, I faint and quaile,
My throate is boarste and dry:
Vvhith looking vp, my Spirit doth saile,
For helpe to GOD on hie.

4 My foes which seeke for to oppresse,
My Soule with hate are led:
In number sure they are no lesse,
Than haire are on mine head.

Though for no cause they vexe mee sore,
They prosper, and are glad.
They doe compell mee to restore,
The things I never had.

5 VVhat I haue done for want of wit,
Thou, L O R D, all times canst tell:
And all the sinne that I committie,
To thee is knowne full well.

6 O G O D of Hostes, defend and stay,
All those that trust in thee:
Let no man doubt, nor shrinke away,
For ought that chanceth mee.

7 It is for thee and for thy sake,
That I doe beare this blame:
In spite of thee thou wouldest mee make,
To hide my face for shame.

8 My Mothers Sonnes my Brethren all,
For sake mee on a row:
And as a stranger they mee call,
My face they will not know.

9 Vnto thine house such zeale I beare,
That it doeth pine mee much:
Their cheeke and tauntes at thee to heare
My verie hart doeth grutch.

10 Though I doe fast my flesh to chaste,
Vca, if I weepe and moane:
Yet in my teeth this geare is cast,
They passe not therupon.

11 If I for griete and paine of heart,
In Sacre-clayre to walke,
Then they alone will it peruer,
Thereof they jest and talke.

12 I was a talke to all the throng,
That satte within the gate,
The Drunkards likewise in their song,
Of mee did talke and prate.

13 But thee the while, O Lord, I pray,
That when it pleiseth thee
For thy great trueth thou wilst alway,
Send downe thine ayde to mee.

14 Plucke thou my feete out of the mire
from sinking doe mee keep e,

Psalm Lxix.

From such as mee pursue with yre,
And from the waters deepe.

15 Left with the waues I shuld be drownde
And depth my soule deuotie,
And that the pitte should mee confound,
And shute mee in her power.

16 O Lord, of Hostes, to mee giue care,
As thou art good and kind,
And as thy mercie is most deare,
L O R D haue mee in thy minde.

17 And doe not from thy Servant hide,
Nor turne thy Face away:
I am opprest on euery side,
In haste giue care, I say.

18 O L O R D, vnto my Soule draw nre
The same with aide repose,
Because of their great tyranie,
Acquite mee from my foes.

19 That I abide rebuke and shame,
Thou knowest, and thou canst tell,
For those that seeke and worke the same;
Thou seest them all full well.

20 When they with brags doe break my
I seeke for helpe anone: (heart
But finde no Friends to ease my smart,
To comfort mee not one.

21 But in my meate they gane mee gall,
Too cruell for to thinke:
And gane mee in my thirst withall,
Strong Vineger to drinke:

22 L O R D, turne their table to a snare,
To take themselves therem
And when they thinke full well to fare,
Then trap them in the gin.

23 And let their eyes bee darke & blinde
That they may nothing see,
Bow downe their backes, & doe them bim
In thralldome for to bee.

24 Powre out thy wrath, as hote as fire,
That it on them may fall:
Let thy displeasure in thine ire,
Take hold vpon them all.

25 As Desert drie, their house disgrace,
Their off-spring eke expell:
That none thereof possesse their place,
Nor in their tentes doe dwell.

26 If thou doest strike the man to tame,
On him they lay full sore:
And if that thou doe wound the same,
They seeke to hurt him more.

27 Lord, let them heape vp mischiefe all
Sith they are all peruer:
That of thy fauour and good will,
They never haue no part.

28 And dash them, cleane out of the bod
Of life, of hope, of trust,
That for their names they never looke,
In number of the just.

29 Though I, O Lord, with woe & grie
Haue beene so sore opprest:
Thine helpe shall giue mee such reliefe,
That all shall bee redreit.

30 That I may giue thy Name the prais
And shewe it with a song:
I will extoll the same alwayes,
With heartie thankes.

31 Wh

Psalme Lxx.

31 Which is more pleasant vnted thee,
(Such minde thy grace hath borne)
Than either Oxe, or Calfe can bee,
That hath both hoofe and horne.

32 When simple folke doe this behold,
It shall i joyce them sure:
All yee that seeke the L O R D , be bold ,
Your life for aye shall dure:

33 For why? the Lord of Hostes doth heare
The poore when they complaine :
His prisoners are to him full deare,
Hee doeth them not disdaine.

34 Wherefore the Skie and Earth below ,
The Sea with floodes and streme ,
His praise they shall declare and shew ,
With all that liue in them.

35 For sure our G O D will Syon sauе ,
And Iudahs Cities builde:
Much folke possession there shall haue ,
Her streetes shall all bee filde.

36 His Seruants seed shall keepe the same
All ages out of minde:
And there all they that loue his Name ,
A dwelling place shall finde.

P S A L M E Lxx.

M AKE haste, O God , to set mee free ,
For why? my foes are fiercelie bent ,
For helpe with speede I call to thee ,
O L O R D , make haſte my foes preuent

2 Confound them quite , and put to shame
That seeke my soule to furionslie ,
Let them bee turned backe with blame
That with me haue without cause why

3 Let them bee, L O R D , as men forlorne ,
And turned backe with shame indeede:
V Vhich cry, Aha, aha, in scorne ,
As though thou couldſt not help at need ,

4 But such as doe thy trueth approue ,
Let those bee glad and joye in thee ,
And such as thy Saluation loue ,
Say thus, O G O D , thou praised bee.

5 But now, O G O D , I still remaine ,
In neediness and great distresse:
Make haste therefore mee to sustaine ,
Delay not, L O R D , but ſend redrefſe.

P S A L M E Lxxi.

M Y trust, O L O R D , in thee ,
I haue put euermore ,
Oh ! let mee never take the foyle ,
Nor ſhrinke for shame therefore .

2 But for thy justice ſake ,
Mee rescue and defend:
Incline thy gracious care to mee ,
And now ſome ſuccour ſend.

3 Bee thou my Rocke moſt ſure ,
That aye I may bee bold :
Thou haſt giuen charge to ſave mee ſound ,
And art my tower and hold .

4 O thou my G O D and L O R D ,
From wicked hands mee ſheilde
And from all cruel enemies rage .
V Vhich ſeeke to make mee yeeld .

5 For thou art my ſure hope ,
On who I doe depende
O Lord my God thou art my truſt ,
Since chilhōod I did end .

6 Yea, from my mothes womb ,
Thou wast my stay and guide ,

Pſalme Lxxi.

Thou tookſt mee thence , therefore will I
Thee praise both time and tyde ,

7 As I a Monſter were ,
Full many fled mee fro ,
Yet thou waſt my ſtrong hope and truſt ,
So that I dread no foe .

8 Like as the gushing Spring ,
So thall my mouth burit out .
Thy praises and magniſcence ,
Foreuer the world about .

9 And now rejeſt mee not ,
When age creep'th mee vpon ,
Nor yet forſake mee in this plonge ,
V Vhen strength and force is gone

10 For they haue talkt of mee ,
V Vhich ſeeke my vtter shame .
And they which would bereaue my life ,
Deniſed haue the ſame .

11 Saying with courage stout ,
God hath him caſt away .
Purſue him hard , and holde him fast ,
For none him ſuccour may .

12 Oh, G O D , ſome mercie ſhow ,
And bee not farre from mee :
My God, make haſt to helpe mee now ,
As mine hope is in thee .

13 Stricke thou my foes with shame ,
Kill them that would mee kill :
Let shame and flander bury them ,
Which would mee haue and ill .

14 The meane while patiently ,
I will attend and waite ,
Exolling euer more and more ,
Thy praiſe high and great .

15 And though thy ſweete mercie ,
In number paſſe my reach ,
I daſtie will thy righteousneſſe .
And thy ſaluation teach ,

16 I will remaine, O L O R D ,
In thy great ſtrength and might ,
I will record thy beauty great ,
And bring it foorth to light .

17 My G O D , thou haſt mee taught ,
Euen from my youth thy lawes .
And hitherto I haue ſet foorth ,
Thy diuine workeſ and lawes .

18 Now, L O R D , forſake mee not ,
When head and haire is gray
Thine Arme till I haue taught this Age ,
And ages all for aye .

19 As for thy Inſtice, L O R D ,
It is indeed moſt hie ,
For thou haſt done great things, O G O D ,
And who is like to thee ?

20 For thou haſt made mee ſore ,
Full great troubls and griefe .
But when thou turnſt, comfort I felt ,
By life thou ſendest reliefe .

21 My honour and estate ,
Thou haſt increased ſo ,
That by thy louing face I ſeele ,
My ſelfe comforted tho .

22 Therefore thy trueth will I ,
On Violes praise my L O R D :
O holy One of Iſrael ,
Mine harpe ſhall eke accord .

Psalm Lxxii.

3 My lippes shall sing for ioy,
 When I shall tune thy prayse:
4 Likewise my soule by thee redeemeſt,
 The ſame ſhall doe alwayes.
5 Also my tongue ſhall ſpeak,
 Thy mercieſ euer and aye,
6 For ſuch as did procure mine hart,
 Shame hath brought to decay.
PSALM Lxxii.
1 L ORD, giue thy judgments to the King
 Therein iuſtice him well,
 And with his Sonne that Princely thing,
 L ORD let thy justice dwell.
2 That he may gouerne vprightly,
 And rule thy folke aright,
 And ſo defend with equitie,
 The poore that haue no might.
3 And let the Mountaines that are hie,
 Vnto their Folke giue peace:
4 And eke let little Hills apply,
 In iuſtice to increase.
5 That hee may helpe the weake & poore,
 VVith ayde, and make them ſtrong,
6 And eke destroy for euermore,
 All thoſe that doe them wrong.
7 And then from age to age ſhall they,
 Regard and ſcarre thy might:
8 So long as Sunne doe ſhine by day,
 Orelſe the Moone by night.
9 L ORD, make the King vnto the iuſt,
 Like raine to fieldes new mowne:
10 And lik the droppes that lay the dust,
 And fresh the land vnsowne.
11 The iuſt ſhall flouriſh in his time,
 And all ſhall bee at peace,
12 Vntill the Moone ſhall leane to prime,
 VVaste, change, and to encrease.
13 H ee ſhall bee Lord of ſea and ſand,
 From Shore to Shore throughoute,
14 And from the flodes within the Land,
 Through all the Earth about.
15 The People that in D eſert dwell,
 Shall kneele to him full thicke:
16 And all his enemies that rebell
 The Earth and dust ſhall likke.
17 The Lords of all the Yles thereby,
 Great giſtes to him ſhall bring:
18 The Kings of Sabe and Arabie,
 Giue many a costlie thing.
19 All Kings ſhall ſeeke with one accord,
 In his good grace to ſtand,
20 And all the people of the world,
 Shall ſcrue him at his hand.
21 For hee the needie ſort doeth ſaue,
 That vnto him doe call,
22 And eke the ſimple folke that haue,
 None helpe of man at all.
23 H ee ſhall take pitie on the poore,
 That are with neede oppreſt,
24 H ee ſhall preſerue them euermore,
 And bring their ſoules to rest,
25 He ſhall redeeme their life from dread
 From fraude, from wrong, from might
26 And eke their blood ſhall bee indecde,
 Moſt preciouſ in his ſight.
27 But hee ſhall liue, and they ſhall bring
 To him of Sabaes Gold,

Psalm Lxxii

1 H ee ſhall bee honoured as a King,
 And daylie bee extold.
2 The mighie Mountaines of his Land
 Of Corne ſhall beare ſuch thronge,
 That it like Cedar trees ſhall ſtand,
 In Libanus full long.
3 Their Cities ſke full well ſhall ſpede
 The Fruites thereofe ſhall paſſe.
 In plenty it ſhall farre exceede,
 And ſpring as greene as grasse.
4 For euer they ſhall praise his NAME,
 While that the Sunne is light:
 And thinke them happy through the ſame,
 All tolke ſhall bleſſe his mighie.
5 Praise yee the Lord of Hoaſtes and ſame
 To Israels G O D each one
 For he doeth euery wondrouſ thing,
 Yea, bee himſelfe alone.
6 And bleſſed bee his holy NAME,
 All times eternally
 That all the Earth may praise the ſame,
 Amen, Amen, ſay I.
PSALM Lxxii.
1 H OW euer it bee yet God is good,
 And kinde to Israel,
 And to all ſuch as ſafely keepe,
 Their conſcience pure and well,
2 But I was almoſt off my ſeete,
 And downe-with ſo did ſlide,
 That re I wift full ſuddenly,
 My ſteppes were turn'd aſide.
3 For when I ſaw ſuch fooliſh men,
 I grudg'd and did diſdaine:
 That wicked men all things ſhould haue
 without turmoile or paine.
4 They neuer ſuffer panges or griefe,
 As if death ſhould them ſmitte
 Their bodies are both ſtout and ſtrong,
 And euer in good plight.
5 And free from all aduertiſt,
 VVhen other men bee ſhent,
 And with the reſt they take no part,
 Of plague or punishment
6 Therefore presumption doeth embrac
 Their neckes, as doeth a Chaiue,
 And are euen wrapt, as in a robe,
 VVith rapine and diſdaine.
7 They are ſo fedde that euen forſake
 Their eyes oftentimes ouer ſtart
 And as for worldly goods, they haue
 More than can wiſh their heart.
8 Their life is moſt licentious,
 Boaſting much of the wrong:
 VVhich they haue done to ſimple men,
 And euer pride among.
9 The Heauens and the liuing L O R D,
 They ſpare not to blaſphemē:
 And prate they do on worldly things,
 No Wight they doe eſteeme.
10 The people of God oftentimes turne back
 To ſee their proſperous ſtate:
 And almoſt drinke the ſelue ſame cuppe,
 And follow the ſame rate.
11 How can it bee, that God (ſay they)
 Should know and vnderſtand.
 These worldly thinges, ſince wicked men
 Bee lords of ſea and Land

Psalme Lxxiii.

22 For wee may see how wicked men,
In riches still increaſt:
Rewarded well with workilie goods.
And leaue in rest and peace.

23 Then why doe I from wickednesſe,
My fantasie restraine?
And wash mine hands with innocentie,
And cleanse mine heart in vaine?

24 Anduffer scourges euerie day,
As ſubject to all blame,
And euerie morning from my youth,
ſuffaine rebake and shame.

25 And I had almoſt ſaid as they,
Mifliking mine estate,
But that I ſhould thy Children judge,
As folke vunfortunate.

26 Then I bethought mee how I might,
This matter vnderſtand,
But yet the labour was too great,
For mee to take in hand.

27 Votill the time I went into,
Thine holie place and then,
I vnderſtood right perfeſtly,
The end of all theſe men.

28 And namelie how thou ſciftest them,
Upon a ſlipperie place,
And at thy pleasure and thy will,
Thou doeft them all deſace.

29 Then all men rufe at that ſtrange ſight
To ſee how ſuddenlie:
They are deſtroyde, diſpatcht, conuinde,
And dead ſo horriblie.

30 Much like a dreame when one awakes,
So ſhall their wealth decay,
Their famouſ names in all mens sight,
Shall ebb and paſſe away.

31 Yet thus mine heart was grieued then,
My minde was much oppreſt:
32 So ſond was I and ignorant,
And in this point a beaſt.

33 Yet neuertheleſſe by my right hand,
Thou heldſt mee alwayes laſt:
34 And with thy Cewſell diſt me guide
To Glorie at the laſt.

35 VVhat thing is there that I can with,
But thee in Heauen aboue?
And in the Earth there is nothing,
Like thee that I can loue.

36 My fleſh and eke mine heart deſt faile,
But G O D doeth faile mee neuer
For of mine health, G O D is the ſtrength
My portion eke for euer.

37 And loe, all ſuch as thee forſake,
Thou thali deſtroy each one:
And thofe that truſt in anie thing,
Suing in thee alone.

38 Theret're will I draw neare to God,
And euer with him dwell:
In GOD alone I put my truſt,
Thy wonders will I tell.

P S A L M E L x x i i i .

W H Y art thou Lord, ſo long from vs
In all this danger deepe:
Why doeft thine anger kindle this
At thine owne paſture illeſe?

2 Lord, call the people to thy thoug
Whach haue becene thine ſo long ſhort,

Psalme Lxxiv.

The which thou haſt redcem'd and brought
From bendage ſore and ſtrong.

Haue minde therefore, and thinke vpon,
Remember it full well
Thy pleafant place, thy Mount Syon,
Where thou waſt wont to dwell.

3 Lift vp, my foote and come in haſte,
And all thy foes deſace
Which now at pleasure robbe and waste,
Within thine holly place.

4 And in thy Congregations all,
Thine enemis roare, O G O D,
They ſet ſignes on euery wall,
Their Banners ſplaide abroad.

5 As men with Axes hew the Trees,
That on the Hills doe grow,
So ſhine the bills and ſwordes of theſe,
Within thy Temple now,

6 The ſylling ſawde, the carued Bordes,
The goodly grauen Stones,
With Axes, Hanimers, Killes, and Swords,
They beate them downe at once.

7 Thine holly place with fierie flame,
to ground they haue downe caſt,
The Houſe appointed for thy N A M E,
Defiled is and waste.

8 And thus they ſaid within their heart,
Dispatch them out of hand:
Then burnt they vp in euery place.
G O D S Houſe throught he Land,

9 Yet thou no ſigne of helpe doeth ſend,
Our Prophets are all gone:
To tell how this our plague ſhall end,
Among vs their is none.

10 Wherewilt thou Lord once end this shame
And quale thine enemis strong:
Shall they alwayes blaſphemie thy Name,
And raile on thee ſo long.

11 Why doeft thou draw thine hand aback,
And hide it in thy lappe:
Oh plucke it out, and be not ſlacke,
To giue thy foes a rappe.

12 O G O D, thou art my King and Lord,
And cuermore haſt beene:
Yea, thy good grace throughout the world
For our good helpe hath ſene.

13 The Seas that are ſo deepe and dead,
thy might did make them drie,
And thou did breake the Serpents head,
That hee therein did die.

14 Yea, thou diſt break the leads ſo great
Of whales that are ſo ſell:
And gaunt them to thofe folke to eate,
That in the Desart dwell.

15 Thou madſt a Spring wſt ſtreames to riſe
From Rocke both hard and hie,
And eke thine hand hath made likewiſe,
Deepe Riuers to bee dry.

16 Both day and eke the night are thine,
By thee they were begonne:
Thou ſerft to ſerue vs with their ſhine,
The light and eke the Sunne.

17 Thou diſt appoint the ends & Coaſtes
Of all the Earth about:
Both Summer heates and VVinter froſts,
Thine hand hath found them out.

18 Thinke

Psalme Lxxiv.

18 Thinke on, O Lord, no time forget,
Thy foes that thee defame,
And how the foolish folke are set,
To rail vpon thy Name.

19 O let no cruell beaste denour,
The Turtle that is true:
Forget not always in thy power,
The poore that much doe rne.

20 Regard thy Couenant, and behold,
Thy foes possesse the Land,
All sad, and darke, forworne, and olde,
Our Realme as now doeth stand.

21 Let not the simple goe away,
Nor yet returne with shame.
But let the poore and needie aye,
Giuе praise vnto the same.

22 Rise, Lord, let bee by thee maintaines,
The cause that is thine owne,
Remember how that thou blasphemde,
art by the foolish one.

23 The voyce forget not of thy foes,
For the presumption hie:
Is more and more increast of those,
That hate thee spitefullie.

PSALM E Lxxv.

O G O D, laude and praise,
VVee will giue to thee,
Of vs at all times,
Thou shall thanked bee.

Sith thy Name is neare,
They will without doubt,
Thy workes of great fame,
Declare and shew out.

2 VVhen I, sayth G O D,
A meete time shall see,
I will rightlie judge,
For though the Earth bee,
With all that there dwell,

3 Dissolued and waste,
Her pillars shall I,
Make stable and fast.

4 I said to the Fooles,
Le: me now to bee wise,
And to the peruerse.
Let not yont horne rise,

5 Lift not vp, I said,
Your hornes thus on hie,
Nor yet with stiffe necke
Speake presumptuoullie.

6 For why? high degree,
Proceeds from no part:
From East nor from West,
Nor yet from Dext.

7 But G O D is the Judge,
Who onely hath power,
To throw and cast downe,
Or raike vp each houre.

8 For loe, in his Hand,
A Cuppe now hath G O D
Of strong wine full mixt,
Which hee pours abroad,
The wicked each one.
The Dregges of that Cuppe,
Shall doubtlesse wring out,
And drinke them all vp.

9 But I will declare,
And shew forth always,

Psalme Lxxvi.

And to Iakobs G O D,
Will sing laude and praise;

10 The wicked mens hornes,
In twaine breake will I
But the iust man shall
Bee lifted on hie,

PSALM E Lxxvi.

IN Iurie Land G O D is well knowne,
In Israell great is his NAME:
2 Hee choose out Salim for his owne,
His Tabernacle of great fame.
Therein to raise, and Mount Syon,
To make his habitation,
And residence within the same.

3 There did he brake the Bow mens shafts,
There fierie dargets so swift of flight.
Their shilds, their swords & al their crafts
Of War when they were bound to fight.
4 More excellent and more mighty,
Art thou therefore than mountaines hie,
Of rauenous wolves woide of all right.
5 The stout hearted were made a prey,
A sudden sleepe did them confound:
And all the strong men in that fray,
Their feble hands they haue not found
6 At thy rebuke, O Iacobs G O D,
Horses with Chariots ouer-trod?
As with dead sleepe were cast to ground
7 Fearefull art thou, O L O R D, our Guide
Yea, thou alone, and who is hee.
That in thy presence may abide,
If once thine angel kindled bee.
8 Thou makest men from Heauen to heare
Thy Judge meets iust, the Earth for feare
Stilled with silence then wee see,

9 When thou, O Lord, beginst to rise,
Sentence to giue as Judge of all,
And in the Earth doest enterprise,
To ridde the humble out of thrall,
10 Certes the rage of mortall men,
Shall bee thy praise the remant then,
Of their furie thou bidst with all.

11 Vow & performe yonr vowes therefore,
Vuto the Lord your G O D al yee,
That round about him dwell adore,
This fearefull One with offerings free.
12 Who may cut off at his vintage,
The breath of Princes in their rage,
To earthlie Kings fearefull is hee.

PSALM E Lxxvii.

1 With my voyce to G O D did cry,
With heart and heartie cheare.
My voyce to God I lift on hie,
And hee my sute doeth heare.
2 In time of griefe I sought to G O D,
By night no rest I tooke:
But stretcht mine hands to him abroad,
My Soule comfort forsooke.

3 VVhen I to thinke on G O D intend,
My trouble then is more:
I speake, but could not make an end,
My breath was stopt so sore.

4 Thou heldst mine eyes such wise frō rest
That I alwayes did wake
VVith feare I was so sore opprest,
My speech did mee forsake.
5 The dayes of idle in minde I cast,
And oft did thinke vpon

Psalme Lxxvii.

The times and ages that are past,
Full many yeares by gone.
6 By night my Songes I call to minde,
Once made thy praise to show,
And with mine heart much talke I finde,
My Spirits doeth search to know.

7 Wilt God said, I at once for all,
Cast off his people thus?
So that hence foorth no time hee shall,
Be friendlie vnto vs?
8 What is his goodnesse cleane decayde
For euer and a day?
Or is his promise now delayde,
And doeth his trueth decay?

9 And will the Lord our God forget,
His mercies manifolde?
Or shall his wrath increase so hote,
His mercie to with-holde?
10 At last I said, My weaknesse is,
The cause of this mistrust,
Gods mightie hand can helpe all this,
And change it when hee list.

11 I will regard, and thinke vpon,
The working of the L O R D .
Of all his wonders past and gone,
I gladlie will record.
12 Yea, all his workes I will declare,
And what hee did devise:
To tell his factes I will not spare,
And eke his Counsell wise,

13 Thy workes, O L O R D , are all vpright
And holy all abroad:
What one hath strength to matchy might
Of thee, O L O R D our G O D .
14 Thou art a God that dost foorth-shew
Thy wonders euerie houre:
And so doest make the people know,
Thy vertue and thy power.

15 And thine own folk thou didst defend,
With strength and stretched Arme,
The sonnes of Iaakob that descend,
And Iosephs Seede from harme.
16 The waters, L O R D , perceiued thee,
The Waters saw thee well,
And they for feare aside did flee,
The depths on trembling fell.

17 The clouds were both thick & black
Did raine most plenteouslie,
The thunder in the Aire did cracke,
Thy shaftes abroad did flee.
18 Thy thunder in the fire was heard,
The lightnings from aboue:
With flashes great made them afearde,
The Earth did quake and moue.
19 Thy wayes within the Sea doe lie,
Thy path in waters deepe:
Yet none can their thy steps espye,
Nor know thy pathes to keepe.
20 Thou leadest thy folke vpon the Land,
As Sheepe on every side:
By Meles and by Aarons haad
Thou didst them safly guide.

P S A L M E L x x v i i i .

A T T E N D my people to my Law.
and to my words incline:
2 My mouth shall speake strange Parables,
And sentences diuine.

Psalme Lxxviii.

3 which we our selues hath hard & sear'd
Even of our Fathers old,
And which for our instruction,
Our Fathers haue vs told.

4 Because wee should not keepe it close,
From them that should come after,
who shuld Gods power to their race praise
And all his workes of wonder:

5 To Iacob hee commandement gane,
How Israel should line:
VVilling our Fathers should the same,
Vnto their Children giue.

6 That they and there posterity,
That were not sprung vp tho:
Should haue the knowledge of the Law,
And teach their seede also.

7 That they might haue the better hope,
In G O D that is aboue,
And not forget to keepe his Lawes,
And his preceptes in loue.

8 Not beeing as their Fathers were,
Rebelling in G O D S sight:
And would not frame their wicked hearts
To know their G O D aright.

9 How went the people of Ephraim,
Their Neighbours for to spoyle:
Shooting their darts the day of warre,
And yet they tooke the foyle.

10 For why? they did not keepe with G o d
The Couenant that was made,
Nor yet would walke or lead their lines,
According to his trade.

11 But put into oblivion,
His Counsell and his will,
And all his workes most magnificke,
Which hee declared still.

12 What wonders to our forefathers,
Did hee himselfe disclose;
In Egypt Land, within the fielde,
That called is Thaneos.

13 Hee did diuide, and cut the Seas,
That they might passe at once,
And made the waters stand as still,
As doeth an heape of stones.

14 Hee led them secret in a Cloude,
By day when it was bright:
And all the night whendarke it was,
With fire hee gave them light.

15 Hee brake the Rockes in wilderness,
And gave the people drinke:
Als plentifull, as when the deepes,
Did flow vp to the brinke.

16 Hee drew out Rivers out of Rockes,
That were both dry and hard:
Of such abundance, that no floods,
To them might bee comparde.

17 Yet for all this, against the I O R D ,
Their sinne they did increase:
And stirred him that is most high,
To wrath in wilderness.

18 They tempted him within their hearts
Like people of iniurie:
Requiring such a kinde of meate,
As serued to thir last.

19 Saying with murmuration,
In their unthankfulness,

VVhat?

Psalme Lxxviii.

VVhat can this G O D prepare for vs,
A Feast in wilderness.

20 Behold, hee strake the stonie Rockes,
And floodes foorth-with did flow:
But can hee now giue to his folke,
Both bread and flesh also.

21 VVhen God heard this, hee waxed wroth
VVith Iakob and his Seede:
So did his indignation,
On Israel proceede.

22 Because they did not faithfullie,
Believe, and hope that hee,
Could alwayes helpe, and succour them,
In their necessitie.

23 Wherefore hee did command y clouds
Foorth-with they brake in sunder,

24 And rained down MAN for them to eat
A foode of meekle wonder.

25 When earthlie men with Angels food,
Were fedde at their request:

26 Hee bade the East wind blow away,
And brought in the South west.

27 And rained down flesh as thick as dust
And Fowls as thicke as sand.

28 Which hee did cast amiddes the place,
Where all their tentes did stand.

29 Then did they eat exceedinglie,
And all men had their fillies,
Yet more and more they did desire,
To serue their lustes and willes.

30 But as the meate was in their mouches
His wrath vpon them fell:

31 And slew the flowre of all the Youth,
And choyse of Israel.

32 Yet fell they to their wonted sinne,
And still they did him grieue:
For all the wonders that hee wrought,
They would him not believe.

33 Their dayes therefore hee shortened,
And made their honour vaine,
Their yeares did waste and passe away,
With terroure and with paine.

34 But ever when hee plagued them,
They sought him by and by:

35 Remembryng then he was their strength
Their helpe and G O D most lie.
Though in their mouches they did but glose
And flatter with the L O R D,
And with their tonges and in their hearts
Dissembled euillie word.

37 For why? their hearts were nothing bet
To him, nor to his trade:
Nor yet to keepe, or to performe,
The Covenant that was made.

38 Yet was hee still so mercitull,
When they deserued to die:
That hee forgaue them their misdeedes,
And would not them destroy.

39 Yea, many a time hee turnde his wrath,
And did himselfe aduise:
And would not suffer all his whole,
Displeasure to arise.

40 Considering that they were but flesh,
And euill as a wind:
That passeth away, and cannot well,
Returnde by his owne kinde.

Psalme Lxxviii.

40 How often times in VVildernessee,
Did they their L O R D prouoke,
How did they moue, and stirre their Lord
To plague them with his stroke.

41 Yet did they turne againe to sinne,
And tempted G O D eftsoone,
Prescribing to the holie L O R D,
VVhat things they would haue done.

42 Not thinking of his Hand and power,
Nor of the day . when hee
Delivered them out of the bondes,
Of the fierce enemie.

43 Nor how hee wrought his Miracles,
As they themselves beheld:
In Egypt, and the wonders that
Hee did in Zoan field.

44 Nor how hee turned by his power,
Their water i to blood,
That no man might receiue his drinke,
At River nor at Flood.

45 Nor how he sent them swarms of Fleas
VVhich did them sore annoy:
And filde their Countrie full of Frogs,
VVhich should their Land destroy.

46 Nor how hee did commit their fruite
Unto the Catterpillar:
And all the labour of their hands,
Hee gave to the Grassie-hopper.

47 With hailestones he destroyd their vins
So that they were all lost,
And not so much as wilde Fig-trees,
But hee consumde with Frost.

48 And yet with Haile stones once againe
The L O R D their Cattell smote:
And all their Flockes & Heardes likewise,
VVith thunder-boltes full hote.

49 Hee cast vpon them in his ire:
And in his fure strong,
Displeasure, wrath, and euill spirits,
To trouble them among.

50 Then to his wrath hee made a way,
And spared not the Icast:
But gaue vnto the Pestilence,
The Man and eke the Beast.

51 Hee stroke also the first borne all,
That vp in Egypt came,
And all the chiefe of men and beastes,
VVithin the tents of Ham.

52 But as for all his owne deare Folke,
Hee did preserue and keepe,
And caried them through wilderness,
Euen like a flocke of Sheepe.

53 VVithout all faire both: safe & sound
Hee brought them out of thrall:
VVereas their foes with rage of Sea,
VVere ouerwhelmed all.

54 And brought them out into the coasts
Of his owne holie Land.
Euen to the Mount, which hee had got,
By his strong Arme and Hand.

55 And there cast out the Heathen folke,
And did their Land diuide:
And in their tentes hee set the tribes,
Of Israel to abide.

56 Yet for all this their God most lie,
They stirde and tempted still:

Psasme Lxxviii.

And would not keepe his Testament,
Nor yet obey his will.
But as their Fathers turned backe,
Euen so they went astray:
Much like a Bow that would not bend,
But slipt and start away.

And grieved him with their Hill altars
With offrings and with fire:
And with their idolesvehementlie,
Prouocked him to ire,
Therewith his wrath began againe,
To kindle in his brest,
The naughtiess of Israel.
Hec did so much detest.

Then hee forsooke the Tabernacle
Of Silo, where hee was:
Right c. auerent with earthliemen,
Euen as his dwelling place.
Then suffered hee his might and power
In bondage for to stand
And gave the honour of his Arke,
Into his enemies hand.

And did committe them to the Sword,
VVroth with his heritage:
The yong men were deuourde with fire
Maides had no mariage.
And with the sword the Priestes also,
Did perishe euerie eachone:
And not a VVidow left alive,
Their death for to bemonie.

And then the L O R D began to wake,
Like one that slept a time:
Or like a valiant man of warre,
Refreshed after wine.
VVith Emraudes in the hinder partes,
Hec strake his enemies all
And put them then vnto a shame,
That was perpetuall.

Then hee the Tent and Tabernacle,
Of Ioseph did refuse,
As for the Tribe of Ephraim,
Hec would in no wise chuse.
But chose the Tribe of Iehudah,
VVhereas hee thought to dwell,
Sea, euen the noble Mount Syon,
VVhich hee did loue so well.

VVhereas hee did his Temple bniilde,
Both sumptuouslie and sure.
Like as the Earth which hee had made,
For euer to endure.
Then chose hee Dauid him to serue,
His people for to keepe:
Which hee tooke vp, and brought away,
Euen from the Foldes of Sheepe.

As he did follow the Ewes with young
The L O R D did him aduance:
To feede his people of Israel,
And his Inheritance.

Then Dauid with a faithfull heart,
His flocke and charge did feede,
And prudently with all his power,
Did greate them indeede.

PSALM E. Lxxix.

O L O R D, the Gentiles doe inmade,
Thine Heritage to spoile:
Jerusalem an heape is made,
Thy Temple they defole.

Psalme Lxxix.

2 The Bodies of thy Sainctes most deare
Abroad to birdes they cast,
The fleshe of such as doe thee feare,
The Beastes deuour and waste.

3 Their blood throughout Ierusalem,
As water spilt they haue
So that there is not one of them,
To lay their dead in Graue.

4 Thus are wee made a laughing stocke,
Almost the world throughout,
The enemies at vs jest and mocke,
VVhich dwel the Coastes about,

5 VVilt thou, O Lord, thus in thine ire,
Against vs euer fume?
And shew thy wrath as hote as fire.
Thy folke for to consume?

6 Vpon these people powre the same,
Which did thee never know.
All Realmes which call not ou thy Name,
Consume and ouer throw.

7 For they haue got the vpper hand,
And Iaakob^z Seede destroyde,
His habitation and his land,
They haue left waite and voyde.
Beare not in minde our former faultes
With spedde some pittie shew:
And aside vs; Lord, in all assaultes,
For wee are weake and low.

9 O God, that giuest all health and grace,
On vs declare the same,
Weigh not our workes, our saines deface,
For honour of thy Name.

10 Why shall the wicked still alway,
To vs as people dumbe,
In thy reproach rejoice, and say;
Where is their G O D become.

Require, O L O R D, as thou seest good,
Before our eyes in sight.

Of all these folke thy Seruants blood,
VVhich they spilt in despight.

11 Receive into thy sight in haste,
The clamours, griefe, and wronges
Of such as are in prison cast,
Sustaining yrons strong.

Thy force and strength to celebrate,
L O R D, set them out of hand:

Which vnto death are detinate,
And in their enemies hand.

12 The Nations which haue beene so bold,
As to blasphem thy N A M E:
Into their lappes with scuen folde,
Repay againe the same.

13 Loe, wee thy folke, and pasture sheepe,
Will praise the euermore,
And teach all Ages for to keepe,
For the like praise in store.

PSALM E. Lxxix.

O P A S T O R of Israel,
Like sheepe thou doest lead,

The lineage of Ioseph,

Aduert and take heede,

That sittest betweene,

The Cherubins bright,

Appeare now and shew,

To vs thy great might.

2 Before thy folke, Ephraim,

Benjamin of old:

F

And

Psalme LXXX.

And Tribe of Manasses,
The Folke of thy fold :
Awake, once vpreare,
Thy puissance most strong ?
And come saue vs L O R D ,
Thou tarriest too long.

3 O great G O D eternall,
Our strength and our stay,
Returne and restore vs ,
Without more delay .
And let shine on vs ,
Thy Countenance cleare ,
So shall wee bee safe ,
And shrinke for no feare .

4 O L O R D G O D of Armies ,
Thy folke to consume :
How long at their prayers ,
Shall thine anger sume .
5 Thou fedst them with bread ,
Of weeping and woe ,
Teares largelie to dranke ,
Thou gauest them also .

6 Thou setst vs to hatred ,
And strife to sustaine :
Of all our next neighbours ,
Our harme that haue seene .
And our foes right glad ,
Of our shame and wrong ,
With taunting vs mocke ,
Themselues all among .

7 O L O R D G O D of Armies ,
Our strength and our stay :
Returne and restore vs ,
Without more delay ,
And let shine on vs ,
Thy Countenance cleare ,
So shall wee bee safe ,
And shrinke for no feare .

8 A Vine out of Egpyt ,
Thou brought'it with great care ,
Thou cast out the Gentiles ,
And plantedst it sure .
9 Thou cleansedst the ground ,
And rootedst it so ,
That all the whole Land ,
It filde to and fro .

10 With the shadow thereof ,
The Mountaines were clad :
And like the tall Cedars ,
Her Branches did spred .
11 Her boughes to the Sea ,
Farre foorth did thee stretch ,
And graffes to the Arode
Euphrates out reach .

12 VVhy hast thou broke downe ,
Her hedges so faire :
Till all that passe by her ,
Haue plukt her full bare ?
13 The Boare of the VVoodes ,
Hath dig'd vp at will ,
And Beastes of the fielde ,
Their bellies they fill .

14 O great G O D of Armies ,
Our strength and our stay ,
Returne wee beseeche thee ,
Without more delay ,

Psalme LXXX.

Consider from Heauen ,
And see this fore case ,
And visit this vine ,
Which all men disgrace .

15 And Visite the Vine-yarde ,
And fielde where it stood ,
Which thy right hand planted .
When it was but roode .
And of the young budde ,
Some pitty , L O R D , take ,
Which thou for thy selfe ,
Most strong didst once make .

16 Which now all downe beaten ,
Is burnt vp with fire :
As people which perish :
At thy frowning ire .

17 But yet on that man ,
Let thine hand bee knowne :
Which by thy right hand ,
thou chose for thine owne ,

On the Sonue of man , L O R D ,
Thy might now declare ,
For thy selfe so potent ,
VVhom thou didst prepare .

18 VVee shall not turne backe ,
From the then no more :
Renue vs thy N A M E ,
So shall we emplore :

O L O R D G O D of Armies ,
Our strength and our stay ,
Returne and restore vs ,
VVithout more delay .
And let shine on vs ,
Thy Countenance cleare :
So shall wee bee safe ,
And shrinke for no feare .

P S A L M E LXXXI.

T O God our strength , most comfortable
VVith mirrie heartes sing & rejoice
To Iaakobs G O D most ariable ,
Make melodye with chearefull voyce ,
2 Goe take vp the Psalmes ,
The Timbrell with Shalmes ,
Bring foorth now let see ,
The Harpe full of pleasure ,
VVith Viole in measure ,
That well can agree .

3 At our feast day (as wee were wont)
Let blow the Trumpets mirrie ,
The first day of the Month appointed ,
Thus to bee kept solemnedlie ,

4 For as (time hath serued)
Israel obserued ,
This statute of olde :
And this is the order ,
VVhich their G O D to honour ,
Iaakobs seede did holde ,

5 Hee laide his Law vnto the Linage ,
Of Iosephs parting from the Land
Of Egypt , where I heard a Language
Vncouth and strange to vnderstand ,

6 Then my force vp-rearing ,
From the burthens bearing ,
His shoulders I tooke ,
And eke the Taske-master ,
The pots and the plaster ,
His hands then forsooke .

Psalme Lxxi.

7 Thou calledst beeing brought at vnder,
And I did ride thee from distresse:
Vvithin the secret of my Thunder,
I heard thy grudginges more and lesse:
I did also proue thee,
My goodnesse aboue thee,
Vvhen thou didst mistrust:
At Meribah chyding,
For waters prouyding,
To serue thee at lust.

8 Hearken my people, I assure thee,
O Israel (if thou wouldest heare) (thee
Thou shouldest let no strange god allure
Nor other godsworship or feare,
9 For I am th'Eternall,
Thy great G O D supernall,
Vvich from Egypts thrall.
Haue brought thee so safelie,
Thy mouth open largelie,
And fill it I shall.

10 But yet my people whom I choosed,
My voyce they would not heare I say,
And Israel proudly refused,
On me their louing Lord to stay,
11 Therefore I did leaue them,
Euen as their hearts gaue them,
To serue their engine,
After lewd intisings,
Of their owne deuising,
So did they decline,

12 Oh, if my folke had not forsaken,
To hearken vnto mee those dayes:
Oh, if that Israel had taken
Delite to walke in my true wayes,
13 Then could I haue reasou,
In a little season
Their foes to subdue,
And mine hand haue turned,
Vpon such as spurned,
My Saints to pursue,

14 The haters of the Lord should never,
But flatter him by force constrain'd,
And a most prosperous tyme for euer,
Should to my people haue remainde,
15 Thou shouldest then haue beene fed,
With most finest wheat bread,
Euen at thine owne will:
And with the sweete honey,
Of the Rockes stony,
I would thee fulfill.

P S A L M E L x x x i .

A MID the praise with men of might
The L O R D himselfe did stand,
To plead the cause of truth and right,
With judges of the land.

3 How long, said hee, will yee proceede
False judgement to awarde,
And haue respect for loue of meede,
The wicked to regard?

3 Whereas of due yee should defend,
The fatherlesse and weake:
And when the poore man doth contend,
In judgement justly speake
4 If yee bee wise, defend the cause,
Of poore men in their right,
And ridde the needy from the clawes,
Of Tyrants force and might.

5 But nothing will they know or learne,
In value to them I talke:

Psalme Lxxii.

They will not see or ought discerne.
But still in darknesse walke.
For loe, euen now the tyme is come,
that all things fall to nought
And Likewise Lawes both all and some,
Forgaine are solde and bought,

6 I had decreed it in my sight,
As gods to take you all
And Children to the most of might,
For loue I did you call.
7 But notwithstanding yee shall die,
As men, and so decay:
O Tyrants, I shall you destroy,
And plucke you quite away.

8 Vp, Lord, and let thy strength be known
And judge the world with might:
For why? all Nations are thine owne,
To take them as thy right.

P S A L M E L x x x i i .

G O D, for thy grace,
Thou keepe no more silence:
Cease not, O G O D,
Nor hold thy peace no more.

2 For loe, thy foes,
With cruell violence,
Confidered are,
And with an hideous roare:
In this their rage,
These Rebels brage and shoare,
And these that hate thee,
Most malitiouslie:
Against thy might,
Their heades haue raised on hie,

3 For to oppresse,
Thy people they pretend,
With subtile flignt,
And moue conspiracie,
For such as on

4 Goe to, say they,

And let vs vitterlie,
This Nation,
Roote out from memorie,
And of the name.
Of Israelites let never,
Further bee made,
No mention for euer.

5 Conspired are,
With cruell hearts and fell,
Thus against thee,
Together in a band:

6 The Edomites,
That in their tentes doe dwell:
And Ismaelites,
Ioyned with them to stand.
The Moabites,
Vpon the other hand:
With the pronde race,
Of Agarens together,
Assembled are,
And wickedlie confeder.

7 Gebal, Ammon,
And Amalecke all three,
March foorth,
Each one with his Garison,
The Philistines,
For mox they thinke to bee,
The indwellers,
Of Tyre with them are bound,

Psalme Lxxiii.

8 Ashur also,
 Is their companion,
 VVith the Children
 Of Lot to bee arrayed.
 In their support
 His Banner is displaid.

 9 Doe thou to them,
 As thou didst to the Hoste
 Of Madian,
 Iasim and Sisera,
 At Kyslon floode,
 10 In Endor liues they lost,
 To dounge the land,
 VVhereas there bodies lay,
 11 Like Oreb, Zeb,
 Zeba and Zalmuna,
 So make thou them,
 Euen their most mighty Princes,
 And all the chiefe,
 Rulers of their Prouinces.

 12 VVhich said, let vs,
 Inherite as our owne,
 G O D S Mansions,
 13 My G O D make them to bee,
 Like rolling wheeles,
 Or as the Stubbleblowne
 Before the winde,
 14 As fire the woods wee see,
 Doeth burne and flame:
 Deuoure on Mountaines hie.

 The Hather Cropp,
 15 So let thy tempest chase them,
 And thy whirle winde,
 With terror so deface them.
 16 Their faces L O R D,
 With shamefulnesse fulfill,
 That they may seeke,
 Thy N A M E in minde to print
 17 Confounded let
 them bee and euer still
 vexed with woe,
 Yea, make them slam'd and shent.
 18 And let them know,
 that thou art permanent.
 That I E H O V A,
 Thy N A M E alone pertaineth
 To Thee ouer all
 The Earth, whose glory reigneth.
 PSALME Lxxxi i i i
 H O w pleasant, is thy dwelling place,
 L O L D of Hostes to mee?
 The Tabernacle of thy grace,
 How pleasant, L O R D, they bee.
 2 My soule doeth long ful sore to goe,
 vnto thy Courts a broad:
 Mine heart doeth lust, my flesh also,
 In Thee the living G O D:

 3 The Sparrowes finde a roome to rest,
 And saue themselves from wrong,
 And eke the Swallow hath a nest,
 Wherin to keepe her young.
 4 These Birdes full nigh thine Altar may
 Hau place to sit and sing:
 O L O R D of Hostes, thou art, I say,
 My G O D, and eke my K I N G.

 5 Oh, they bee blessed, that may dwell,
 Within thine House alwayes:
 For they all times thy factes doe tell,
 And euer giue thee praise.

Psalme Lxxiv.

6 Yea, happie sure likewise are they,
 Whose stay and strength thou art,
 Which to thine House doe minde the wa
 And seeke it with their heart.

 7 As they goe through the vale of teares,
 They digge vp fountaines still,
 That as a spring it all appeares,
 And thou their pittes doest fill.
 8 From strength to strength they walk ful
 No faintnesse there shall bee,
 And so the G O D of gods at last,
 In Syon they doe see.

 9 O Lord of Hostes, to mee giue heede,
 And heare when I doe pray:
 And let it through thine ears proceede,
 O Iacobhs G O D, I say,
 10 O Lord, our shielde of thy good gracie
 Regarde, and so draw neare:
 Regard (I say) behold the face,
 Of thine Anointed deare.

 11 For why? within thy Courts one day,
 Is better to abide:
 Than other where to keepe or stay,
 A thousand dayes beside.
 12 Much rather would I keepe a Doore,
 Within the House of G O D,
 Than in the tentes of wickednesse,
 To settle mine abode.

 13 For God the Lord our light and shielde,
 Will grace and worship giue:
 And no good thing shall bee with-held,
 From them that purelie liue.
 14 O Lord of Hostes that man is blest
 And happie sure is hee,
 That is perswaded in his breste,
 To trust all times in thee.
 PSALME Ixxxv.
 O L O R D, thou louest hast thy Land,
 And broght forth Iacob w thy hand,
 Who was in thraldomie straite.
 2 Thy peoples sinnes so great and hudge,
 Thou couered hast, and didst not judge
 Thy mercies was so great.
 Thine anger then, and wrath so hote,
 Thou didst remitte, and hast forgote,
 Such was thy tender loue.
 4 O turne vs then, G O D of our strength,
 Release thine ire, and now at length,
 Let our distresse thee moue.
 5 Wilt thou be wrath with vs for aye?
 Wilt thou prolong thy wrath I say,
 And that from age to age.
 6 Wilt thou not turne vs vp to raise,
 That wee thy people may the praise,
 And that with great courage:

 7 Thy mercy, L O R D, to shew vouchsafe
 That thy Saluation wee may haue,
 But hearken now I will.
 8 And heare what G O D himselfe doth say,
 Who peace before his Saints doth lay,
 Lest they shoulde turne to ill.

 9 Now certainly his health is neare,
 To such as doe indeed him feare,
 And blesseth still our Land.
 10 Loe truth and mercy both doe meete,
 His righteousnesse and peace doe greet
 And both joyne hand in hand.

Psalme LXXXV

1 For truth shall From the Earth bud out
From Heauen, righteousnesse no doubt:
Yea, G O D shall giue good store,
2 So that our Land shall giue increase,
3 And righteousnesse towards him praise
who shall still march before

PSALM E LXXXV I.

L O R D, bow thine eare to my request,
And heare mee by and by:
With grieuous paine and grieve opprest
Full poore and weak am I:
2 Preserue my soule, because my way:
And doings holy bee,
And sauе thy servant, L O R D, I pray
That puts his trust in thee.

3 Thy mercy Lord on me expresse,
Defend mee, eke withall,
For through the day I doe not cease,
On thee to cry and call.
4 Comfort O L O R D thy servants soule,
That now with paine is pinde:
For vnto the Lord, I extoll,
And lift my soule and minde.

5 For thou art good and Bountifull,
thy giftes of grace are free:
And eke thy mercy plentifull,
To all that call on thee.
6 O L O R D, likewise, when I doe pray,
Regarde, and gine an eare:
Marke well the words that I doe say,
And all my prayers heare.

7 In time when trouble doth me moue,
To thee I doe complaine:
For why? I know? and well doe proue,
Thou answerest mee againe,
8 Among the Gods O Lord is none,
With Thee to bee comparde:
And none can doe as thou alone,
The like hath not beeene hearde.

9 The Gentiles and the people all,
Vvhich thou didst make and frame,
Before thy Face on Knees will fall,
And gloriſe thy Name,
10 For why? thou art so much of aight,
All power, L O R D, is thine owne:
Thou workest wonders still in sight,
For thou art G O D alone.

11 O teach mee, L O R D, the way, and I
Shall in thy truthe proceede:
O joyne mine heart to thee so neare,
That I thy Name may dread.
12 To thee my G O D will I giue praise,
Vvhich all mine heart, O L O R D,
And gloriſe thy N A M E alwayes,
For euer through the VVorld.

13 For why? thy mercie shewde to mee,
Is great, and doe excell:
Thou settest my Soule at libertie,
Out from the lower hell.
14 O L O R D, the proude against me rise
And heapes of men of might,
They secke my Soule, and i. a no wise,
Vvhill haue thee in their sight.

15 Thou, Lord, art mercifull and meeke,
Full slacke and slow to wrath:
Thy goodnesse is full great and eke,
Thy truthe no measure hath,

Psalme LXXXVI

16 O turne to mee, and merccie
Thy strength to mee apply:
O helpe and sauē thine owne servant,
Thine hand maides sonne am I.

17 On mee some signe of fauour shew,
That all my foes may see:
And bee ashamed, because, L O R D thou
Didst helpe and comfort mee.

PSALM E LXXXVI.

T H A T Citie shall fullwell endure,
Her ground-worke stilldoeth stay,
Vpon the holie Hill full sure,
It can no time decay.
2 G O D loues the Gates of Syon best,
His grace doeth there abide:
Hee loueth them more than all the rest,
Of Iaakobs tentes beside.

3 Full gloriouſ things reported bee,
In Syon, and abroad:
Great things (I say) are said of thee,
Thou Citie of our G O D.
4 On Rahab I will cast an eye,
And beare in minde the same:
And Babylon shall eke applice,
And learne to know thy Name.

5 Loe, Palaſtine and Tyre also,
Vvhich Ethiope likewise:
A people olde, full long agoe,
Vvere borne and there did rise,
Of Syon they shall say abroad,
That diuerſe men of fame
Haue there sprung vp and the high God,
Hath founded fast the same.

7 In their recordes, to them it shall,
Through Gods deuise appeare,
Of Syon that the chiefe of all,
Had her beginning there.
8 The Minſtrals all with ſuch as ſing,
Shall praife the Lord with glee,
For of delight my pleasant ſprings,
Are compaſt all in the.

PSALM E LXXXVI I I I.

O G O D of my ſaluation,
I day and night before thee fall:

2 O let my ſupplication,
Of thee bee heard when I doe call:

3 For euils doe my ſoule ſo fill,
My life neare to the graue is throwne,

4 With ſuch as fall the pit vntill,
I numbred am, and strength haue none.

5 Among the dead, a man moſt free,
As one in graue already ſlaine

Whom thou eſtein'ſt no more to bee,
But quite cut off, as one moſt vaine,

6 In depth profound thou haſt mee caſt,
Wher in the darke full deepe I lye,

7 Thy wrath fo I aide on mee thou haſt,
That ouer-come with grieve, I cry.

8 ſuch as me knew, thou haſt drawne back
Whose loue is turned to great hate,

I am ſlutt, all helpe I lacke,
For to redite my dreadfull ſtate.

9 My viſage doeth my grieve declare,
To thee I cry, L O R D, day by day,

Mine hands to thee I ſtretch with care,
But yet can haue no ſett nor stay.

10 Wilt thou ſhew wonders to the dead?
Shall dead men rise to praife thy Name?

Psalme Lxxxvii.

1 Shall in the Granc thy loue bee spredē?
With faufulness may death well frame
2 Thy wondrous worke for to repeat,
Shall they in darknesse dece be knowne
Or shall thy rightcousnesse bee knowne
In a forgetfull land bee shounē?
3 To thee, O L O R D, long cryed I haue
And carelie shall I come to pray:
4 Why doest thou stay my Soule to saue?
And turne thy face from mee away:
5 I am afflicted to the death,
Alwayes in dread of life no doubt,
6 Thy wrath I feele at every breath,
Thy feare almost hath worne mee out.
7 Like water they mee closed round,
Because I should not from them slide,
8 My louers heartes thou hast vp bound,
And mine acquaintance did them hide.

P S A L M E L x x x i x .

To sing the mercies of the Lord,
My tongue shall never spare:
And with my mouth from age to age,
Thy trueth I will declare.
2 For I haue sayd, that mercie shall,
For euermore remaine:
In that thou doest the Heauens stay,
Thy trueth appeareth plainc.

3 To mine Elect said (G O D) I made,
A Couenant and bekeft,
My seruant Dauid to perswade,
I swore, and did protest,
4 Thy seede for euer I will stay,
And stablish it full fast,
And still vphold thy Throne alway,
From age to age to last.

5 The Heauen shew with joye and mirth
Thy wondrous workes, O L O R D ,
Thy Saintes within thy Church on Earth,
Thy faith and trueth record.
6 Who with the Lord is equall then,
In all the Cloudes abroad?
Among the sonnes of all the gods,
What one is like our G O D .

7 G O D in assemblie of the Saints.
Is greatly to bee dread:
And ouerall that dwell about,
In terrorre to bee had.
8 L O R D God of Hoastes, in all the world
Whose strength is like to thee?
On every side most mighty, Lord,
Thy trueth is seene to bee.

9 The raging Sea, by thine aduise,
Thou rulest at thy will:
And when the waues therof arise,
Thou mak'ft them calme and still.
10 As a man slaine, so Egypt Land,
Hast thou subdewde, O L O R D ,
Thy foes with mighty Arme and hand,
Thou scattered hast abroad.
11 The heauens are thine, & still hane bene
Likewise the Earth and Land:
The world with all that is therein,
Thou formedst with thy hand.
12 Both North and South, thou, Lord, alone
thy selfe didst make and frame:
Bothabor Mount, and eke Hermon,
Rejoyce and praise thy Name.

Psalme Lxxxix.

13 Thine Arme is strong, and full of power,
All might therein doeth lie,
The strength of thy right hand each houre
Thou lifteth vp on hie.
14 In righteouſnesſe and equity,
Thou hast thy ſeate and place,
Mercy and trueth are ſtill with thee,
And goe before thy face.
15 Those folke are bleſt, that know aright
To joye in thee, O G O D :
For in the fauour of thy ſight,
They walke full ſafe abroad.
16 L O R D , in thy Name rejoyce they ſhall
And that from day to day:
And in thy righteouſnesſe withall,
Exalt themſelues alway.
17 For why? their glorie, strength & ayde
In thee, alone, doeth lye:
Thy goodneſſe eke, that hath vs ſtayde,
Shall lift our horne on hie.
18 Our ſtrength that doeth defend vs well
The L O R D to vs doeth bring:
The holie One of Israel,
Hee is our Guide and King.
19 Thy will vnto thy Saintes ſometimes
In viſions thou didſt show:
And thus then didſt thou ſay to them,
Thy minde to make them know.
A man of might haue I erect,
Your King and Guide to bee:
And ſet him vp, whom I eleſt,
Among the folke to mee.
20 My Seruant Dauid I appoint,
Whom I haue ſearched out:
And with mine holie Oyle annoynct
Him King of all the rout.
21 Therefore mine hand is readie ſtill,
With him for to remaine:
And with mine Arme alſo I will,
Him ſtrengthen and ſustaine.
22 The enemies ſhall not him oppreſſe,
They ſhall not him deuour:
Nor yet the ſonnes of wickedneſſe,
Of him haue no power.
23 His foes likewiſe will I deſtroy,
Before his face in ſight:
And thoſe that hate him plague will I,
And ſtrike them with my might.
24 My trueth and mercie eke withall,
Shall ſtill vpon him bee:
And in my N A M E his Horne eke ſhall,
Bee lifted vp on hie.
25 His Kingdome I will ſet to bee,
Upon the Sea, and Land:
And eke the running floodes ſhall hee,
Embrace with his right hand.
26 Hee ſhall depend withall his heart,
On mee, and thus ſi all ſay,
My Father and my G O D thou art,
My Rocke of health and stay.
27 As my firſt-borne, I will him take,
Of all on Earth that ſpringes:
His might and honour I ſhall make,
Aboue all worldlie Kings.
28 My mercie ſhall bee with him ſtill,
For euerto endure:

Psalme Lxxxix.

My saythfull Couenant I will,
To him keepe fast and sure.
29 And eke his seede will I staine,
For aye both sure and fast :
So that his Throne shall still remaine,
While that the heauens doe last.

30 If that his Sonnes forsake my Law,
And so beginne to swerue ,
And of my Judgements haue none awe,
Nor will not them obserue.
31 Or If they doe not vse aright,
My Statutes to them made,
And set all my Comandements light,
And will not keepe my trade.

32 Then with the rod I will beginne,
Their doings to amende,
And so with scourging for their sinne:
Whenthat they doe offend.

33 My mercy yet and my goodness,
I will not take him fro :
Nor handle him with craftiness,
And so my truth forgoe.

34 But sure my Couenant I will holde,
With all that I haue spoke :
No word the which my lippes haue told,
Shall alter or bee broke.

35 Once swore I by my holiness,
and that performe wil I,
With Dauid I will keepe promise.
To him I will not lie.

36 His seede for euermore shall reigne,
And eke his Throne of might :
As doeth the Sunne, it shall remaine,
For euer in my sight.

37 And as the Moone within the Skie.
For euer standeth fast :
A faithfull witnesse from on hie
So shall his Kingdome last.

38 But now O Lord, thou doest reject,
And now thou changeſt cheare :
Yea, thou art wroth with thine Elect,
Thine ewne annointed deare.

39 Thy Couenant with thy seruant, loe,
O L O R D, thou haſt quite vndone :
And downe vpon the ground also,
Haſt cast his Royall Crowne.

40 Thou haſt his hedge plukt vp w̄ might,
Thou didſt his walles confound :
His Bul-warks thou haſt beate down right
And brought them to the ground.

41 That hee is ſore destroyed and torne,
Of comers by throught.
And ſo is made a mocke and ſcorne.
To all that dwell about.

42 Thou their right hand haſt lifted vp,
That him ſo ſore annoy :
And all his foes which him deuoure,
Loe, thou haſt made to joy.

43 His Sword thou haſt made dul & bluat
So that hee may not ſtand :
Before his foes as hee was wont,
Nor haue the vpper hand.

44 His glorie thou haſt made to waste,
His Throne, his joye, his mirth,
By thee is ouerthrowne, and caſt
Full low vpon the Earth.

Psalme Lxxxix.

45 Thou haſt cut off, and made full ſhort,
His youth and laſtie dayes:
And raiſe of him an ill report,
With shame and great diſpraise.

46 How long away from mee, O L O R D
For euer wilt thou turne ?
And ſhall thine anger ſtill alway,
As fire conſume and burne ?

47 O call to minde, remember them,
My time conſumeth fast.
Why haſt thou made the ſonnes of t. en,
As things in vaine to waste ?

48 What man is hee that liueth heere,
And death haſt neuer ſee ?
Or from the hand of hell his Soule,
Shall hee deliuere free.

49 VVhere is, O Lord, thine olde goodnes ?
So oft declarde beforne ?
VVhich by thy trueth and vprightnesse,
To Dauid thou haſt ſworne.

50 The great rebukes to mind, Lord call,
VWhic̄h on thy ſeruants lye,
The raylings of the people all,
Beare in my breast doe I.

51 For why? O L O R D, behold thy foes
Blasphemed haue thy Name:
In that their ſteps, whom thou haſt choſeſ,
And oynted they defame.

52 All praise to thee, O L O R D of Hostes
Both now and eke for aye:
Through Skie and Earth, in all the Coaſts
Amen, Amen, I ſay.

P S A I M E X C.

○ Lord, thou haſt beene our refuge,
And kept vs ſafe and ſound:
From age to age as witneſſe can,
All wee which true it found.

2 Before ſ mountaines were foorth broght
Ere thou the Earth diſt frame:
Thou was our great eternall G O D,
And ſtill shall bee the ſame.

3 Thou doest vaine man ſtrik down to duff,
Though hee bec in his howre:
Againe thou ſayefſt, Yee Adams ſonnes,
Returne to ſhew your power.

4 For what is it a thouſand yeaſes,
To count them in thy ſight,
But as a day which Iaſt is paſſe,
And as a watch by night.

5 They are ſo ſoone as thou doest ſtorme,
Euen like a ſleepe or thade:
Or like the grasse, which as wee know,
Betymes away doeth fade.

6 With pleauant dewes in brake of dayes
It groweth vp full greene :
By night cut downe, it withereth, as
No beauty can bee ſene.

7 O Lord, how ſore doe wee conſume,
In this thy wrath ſo hotte ?
Wee feare thy furie bee ſo fierce,
That death ſhall bee o ur lotte.

8 Thou haſt ſo marked our miſdeedes,
that they are in thy minde :
O ur ſecret ſinnes are in thy ſight :
As though none grace ſhould finde.

9 For when thine anger kindled is,
Our dayes conſume foorth-with :

Psalme XC.

Then end our yeres, as thoughts most vaine
Which haue in them no pith.
10 The dayes of man wee finde to bee,
Of yeres tenn and threescore,
And though that some by nature strong,
Attaine to liue ten more.
Yet is their strength, brag what they list,
But labour, grieve, and care :
And passeth hence, to haste their end,
Ere they themselues beware.
11 Yet who regardeth well the power,
Of this thy wrath so great :
All such truelie as doe thee know,
Thy plagues when thou doest threat.
12 Teach vs therefore, to count our dayes
That wee our hearts may bend.
To learne thy wisedome and thy trueth,
For that should bee our end.
13 Turne yet againe O Lord, How long.
Wilt thou be angrie still ?
Bee mercifull vnto thy flocke,
And grant them thy good will.
14 Oh, fill vs with thy mercies great,
In the sweete morning spring :
So wee rejoice shall all our dayes,
And eke bee glad and sing.
15 Declare eftsoone, some signe of loue,
Thy scourges to alswadge.
And for the yeres of our distresse,
Sustaining such great plagues.
16 Shew foorth thy mercy thine own work
Vnto thy servant deare :
And let thy glorie to their seede,
For euermore appare.
17 And let the beauty of the L O R D ,
Vpon vs still remaine :
L O R D , prosper thou our handie-worke.
And still the same maintaine,

PSALME XC I.

W H O so with full intent and minde
In God mostlie himselfe doth stay :
His mighty power that man shall finde.
A sure defence to bee Alway.
2 And now say to the Lord will I,
O thou mine hope and tow most sure,
Hee is my G O D , thus will I cry,
My trust in him shall still endure.
3 Hee surelie will thee free lie set,
Farre from the craftie Hunters snare,
Lo that thou needst not feare his net,
Nor yet for plague no white to care ,
4 Vnder his Wings hee will thee hide,
And there thee keepe full sure shall hee
Thee to defend on either side,
His Trueth shall still thy Buckler bee.
5 Thou shalt not neede to bee dismayde,
For anie feare to come by night :
Nor of the Arrow bee afraide,
That soorth is shot when it is light,
6 Nor yet the Pestilence to feare,
Which in the darke doeth much annoy,
Nor of the plague at noone day cleare,
Which doth ful oft great heaps destroy
7 A thousand at thy side shall fill,
And at thy right hand thousands ten,
But vnto thee none hurt at all,
Shall once so much as touch thee then,

Psalme XCII.

8 Thine eyes shall certainelie behold,
What recompence the wicked haue,
9 For that the L o r d is thy strong hold,
Thou hast him made thy soule to sau.
10 There shall none ill thee apprehend,
Nor yet thy Tabernacle touch,
11 For hee his Angels foorth doeth send,
And giveth them charge to save all such :
12 So warilie shall they thee defend,
That haime thou shalt bee sure of none,
Nor yet so much as once offend,
Or dash thy foote against a stone.
13 Thou shalt vpon the Lyons tread,
The Dragon and the Aspe also,
They shall of thee bee still in dread,
Thou shalt vpon them walke and goe.
For so the Lord himselfe hath sworne.
14 Because, saith God, hee knew my Name,
I surelie will exalt his hotne,
And such confound as seeke his shame.
15 On mee hee shall call in his neede,
And I will heare him out of doubt :
His troubles end will I with speede,
And will him gloriifie throughout.
16 Of yeres hee shall haue his desire,
That hee the same full well may spend,
My sauing health and loue intire,
To doe him good, shall haue none end.

PSALME XC II.

A Thing both good and meete truelie,
It is to launde the L O R D :
And to thy Name, O L O R D , most lie,
To sing in one accord.
2 To shew the kinndesse of the L O R D ,
Betyme eke day bee light.
And eke declare his trueth abroad,
When it doth draw to night.
3 Vpon ten-stringed instruments,
On Lute and Harpe so sweete :
With all the mirth yee can inuen,
Of instruments most meet.
4 For thou hast made mee to rejoice,
In thinges so wrought by thee :
And I haue joy in heart and voyce,
Thine handie-worke to see.
5 O Lord, how glorious and how great,
Are all thy worke so stout ?
So deepeley are thy Counsels set,
That none can try them out.
6 The iuynwisse that doth not know,
How this is brought to passe :
Nor yet the Idiote foole also,
Doeth understand this case.
7 When so the wicked at their wile,
As Grasse doe spring full fast.
They, when they flourith in their ill,
For aye shall bee made waste.
8 But thou art mighty, L o r d , most lie,
Yea, thou doest reigne therefore,
In every time eternally,
Both now and euermore.
9 For why ? O L O R D , behold and see
Behold thy foes, I say,
How all that worke iniquitie,
Shall perish and decay.
10 But thou like th' Unicorne thiswhile,
Shall lift mine horne on hie :

Psalme XCIII.

With fresh and new prepared Oyle,
Thine oynted King am I.
And of my foes b fore mine eyes,
Shall see the fall and shame:
all that vp against me rise,
Mine eares shall heare the same,
The just shall florish vp on hie,
As Date trees Budde and blowe:
as the Cedars multiplie,
In Libanus that Grow.

For they are planted in the place,
And dwelling of our G O D:
Within his Courts they spring apace,
and flourish all abroad.
And in their age much fruits shall bring
Both fit and well beſene:
appleſtalic both bud and ſpring,
With bougheſ and brancheſ greene.

To ſhew that G O D is good and juſt,
And vpright in his will:
He is my Rocke, my hope and truſt,
In him there is none ill.

PSALME x c i i i.

THE Lord, as King alſt doeth reigne
In glorie goodlie dights
And hee to ſhew his ſtrength and mine,
Hath girde himſelfe with night,
The Lord likewiſe the Earth hath made,
And ſhaped it ſo ſure,
No might can make it mine or ſad,
At ſtay it doeth endure.

Ere that the world was made or wrought
Thy ſcāte was ſet before:
eyond all time that can bee thought,
Thou haſt beeene cuermore:
The floods, O Lord, the floods doe riſe,
They roare and make a noyſe:
The floodeſ, I ſay, doe enterpriſe,
And liſted vp theiſt voyce.

Yea though the ſtormes ariſe in fight,
Though Seas doe rage and ſwell,
The L O R D is ſtrong, and more of might
For Hee on hie doeth dwell.
And looke what promiſe hee doeth make
His Houſe-hold to defend:
For juſt and true they thall it take,
All times withouten end.

PSALME XCIII.

O Lord ſince vengeance doeth to thee,
And to none else belong:
Now ſhew thy ſelfe, O L O R D our G O D,
With ſpeeđe reueng our wrong.
Arife thou great Iudg. of the world,
And haue at length regarde:
That as the proude deferne and doe,
Thou wilt them ſo reward.

O L O R D, how long ſhall wicked men,
Triumph thy flocke to ſlay?
Yea, Lord, how long for they triumph?
As though who now but they.
How long ſhall wicked doers ſpeak,
Their great diſdaine wee ſee:
Whose boſting prid doth ſeeme to threat
No ſpeach but theirs to bee.

O Lord they ſmyte thy people downe,
Not sparing young nor olde:

Pſalme XCIII.

Thine Heritage they ſo torment,
As ſtrange is to behold.
6 The VVidow and the ſtranger both,
They murtheſe cruellic:
The fatherleſſe they put to death,
And cauſe they know not why.

7 And yet ſay they, Tush, tush the Lord,
VVill not behold this deede:
Nor yet will Iaakobs G O D regard,
The things by vs decriede.
8 But now take heede yee ſooleſ vñwicheſ,
Among the folke that dwell:
Yea, ſooleſ vñwiche when will yee weight,
Or understand this well?

9 Hee that the eare did plant and place,
Shall hee bee ſlow to heare?
Or hee that made the eye to ſee,
Shall hee not ſee moſt clear?
10 Or hee that plagu'd the Heathen folke
And knowledge teacheth men:
To murther ſuch as went alſay,
Shall hee not puniſh them?

11 The Lord our God, who man did frame
His verie thoughts doeth know:
And that they are both vyle and vaine,
To him is knowne alſo.
12 But bleſſed is the man, O L O R D,
VVhom thou doeft bring in awe,
And teachest him by thiſt thy rodde
To loue and ſcarē thiſt Law.

13 That thou mayſt giue him reſt and eaſe
In time of troubles great:
VVhen that the pitte iſdigged vp,
Tuſngodlie ſet to eate.
14 Surelie the L O R D will neuer faille,
His people which him loue:
Nor yet forſake his Heritage,
Vvich hee doeth ſtill approne.

15 For judgement now with trueth ſhall
That justice miſt bee free: (joyne,
And ſuch as bee vpright in heart,
Thereof full glad ſhall bee.
16 VVho now will vp, and riſe with mee,
Againſt thiſt wicked band?
Or who againſt thiſt workers ill,
On my part ſtont will stand.

17 If that the Lord had not mee helpt,
Doubtlesſe it had beeene done:
To wit, my ſoule in ſilence brought,
And ſo my foes had wonne.
18 But though my foote did iſtliſe ſlide
Yet when I did it tell:
Thy mercie, L O R D, ſo held mee vp,
That I therewith not fell.

19 For in the heapes of ſorrowes ſharpe,
That did mine heart oppreſſe:
Thy mercie were to mee ſo great,
They did my Soule refreſh.
20 Wilt thou vaine maſt haue ought to doe
VVith thiſt moſt wicked chaſe,
Vvich forgeth miſchieſe as a Law,
VVithout remorſe or feare?

21 Against the ſoules of godlie men,
They all with ſpeeđe conuent:
And

Psalme XCV.

And so condemne the guiltlesse blood,
Of the poore innocent.
22 But yet the L O R D is my refuge,
In all these dangers deepe:
And G O D the Rocke is of mine hope,
vvhod doeth mee alwayes keepe.

23 Hee will reward their wickednesse:
And in his wrath them kill:
Yea, them destroy shall G O D our L O R D
For hee both can and will.

P S A L M E X C V .

O COME, let vs list vp our voyce,
And sing vnto the L O R D:
In him our Rocke of healthre joyce,
Let vs with one accord.

2 Yea, let vs come before his face,
To give him thankes and praise:
In singing Psalmes vuto his grace,
Let vs bee glad alwayes.

3 For why? the Lord hee is no doubt,
A great and mightie G O D,
A King aboue all gods throughout,
In all the world abroad.

4 The secrete of the Earth so deepe,
And corners of the Land,
Thee topes of Hilles that are so steepe?
Hee hath them in his hand.

5 The Sea and VVaters all are his,
For I ee the same hath wrought:
The Earth and all that therein is,
His hand hath made of nought.

6 Come, let vs bow and praise the Lord,
Before him let vs fall:
And kneele to him withoute accord
The which hath made vs all.

7 For why? hee is th lord our God,
For vs hee doeth prouide:
Wee are his Flocke, hee doth vs feede
His Sheepe, and hee our Guide.

8 To day it yee his voyce will heare.
Then harden not your heart:
As yee with grudging many a yeaer.
Prouok't mee in Desart.

9 Whereas your Fatherstempted mee,
My power for to proue:
My wondrous workes when they did mee,
Yet still they did mee none.

10 Twise twenty years they did me grieue
And I to them did say,
They erre in heart and not beleue,
They haue not knowne my way.

11 Wherefore I sware that when my wrath
Was kindled in my brest
That they should never tred the path,
To enterto my rest.

P S A L M E x C V I .

SING yee with praise vnto the Lord,
New Songs of joy and mirth:
Sing vnto him with one accord.
All people of the Earth.

2 Yea, sing vnto the Lord I say,
Praise yee his holy N A M E .
Declare and shew from day to day,
Saluation by the same.

3 Among the Heathen eke declare,
His Honour round about:
To shew his wonders doe not spare,
In all the world throughout.

Psalme XCVI

4 For why? the Lord is much of might,
And worthy praise alway:
And hee is to bee dread of right,
Aboue all gods I say.

5 For all the Heathen gods abroad,
Are idoles, that will fade:
But yet our God hee is the Lord,
That hath the heauens made.

6 All praise and honour eke doe dwell
For aye before his face:
Both power and might likewise excell,
Within his holy place.

7 Ascribe vnto the Lord alway,
(vve people of the world)
All might and worship eke I say,
Ascribe vnto the Lord:

8 Ascribe vnto the Lord also,
The glorie of his Name:
And eke Vnto his courtes doe gos,
VVith giftes vnto the same.

9 Fall downe and worship yee the Lord,
Within his Temple bright:
Let all the people of the world,
be fearefull at his sight.

10 Tell all the world bee not agast,
The Lord doth reigne aboue:
Yea, hee hath set the earth so fast,
That it shall never moue.

And that it is the Lord alone,
That rules with princely might:
To iudge the Nations encry out,
With equitie and right.

11 Yee heauens therefore with ioy begin,
And let the earth rejoyce:
Thou Sea and all that is therein,
Cry out and make a noyse.

12 The field shall ioy and every thing
That springeth of the Earth,
The wood, and every Tree, shall sing,
With gladnesse and with mirth.

13 Before the presence of the L O R D ,
And comming of his might:
For hee shall come to judge the world,
With equitie and right.

P S A L M E x C V I .

THe Lord doth reign, wherat the ear
may ioye with pleasant voyce:
And eke the Yles with joyful mirth,
May triumph and rejoyce:

2 Both clouds and darknesse eke doe sw
And round about him heate:
Yee right and justice euer dwell,
And bide about his teate.

3 Yea, fire and heate at once shall run
And ghe before his face.
Wherat his foes and enemies burn
Abroad in euery place.

4 His l ghtninges eke full bright did bl
And to the world appeare:
VWherat the Earth did looke and ga
VVith dread and deadly feare.

5 The Hilles like waxe did melt in his
And presence of the L O R D .
They fled before that Rulers might,
VWhich guideth all the world.

6 The heauens eke declare and shew
His justice foorth abroad,

Psalme XCVII.

That all the world may see and know,
The glory of our G OD.

7 Confusion sure shall come to such,
As worship idolesvaine:
And eke to those that glory much,
Dumbe pictures to maintaine.
For all the idoles of the world,
Vwhich they as gods doe call,
Shall feele the power of the Lord,
And downe to him shall fall.

8 With joy did Sion heare this thing:
And Iudah did rejoice:
And at thy judgements they did sing,
And made a pleasant noyse.
9 For thou, O L O R D, art set on hie,
In all the Earth abroad,
And are exalted wondrously,
- Above each other god.

10 All ye that loue the L O R D doe this,
Hate all things that are ill:
For hee doth keepe the soule of his,
From such as would thei spill.
11 And light doth spring vp to the just,
With pleasure for his part.
Great joy with gladnesse, mirth and lust,
To them of vpright heart.

12 Yee righteous in the L O R D rejoice,
His holinesse proclame:
Bee thankefull eke, with heart and voyce,
And mindfull of the same.

P S A L M E xCvii.

O Sing yee now vnto the L O R D,
A new and plasant song,
For he hath wroght throughout the world
His wonders great and strong.
With his right hand full worthyly,
Hee doeth his foes deuoure,
And get himselfe the victory,
With his owne Arme and power.

3 The Lord doth make the people know,
His sauing health and might.
The L O R D doth eke his justice shew,
In all the Heathens sight.
3 His grace and trueth to Israel,
In minde hee doeth record,
That all the earth hath seene right well,
The goodnesse of the L O R D.

4 Bee glad in him with joyfull voyce,
all people of the Earth:
Give thankes to God, sing and rejoice,
To him with joy and mirth.
5 Vpon the harpe vnto him sing,
Give thankes to him with Psalmes,
6 Rejoyce before the Lord our King,
with trumpet and with Shalmes.

7 Yea, let the Sea withall therein,
With joye both roare and swell:
The Earth likewise, let it begiue
With all that thereindwell.
And let the Floodes rejoice their fillies
And clap their hands space.
And eke the Mountaines and the Hilles,
Before the L O R D his Face.
8 For hee shall come to judge and try,
The world and evry wikk:

Psalme XCIX.

And rule the people mightilie,
VVith justice and with righete.

P S A L M E XCIX.

T He Lord doth reigne although at it,
The peoplerage fullfore:
Yea, hee on Cherubin doeth sit,
Though all the world would roare.
2 The L O R D that doeth in Syon dwell
Is high and wondrous great:
Aboue all folke hee doeth excell,
And hee aloft is set.

3 Let all men praise thy mightie Name,
For it is fearefull sure:
And let them magnifie the same,
That holie is and pure.

4 The Princelie power of our K I N G,
Doeth loue judgement and righete,
Thou rightlie rulest euerie thing,
In Iaakob through thy might.

5 To praise the Lord our God deuise,
all honour him accord:
Before his foot-stoole fall likewise,
hee is the holy Lord.
6 Moses, Aaron, and Samuel,
As Priestes on him did call:
VWhen they did pray hee heard them well
And gane them answere all.

7 Within the cloude to them hee spake,
Then did they labour still:
To keepe such Lawes as he did make,
And pointed them vntill.

8 O Lord our God, thou didst them heare,
To thee when they did speake,
Thy mercy did on them appeare,
Though thou their saines didst wreake

9 Gine laude and praise to God our Lord,
Within his holy hill:
For why? our God throughout the world
is holie euer still.

P S A L M E C.

A ll people that on earth doe dwell,
Sing to the Lord with chearful voice
Him serue with feare, his praisie forthtel
Come yee before him and rejoice.
3 the Lord yee know is God indeede,
Without our aide hee did vs make,
Wee are his flocke hee doth vs feede,
And for his sheepe he doth vs take.

4 Oh, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his Courts vnto:
Praise, laud and blesse his Name a'wales
For it is seemly so to doe.

5 For why the Lord our God is goods,
His mercy is for euer sure:
His trueth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

P S A L M E C I.

O f mercy and of judgement both,
O L O R D, my song shall bee,
And it so oft as I doe sing,
Shall bee. O L O R D, to thee,

2 I will my wayes with wisdome guide,
Till thou my state erect:
And walke vprightly in mine house,
As one of thine elect.

3 No wicked thing will I attempt,
But from the same refraine?

Psalme Cii.

I hate the sinnes of faithlesse folke,
No such will I maintaine.
4 The froward heart may take his leaue.
Such shall not with mee dwell:
As for the proude and wicked man
I will with force expell.
5 Who so his neighbour doth backe-bite,
That man will I destroy:
And who so hath a proude high loske.
I will the same annoy.
6 For such as lead a gedly life,
And Wickednesse forsake:
Will I defend, and more than that,
My seruants will them make.
7 Who so is bent to vse deceit,
Mine house is not for such:
The lyar may I not behold,
His lies I hate so much.
8 Th'vngodly soune I will destroy,
Which dwel the Land about:
And from the City of the L O R D.
All wicked men roote out.

PSALME Cii.

L O R D, to mine humble sute give eare
And let my cry forethee appeare,
2 Hide not thy face this troublous time,
But when I call thine eares encline.
Make hast to heare mee Lord, I pray,
3 For like as smoake consum'th awy,
So are my dayes heare on this Earth,
And all my bones partcht as an Hearth.
4 Like the mowne grasse withered and dry
Such is mine heart, because that I.
Through griefe my bread forgat to eat
5 For through my voyce of grounings great
My bones vnto my skinne doe sticke,
6 Yea, I the Pelicane am like,
Vvhich doth in wildernesse abide,
And like the Owle of Desarts wide,
7 As on thehouse-toppe all alone,
The Sparrow doeth her selfe bemone,
Euen so I watch throughout the night,
8 For daytie loe, my foes mee spight,
And they that thus doe rage and scorne,
With one consent my death hath sworn,
9 I asbesate as bread through woe,
And blent in y cuppe with teares also.
10 This, Lord, mee hapneth for thine ire,
And for thy wrath as hote as fire:
For thou in high estate mee plast,
11 And downe to dust againe hast cast.
11 My dayes are like the fading shade,
I like the withred grasse am made,
12 But, L O R D, thou still abidest sure,
Thy memorie for aye doeth dure.
13 Thou wilt arise for Syon Hill,
And grant thy mercie her vntill,
For loe, the time the time, I say,
14 Of mercie, L O R D, is come this day
14 For in her stony thy seruants lust,
And pittie take vpon her dust,
15 So shall the Heathen feare thy Name,
And earthlie Kings thy glorious faine,
16 Wh' t time the Lord shall Syon reare,
And in his Glorie shall appear,
17 And to the deuote him bend,

Psalme Cii.

Despising not their sute t'attend,
18 This shall bee written for the race,
That after shall succeede in place,
Yea, people yet vncreated.
The Lords renowne abroad shall spre
19 For, from the holie Temple hie,
The Lord our God hath cast his eye:
From Heauen the Earth beheld did he
20 The Prisoners groanes to heare and see
And set the damned free from care,
21 That they in Syon may declare,
This holie Name of G O D alwayes,
And in Ierusalem his praise.
22 When to conuecne the folke accord,
And Kingdomes all to serue the Lord,
23 My strength hee bated in the wyes,
And shorter cut my life and dayes
24 Wherefore, I said, My God most high
In midst my life let mee not die,
Thy yeares eternallie endure,
From age to age abiding sure.
25 Thou in times past y Earth didst grow,
Thine handie-works yheauens are foun
26 They perish thall, thou standing still,
They shall waxe olde, as garments will
Thou changing them, they so shall bide,
27 But thou art One, whose yeares not fide,
28 Thy seruantes sonnes for aye shall la
And in thy sight his seede stand fast:
PSALME Cii i.
M Y Soule giuelande vnto the L O R D,
My Spirit shall doe the same:
And all the secrets of mine heart,
praise yee his holy N A M E :
2 Giue thankes to God for all his gifte
Shew not thy selfe vakinde,
And suffer not his benefites,
To slip out of thy minde.
3 That gaue the pardon for thy faults,
And the restor'd againe,
For all thy weake and fraile disease,
And heal'd thee of thy paine.
4 That did redeeme thy life from death,
From which thou couldst not flee,
His mercie and compassion both
Hee doth extend to the.
5 That filde with goodnesse thy desire,
And did prolong thy youth,
Like as the eagle cast her bill,
Whereby her age renneweth.
6 The L O R D with iustice doth repays,
All such as bee opprest
So that their sufferinges and their wrong
Are turned to the best.
7 His waves and his Commandements,
To Moses did shew:
His Counsels and his valiant Acts,
The Israelite did know.
8 The Lord is kind and mercifull,
Vvh'en sinnes doe him grieue,
The slowest to conceue a wrath,
and readiest to forgive.
9 Hee chideth not vs continually,
Though wee bee full of strife,
Nor keepeth our faults in memorie,
For all our sinfull life.

Psalme Ciii.

20 Nor yet according to our sinnes,
The L O R D doeth vs regard :
Nor after our Iniquities,
Hee doth not vs reward.

21 But as the space is wondrous great,
Twixt earth and heauen above,
So is his goodnesse much more large,
To them that doe him loue.

22 God doth remoue our sinnes from us,
And our offences all,
As farre as is the Sunne rising.
Full distant to his fall.

23 And looke what pitty parents deare,
Vn to their children beare,
Like pitty beares the Lord to such
As worship him in feare.

24 The L o r d that made vs knowes our shap
Our mould and fashion Iust,
How weake and fraile our nature is,
And how we are but dust.

25 And how the time of mortall men,
Is like the withering hay :
Or like the floure right faire on field,
That faides full soone away.

26 Whose gloasse and beauty stormy winds
Doe vtterly disgrace :
And make that after their assautes,
Such blossomes haue no place.

27 But yet the goodnesse of the L o r d,
With his small euer stand,
Their childrens children doe receive
His righteousnesse at hand.

28 I meane whiche keepe his Covenant,
Vvith all their whole desire :
And not forgate to doe the thing
That hee doth them require.

29 The Heauens high are made the seate,
And foote-stoole of the L O R D ,
And by his power Imperiall,
Hee gouernes all thee World.

30 Yee Angels which are great in power,
Praise yee and blesse the L O R D :
Whiche to obey and doe his will,
Immediately accord.

31 Yee noble Hostes and Ministers,
Cease not to Laude him still,
Whiche ready are to execute,
His pleasure and his will,

32 Yea, all his workes in every place,
Praise yee and blesse his Name :
Mine heatt, my minde and eke my soule,
praise yee also the same.

P S A L M E C i i i .

MY soule praise the L O R D ,
Speake good of his Name,
G L O R D our great G O D ,
How doest thou appeare,
So passing in glory,
That great is thy fame,
Honour and Maiestie,
In thee shine most cleare.

2 With light as a Robe ,
Thou hast thee beclad ,
Wherby all the Earth ,
Thy greatness may see ,
The Heauens in such sort ,
Thou also hast spred ,
That it to a Curtaine .
Compared may bee .

Psalme Ciii.

3 His Chamber-beames lie .
In the Cloudes full sure :
VVhich as his Chariots ,
Are made him to beare .
And therewith much twistnesse ,
His course doeth endure .
Upon the wings riding ,
Of windes in the Aire .

4 Hee maketh his Spirits ,
As Heralds to goe ,
And lightnings to serue ,
Wee see also prest ,
His will to accomplish ,
They runne to and fro ,
To sauе and consume things ,
As seemeth him best .

5 Hee groundeth the Earth ,
So firmely and fast ,
That it once to mone ,
None shall haue such power .

6 The deepe a faire couering ,
For it made thou hast ,
Whiche by his owne nature ,
The Hilles would devoure :

7 But at thy rebuke ,
The waters doe flee ,
And so giue due place :
Thy word to obey :
At thy voyce of thunder ,
So fearefull they bee ,
That in their great raging ,
They haste soone away .

8 The Mountaines full high ,
They then vp ascend ,
If thou doe but speake ,
Thy word they fulfill :
So likewise the Valleyes ,
Most quickly descend .
Wherethon them appointe ,
Remaine they doe still .

9 Their boundes hast thou set ,
How farre they shall runne ,
So as in their rage ,
Not passe, that they can :
For God hath appointed ,
They shall not returne ,
The earth to destroy more ,
Whiche made was for man ,

10 Hee sendeth the springs .
To strong stremes or Lakes ,
Which runne doe full swift ,
Among the huge hilles .

11 Where both the wilde Asses ,
Their thirsts oftentimes slakes ,
And beasts of the Mountaines ,
Thereof drinke their fill .

12 By these pleatant springs ,
Or Fountaines full faire :
The Fous of the Aire ,
Abide shill and dwell ,
Whomeued by Nature ,
To hop heere and there ,
Among the greene branches ,
Their songes shall excell .

13 The Mountaines to moist .
The Cloudes hee doth vse ,
The Earth with his workes ,
Are wholly replete .

Psalme Civ.

14 So as the bruit cattell,
 Hee doeth not refuse,
But grassedoeth prouide them,
 And hearbe for mans meate.
15 Yeabread wine and Oyle,
 Hee made for mans sake :
His face to refresh,
 And heart to make strong,
16 The Cedar of Liban :
 This great Lord did make.
Which Trees hee doth nourish,
 That grow vp so long.
17 In these may Birds build,
 And make there their nest,
In Firre-trees the Storkes,
 Remaine and abide.
18 The high Hilles are succours,
 For wilde Goates to rest :
And eke the Rockes stony,
 For Conies to hide,
19 The Moone then is set,
 Her seasons to ranne,
The dayes from the nights,
 Thereby to discerne
And by the descending,
 Also of the Sunne,
The cold from the heate, so
 Thereby wee doe learne.
20 When darkenesse doeth come,
 By Gods will and power.
Then creepe foorth doeall,
 The Beastes of the wood,
21 The Lyons range roaring,
 Their prey to deuoure :
But yet it is thou, L O R D ,
 Which giuest them foode.
22 Asoone as the Sunne,
 Is vp they retire :
To couch in their dennes,
 Then are they full faine,
23 That man doe his worke may,
 As right doeth require :
Till night come, and call them,
 To take rest againe,
24 How sundrie, O L O R D ,
 Are all thy workes found !
With wisedome full great,
 They are indeede wrought,
So that the whole world,
 Of thy praise doth sound.
And as for thy riches,
 They passe all mens thought :
25 So is the great Sea ,
 Which large is and broad :
Where things that creepe swarme,
 And Beastes of each sort.
26 There both mighty ships sailes,
 And some lie at Road.
The VVhale huge and monstros ,
 There also doeth sport,
27 All things on thee waite,
 Thou doest them reliues,
And thou in due time,
 Full well doest them feode.
28 Now, when it doeth please thee,
 The same so to give :
They gather full gladly.
 Those things which they uoede,
Thou openest thine hand,
 And they finde such grace,
That now with good things,
 Are filled wee see.

Psalme Civ.

29 But soare they are troubled ;
 If thou turne thy face :
For if thou their breath take,
 Vile dust then they bee.
30 Againe when thy Spirit,
 From thee doth proeede :
All things to appoint,
 And what shall ensue,
Then are they created,
 As thou haft decreede :
And doest by thy goodnesse,
 The drie Earth renue.
31 The praise of the L O R D ,
 For ever shall last :
VVho may in their workes,
 By right well rejoice.
32 His looke can the Earth make,
 To tremble full fast :
And likewise the Mountaines,
 To smoake at his voyce.
33 To this L O R D and G O D ,
 Sing will I alwayes,
So long as I liue.
 My G O D praise will I.
34 Then am I Most certaine,
 My words shall him please,
I will rejoice in him,
 To him will I crye,
35 The sinners: O L O R D .
 Consume in thine ire,
And eke the peruerse,
 Them roote out with shame,
But as for my Soule now,
 Let it still desire,
And say with the Fathfull,
 Prayse yee the L O R D S Name;
 P S A I M E C V .
O P R A I S E yee the L O R D s
 And call on his N A M E ,
Among the folke shew,
 His Noble workes wrought :
2 Sing praises, sing to him.
 To set foorth his fame,
And talke of the wonders,
 Hee hath to passe brought,
3 In his holy N A M E .
 Rejoyce and be light,
And let their heart joy,
 Which seeke for the L O R D .
4 Seeke yee our God holy,
 His strength and his might,
His face to behold still,
 For ever accord.
5 His marueilous workes,
 Keape fixt in your minde,
His signes and his Judgements,
 VVhich hee by mouth spake.
6 Yee seede of his servant,
 Abraham by kinde
And you sonnes of Iaakob,
 Whom hee his doeth take,
7 Hee is our L O R D G O D ,
 Whose judgements are knownes,
Throughout all the Earth ,
 8 And hee aye certaine,
His promise remembred.
 Once made to his owne,
For thousands of Ages,
 To byde and remaine.
9 Th'agreement, I say,
 With Abraham made.

Psalme CV.

Which vnto Iсааk
 By othe hee madefure.
 10 Confirming to Iааkob,
 For a Law and trade,
 And boade to Israel,
 Alwayes to endure.
 11 Saying on this wise,
 To thee give I shall,
 As lot to enjoye
 The Canaanites ground.
 12 Albeit they were then,
 In number but small,
 Yea, few, and but strangers,
 Throughout the Land found.
 13 And from place to place,
 Did walke to and fro:
 And from one Kingdome,
 To other folke moue.
 14 Yet suffered hee no man,
 Them wrong for to doe,
 But thus, for their sakes, hee
 Great Kings did reproue,
 15 Touch not mine annointed,
 Nor harme not at all.
 My Prophets most deare.
 16 And on the whole Earth:
 A famine extreame then,
 To come hee did call:
 Which vtterly stroyed,
 Their store whole with dearth.
 17 Yet sent hee before,
 A man to prouide,
 Euen Ioseph his owne,
 In fernage was sold.
 18 Whose feete they in stockes held:
 Yea, hee a long tyde.
 With fettters of Yron,
 Was kept in sure hold.
 19 Vntill the tyme came,
 His cause should be kowne,
 And that the L O R D S word,
 His patience had tride
 20 Then sent the King for him:
 And loosde him full soone:
 The head of the people,
 His bandes laid aside.
 21 Who made him the Lord,
 His house ouer all,
 And of his substance,
 The ruler and stay.
 22 That hee might his princes,
 Vnto his will thrall,
 And eke teach the Idols,
 Of wisedome the way.
 23 Then came Israel,
 Into Egypt Land,
 A stranger in Ham,
 Iacob then aboade:
 24 Where G O D did increase them,
 Much like the Sea sand:
 And made them more mighty,
 Than those them with stoud.
 25 Whose heart hee did turne,
 His people to hate
 And seeke by deceite
 His Seruants to abuse:
 26 But then hee sent Moses,
 Their cause to debate,
 And Aaron his seruants,

Psalme CV.

Whom he did soorth chooseſ
 27 They vnto his foes,
 His message declarde.
 His signes and his wonders/
 Of Ham in the Land
 28 Hee darknette sent downe them
 And darke it appearde:
 And these not rebelled,
 To doe his command.
 29 Their Watershee turn'd,
 Red blood for to bee:
 Hee shew all the Earth,
 30 And Froggs made to breed:
 Euen in their Kings Chambers,
 31 Then also spake hee:
 So Lyce and Flees swarmed
 The Land through indeed,
 32 Hee sent on them haile,
 In steade of sweete Raite,
 And great flames of fire,
 Their country throughout
 33 Their Vine and their Fig trees,
 Hee strake to their paine.
 And brake downe the trees all,
 Their Coastes round about.
 34 Hee spake but the wold,
 And grasse hoppers came:
 With huge Caterpillers,
 Beyond all mens thoughts,
 35 The grasse they deuoured,
 That grew then in ham:
 And fruites of the ground all,
 They brought vnto nought,
 36 Also the first-borne,
 The Land through hee smote:
 Euen the beginning,
 of their force and might:
 37 And with Gold and Siluer,
 Brought forth his owne lot:
 Amongst whose Tribes was not,
 One feeble in sight,
 38 Egypt reioyced,
 When they wcnt away:
 For why? vpon them,
 Their feare then was fall.
 39 The L O R D a Cloud spred ouer
 to guide them by day:
 And Fire to light them,
 the night ouer all.
 40 They did but demande,
 And Quailes he them sent,
 And with bread from Heauen,
 Hee did them suffice.
 41 The hard Rocke hee opened,
 And waters out went:
 Euen through the dry places,
 Like floodes that doe rise.
 42 For hee doeth remember,
 His holy othe made:
 Vnto Abraham,
 His seruant most deare.
 43 And brought soorth his people,
 (that were with we lade)
 His owne chosen children,
 With joy and glad cheare
 44 The Heathen folkes land,
 To them hee did part:
 The peoples whole labour,
 They had to possesse

Psalme CVI.

5 That they from whose statutes,
And Lawes shall not start.

Wherefore the Lord God praise,
His laude no time cease,

PSALME C VI.

1 PRAISE yee the Lord, for hee is good,
His mercies dure for aye:
2 Who can expresse his noble actes,
Or all his praise display?
3 They blessed are, that judgment keepe,
And justly doe alway,
4 With favour of thy people Lorde,
Remember mee, I pray.

And with thy saving health, O L O R D,
Vouchsafe to viseate mee:

5 That I the great felicity
Of thine elect may see.

And with thy peoples ioy I may.

6 A ioyfull minde possesse,

7 And may with thine inheritance,
A glorying heart expresse.

8 Both wee and eke our Father is all,
Hauc sinned evry one:

9 Wee haue committed wickednesse,
And lewdlie we haue done.

10 The wonders great which thou, O Lord,

11 Haft done in Egypt Land:

12 Our Fathers though they saw them all,
Yet did not understand.

13 Nor yet thy mercies multitude,
Did keepe in thanketull minde,

14 But at the Sea, evn the redde Sea,
Rebelled most vnkinde.

15 Neverthelesse hee sau'd them,
For honour of his Name:

16 That hee might make his power knowne,
And spread abroade with fame.

17 The redde Sea hee did then rebuke,
And foorth-with it was dride:

18 And as in Wildernessee so through,
The deepe hee did them guide.

19 Hee sau'd them from the cruell han'd,
Of their despitesfull foe:

20 And from the enemies hand he did,
Deliver them also,

21 The waters their oppressors whelme'd,
Not one was left aliue:

22 Then they beleeu'd his words, & praise
In songs they did him give,

23 But by and by vnthankefull,
His words they cleane forgat:

24 And for his countell and his will,
They did neglect to waite.

25 But lustred in the Wildernessee,
With fond and greedy lust:

26 And in the Desart tempted God,
The stay of all their trust,

27 And then their wanton minds desire:
Hee suffer'd them to haue.

28 But wasting leauelle there withall
Into their soule hee gaue.

29 Then when they lodged in their Tents,
At Motes they did grutch:
30 Aaron the holy of the L O R D,

So did they enuy much.

31 There fore the Earth did open wide,
And Dathan did devoure:

Psalme C VI.

32 And all Abirams companie,
Did couer in that houre.

33 In their assemblies kindled was,
The hote consuming fire:
34 And wafting flame did them burne vp,
The wicked in his ire.

35 Upon the Hill of Horeb they,
An idle Calfe did frame:
36 And there the molten image did,
They worshipp'd of the same

37 Into the likenesse of a Calfe,
That seedeth on the grasse:
38 Thus they their glorie turnde, and all
Their honour did deface.

39 And G O D their onlie Sauiour,
Vnkindlie they forgot:
40 Which manie great and mightie things,
In Egypt Land had wrought.

41 And in the Land of Ham for them,
Most wondrous workes had done:
42 And by the redde sea dreadfull things,
Performed long agone.

43 Therefore, for their shewing them,
Forgetfull and vnkinde:
44 To bring destruction on them all,
Hec purpos'd in his minde.

45 Had not his chosen Moses stood,
Before him in the breaket:
46 To turne his wrath, lest hee on them,
With slaughter should him wreake.

47 They did despise the pleasant Land,
That hec behight to gine:
48 Yea, and the words that hee had spoke,
They did no whit beleue.

49 But in their Tents with grudging heart
They wickedly repinde:
50 Not to the voyce of G O D the L O R D,

They gaue an harkning minde.

51 Therefore against them lifted hee,
His strong reuenging hand:
52 Them to destroy in Wildernessee,
Ere they should see the Land.

53 And to destroy there seede among,
the Nations with his rodde,
54 And through the Countrys of the world,
To scatter them abroad.

55 To Baal Peor then they did
Adioyneth meselues also:
56 And eate the offrings of the dead,
So they forsooke him tho.

57 Thus with their owne inuincions,
His wrath they did prencke:
58 And in his so in kindled wrath,
The plague vpon them broke.

59 But Phineas stod vp with zeale,
The Sinners vile to stay,
60 And judgement hee did execute,
And then the plague did stay,

61 It was imputed vnto him,
For righteousness that day,
62 And from thence foorth he counted was,
From race to race for aye.

63 At waters eke of Meribath,
They did him angry make,
64 Yea so farre foorth, that Moses was
Then punisht for their sake.

Psalme Cvi.

Because they vexed his Spirit so sore,
That in impatient heate,
Lips speake vnaudisely,
His seruour was so great.
Nor as the L O R D commanded them
They slew the people tho.
But were among the heathen mixt,
And learnt their workes also.

And did their idols serue, which were
Theirs ruine and decay,
To Fiends their Sons & daughters they
Did offer vp and slay.
Thus with vnkindly murthering knife,
The guiltlesse blood they spilt:
At their owne Sons and daughters blood,
Without all cause of guilt.

From them to Canaan idoles then,
Offered with wicked hand:
Also with blood of Innocents,
Defilled was the Land.
Thus were they stained with the works
Of their owne filthie way.
And with their owne inuentions,
A whoring did they stray.

Therefore against his people was,
The L O R D S wrath kindled sore:
And even his owne Inheritance,
Hee did abhorre therefore.
Into the hands of Heathen men,
Hee gave them for a prey:
And made their foes their lords, who they
Were forced to obey.

Yea, and their hatefull enemies,
Opprest them in their Land.
And they were humble made to stoupe,
As subiectes to their hand.
Full often-tinies from thrall had hee,
Delivered them before:
But with their counsels they to wrath,
Prouock them euermore.

Therefore, they by their wickednesse,
Were brought full low to lye:
4 Yet when hee saw them in distresse,
Hee hearkened to their cry.
5 Hee calde to minde his Couenant,
Which hee to them had swore,
And by his merces multitude,
Repeated him therefore.

6 And fauour hee them made to finde,
Before the face of thone:
That led them captiues from their Land,
And erst had beeene their foes.
Save vs, O L O R D, that art our GOD
Save vs, O L O R D, we pray,
And from among the heathen folke,
L O R D, gather vs away.

That wee may spread thy noble praise,
Of thy most holy Name.
That wee may glory in thy praise.
And sound abroad thy Name,
3 The Lord the G O D of Israel,
Bee blest for euermore:
All the people say, Amen,
Praise yee the L O R D, therefore.

PSALME CVII.

2 And that his mercy hath none end,
All mortall men may fee.

3 Such as the Lord redeemed hath,
With thanks shoulde praise his Name,
And shew how they from foes were freed
And how hee wrought the same.

3 Hee gathered them forth of the Lands
That lay so farre about,
From East to West, from North to South
His hand did finde them out
4 They wandred in the Wildernesse,
And strayed from the way:
And found no Citie where to dwelle:
That serue might for their stay.

5 VVhose thirst and hunger was so great,
In those Deserts so wide,
That faintnesse did them sore assayle,
And eke their soules annoyde.
6 Then did they cry in their distresse,
Vnto the L O R D for ayde:
VWho did remoue their troublous state,
According as they prayde,

7 And by that way which was most tight,
Hee led them like a Guide:
That they might to a Citie gne,
And there also abide,
8 Let men therefore before the L O R D,
Confesse his goodnesse then:
And shew the wonders that hee doeth
Before the sonnes of men.

9 For hee the emptie soule sustaynde,
VVhom thirst had made to faint:
The hungrie soule with goodnesse fedde,
And did them eke acquaint,
10 Such as doe dwell in darknesse deepe,
VVhere they of death doe waite,
Fast bound to taste such troublous stormes
As yron chaines doe threate.

11 For that against the Lords owne words,
They sought so to rebell:
Esteeming light his counsels high:
VVhich doe so farre excell:
12 But when hee humbled them full low,
Then they fell downe with griefe,
And none found so much to helpe,
Wherby to get relief.

13 Then did they cry in their distresse,
Vnto the L O R D for aide,
Who did remoue their troublous state,
According as they prayde.

14 For he from darknesse out them broght
And from deaths dreadfull thade,
Bursting with force the yron bands,
Which did before them lade.

15 Let men therefore before the L O R D s
Confesse his kindnesse then,
And shew the wonders that hee doeth
Before the sonnes of men.

16 For he threw down the gates of brassie,
And brake them with strong hand,
The yron barres hee smote in two,
Nothing could him with-stand.

17 The foolish folke great plagues do feele
And cannot from them wend:
But heape on moe to those they haue,
Because they doe offend.

Psalm CVII.

18 Their soule so much did loath all meat
That none they could abide:
VVhereby death had them almost caught,
As they full truely tride.

19 Theu did they cry in their distresse,
Vnto the L O R D for ayd:
19 Who did remoue their troublous state
According as they prayde:
20 For then he sent to them his word,
Which health did foone restore:
And broght them from thele dangers deep
Wherin they were before.

21 Let men therefore before the Lord,
Confesse his kindnesse then:
And shew the wonders that hee doeth,
Before the Sonnes of men.

22 And let them offer Sacrifice,
With thankes, and also feare:
And speake of all his wondrous works.
With glad and joyfull cheare.

23 Such as in Shippes or Brittle Barkes,
into the Seas descend,
Their merchandise through fearfull floods
To compasse and to end.

24 Those men are forced to behold,
The L O R D S workes what they bee,
And in the dangerous deepe the same,
Most marueilous they see.

25 For at his word the stormy windes.
Ariseth in a rage,
And stirreth vp the surges so,
As aught can them asswage.

25 Then are they lifted vp so high,
The Clouds they seeme to gaine,
And plunging downe the depth vntill,
Their soules consume with paine.

27 And like a drunkard to and fro,
Now heere, now there they reel,
As men with feare of wit bereft,
Or had of seace no feele.

28 Theu did they cry in their distresse,
Vnto the L O R D for aide:
Who did remoue their troublous state,
According as they prayde.

29 For with his word the Lord doth make,
The sturdie stormes to ceale:
So that the great waues from their rage,
Are brought to rest and peace.

30 Then are men glad when rest is come,
Which they so much doe crave,
And are by him in Hauen brought,
Which they so faine would haue.

31 Let men therefore before the L O R D
Confesse his kindnesse then:
And shew the wonders that hee doeth,
Before the sonnes of men.

32 Let men in presence of the Folke,
Vvith prais extoll this Name:
And where the Elders doe conueene,
Let them there doe the same.

33 For running floodes to dry deserts,
Hee doeth oft change and turne.
And dryeth vp as it were dust,
The springing VVell and Burne,

34 A fruitfull Land with pleasure deckt,
full garnisched doeth make,

Psalm Cvii.

VVhen on their sinnes which dwell there,
Hee doeth just vengeance take.

35 Againe the Wilderness full rade,
Hee maketh fruit to beare,
With pleasant springs of water cleare,
Though none before was there.

36 Wherein such hungry soules are set,
As hee doth freely chose,
That they a City may them builde,
To dwell in for their vse.

37 That they may sow their pleasant Land
And Viney ards also plant:
To yeeld them fruites of such increase
As none may seeme to want.

38 They multiply exceedingly,
The L O R D doeth blesse them so,
VWho doeth also the bruit beastes make,
By numbers great to grow.

39 But when the faithfull are low brought
By the oppressours stout,
And minith doe through many plagues,
That compasse them about.

40 Then doth he Princes bring to shame,
VWhich doeth them sore oppresse:
And likewise caused them to erre,
VWithin the wilderness.

41 But yet the poore heeraiseth vp,
Out of his troubles deep,
And oft-times doeth his traine augment,
Much like an flocke of Sheepe.

42 The righteous shall behold this sight,
And also much rejoice,
VWhereas the wicked and pernorse,
VWith griefe shall stoppe their voye.

43 But who is wise? that now full well,
Hee may these things record:
For certainlie such shall perceine,
The kindnesse of the L O R D,

P S A L M E C viii.

O God, behold mine heart and tongue:
They both prepared bee:
My voyce aduance will I in song,
And giue all praise to thee.

2 Ryle vp sweete melodie to make,
My Viole and mine Flarpe,
For I by breake of day will wake,
Thy laude and praise to carpe.

3 Among the people, L O R D, I shall,
Giue praises vnto thee:
And eke amid the Nations all,
To thee my Song shall bee.

4 For why? thy mercies farre doeth streare
Aboue the Heauens hie,
Likewise thy trueth, O Lord doth read
Vnto the cloudie Skie.

5 Exalt thy selfe, O L O R D, our G O D
Aboue the Heauens bright:
Set foorth thy praise in Earth abroad,
Thy glory and thy might:
That thy beloved in the Land,
May freed be from all thrall,
O helpe vs, Lord with thy right hand,
And heare mee when I call.

7 I will rejoice, sith G O D hath said
within his holy place,

Psalm Cxiiii.

That I shall Sichem Land diuide,
And Succethes vale by pace,
3 For Gilead shall bee mine owne,
Manasses mine besides,
Mine head-strength Ephraim well knowne
My Law doth Iudah guide.

9 Moab my wash pot and my shoe,
on Edom will I cast :
Yea, I on Palestine also,
Shall triumph at the last.
10 Who now will lead mee by the hand,
Into the City strong ?
Or bee my guide to Edome Land,
So that I goe not wrong ?

11 Is it not thou, O L O R D our G O D,
Which hadst vs cleane forsooke,
And wentst not with thine Hostes abroad.
When warres in hand wee tooke.
12 O L O R D when trouble doth assaile,
With aide vs then relieue :
Vaine is, and nothing can auaile,
The helpe that man can give.

13 Throgh God to doe, we shall haue might
Actes worthie of renowne:
Hee shall our foes put vnto flight,
Yea, hee shall tread them downe.

PSALM Cix.

1 N speechlesse silence doe not hold,
O L O R D, thy tongue alwayes,
O G O D, evn thou, I say, that art
The G O D of all my praise.
2 The wicked and the guilefull mouth,
On mee disclosed bee,
And they with false and lying tongue,
Haue spoken vnto mee.

3 They did beset mee round about,
With words of hatefull spight.
Without all cause of my desert,
Against mee they did fight.

4 For my good will they were my foes,
Begghen gau I to pray:
5 My good with all my friendlinesse,
With hate they did repay.

6 Set thou the wicked ouer them,
To haue the vpper hand :
At his right hand eke suffer thou,
His hatefull foes to stand.

7 When hee is judged, let them then,
Condemned bee therin,
And let the prayer that hee makes,
Bee turned into sinne.

8 Few bee his dayes, his charge also,
Let thou another take :

9 His Children let bee fatherlesse,
His wife a widow make.

10 Let his offsprings bee vagabondes,
To begge and seeke their bread,
Wandering out of the wasted place,
Where earst they haue bee ne fed.

11 Let covetous extortioners,
Catch all his goods and store,
And let the strangers spoile the fruities,
Of all his toyle before,
12 Let there be none to pity him,
Let there bee none at all.
That on his Children fatherlesse,
Will let his mercie fall.

Psalm CIX.

13 And so let his posterity,
For euer bee destroyde,
Their name out blotted in the age,
That after shall succeede.

14 Let not his fathers wickednesse,
From G O D S remembrance fall,
And let thou not his Mothers sinne,
Bee done away at all.

15 But in the presence of the L O R D,
Let them remaine for aye,
That from the earth their memory.
Hee may cut cleane away.

16 Sich mercy hee forgat to shew
But did pursue with spight,
The troubled man, and sought to slay
The wofull hearted weight.

17 As hee did cursing loue, it shall
Betide vnto him so,
And as hee did not blessings loue,
It shall befarre him so.

18 As hee with cursing clad himselfe,
So it like water shall,
Into his bowels, and like oyle,
Into his bones befall.

19 As garmentes let it bee to him,
To couer him for aye,
And as a girdle, wherewith hee
Shall girded bee alway.

20 Loue let the same before the L O R D,
Bee gardon of my toe,
Yea and of those that euill speake,
Against my soule also.

21 But thou O Lord, that art my God,
Deale thou, I say, with mee,
After thy Name deliuer mee,
For good thy mercies bee.

22 Because in depth of great distresse,
I needy am and poore,
And eke within my pined breast,
Mine heart is wounded sore.

23 Euen so doe I depart away,
As doth declining shad,
And as a Grasse-hopper, so I,
Am shaken off, and fadg.

24 With fasting long from needfull foode
Enfible are my Knees,
And all her fatnesse hath my Ach,
Enforced bee me to leese.

25 And I also a vyle reproach,
To them was made to bee:
And they that did vpon mee looke,
Did shake their heads at mee.

26 But thou, O Lord, that art my God,
Mine aide and succoubee,
According to thy mercie, L O R D,
Sauc and deliuer mee.

27 And they shall know whereby by this,
L O R D, is thy mightie hand,
And that thou hast done it, O L O R D,
So shall they understand.

28 Althogh they curse with spight, yet thou
Shall blesse with londing voyce,
They shall arise, and come to shame,
Thy seruant shall rejoyce.

29 Let them bee cloathed all with sharpe,
That enemies are to mee:

Psalm Cx.

1 And with confusion as a cloake,
Eke let them couered bee.

2 But greatlie I will with my mouth,
Gine thankes vnto the L O R D,

3 And I among the multitude,
His praises will record.

4 For hee with helpe at his right hand,
Will stand the paore man by :

5 To sauе him thrin the man that would,
Condemne his Soule to die.

PSALM Cx.

1 The Lord most high,
Vnto my Lord thus speake,

2 Sit thou how downe,
And rest at my right hand,

3 Vnto that I
Thine enemies doe make,
A stoole to bee ,
Vvhereon thy soote may stand.

4 The Septer of
Thy Regall power and might,
From Syon shall
The Lord send and disclose,

5 Be thou therefore
The Ruler in the sight ,
And in the midst
Of all thy mortall foes.

6 Thy people shall
Come willinglie to thee,
What time thys Hoste
In holie beautie shew,

7 The Youth that of
Thy womebe doe spring shall bee
Compared like
Vnto the morning dew.

8 The Lord hath sworne,
And it performe will hee,
And not repente,
Ner anie time it breake :

9 Thou art a Priest
For euer ynto mee,
After the forme
Of King Melchisedecke.

10 The Lord our God
Who is at euerie stound;
At thy right hand
To bee thine helpe and stay ,

11 Hee princes proude,
And stately Kings shall wound,
For loue of thee
In his fierie wrathfull day,

12 Hee shall bee Judge
Among the Heathen all ,
Hee places vuyde
With Carcasses shall fill ,

13 And in his rage,
The heades eke smite hee shall ,
That other Countries
Great doe worke their will .

14 Yea, bee through haste
For to pursue his foes,
Shall drinke the Brooke
That runneth in the way ,

15 And thus when hee
Confounded haue shall those ,
His head on high
Then shall hee lift that day ,

Psalm Cxi.

1 WITH heart I doe accord,
To praise and laude the L O R D ,

2 In presence of the lust:
For great his workes are found ,

3 To search them such are bound:
As doe him loue and trust.

4 His workes are glorious,
Also his righteousnesse ,

5 It doeth endure for euer.

6 His wondrous workes hee would,
Vvhere still remember shoulde ,

7 His mercies faileth never.

8 Such as doe loue him beare,
A portion full faile:

9 Hee hat vp for then laides
For this they shall well finde ,

10 Hee will them haue in mind,
And keepe them as hee said ,

11 For hee did not disdaine,
His workes to shew them plaine ,

12 By lightnings and by thunders ,
Vvhen hee the Heathens Land ,

13 Did gine into their hand:
Vvhere they behelde his wonders .

14 Of all his workes ensueth ,
Both judgement, right and trueth ,

15 Whereto his Statutes tend.

16 They are decreede sure,
For euer to endure:

17 Whichequitie doeth ends
Redemption hee gaue ,

18 His people for to sauе ,

19 And hath also required,
His promise not to faile :

20 But alwayes to greatele ,
His holie Name bee seared .

21 Vvho so with heart full faimes
Tree wisedome would attaine ,

22 The L O R D feare and obey ,

23 Such as his Lawes doe keepe ,

24 Shall knowledge haue full deewe ,

25 His praise shall last for eare .

PSALM Cxi.

1 The man is blest that God doeth feare ,
And by his Lawes doeth loue indeede

2 His seede on earth G O D will vpreare
And blesse such as from him proceede ,

3 His house with good hee will fulfill ,
His righteousnesse endure shall still .

4 Vnto the righteous doe:charise ,
In troubles joye, in darkenesse light ,

5 Compassion is in his eyes:
And mercie alwayes is his sight .

6 Yea, pittie moueth such to lend ,
Hee doth by judgement things expend .

7 And surelie such shall never faile ,
For in remembrance had is hee ,

8 No tydings ill, can make him quale ,
Who in the Lord, sure hope doeth see .

9 His heart is firme, his feare is past ,
For hee shall see his foes downe cast .

10 Hee did well for the poore prouide ,
His righteousnesse shall still remaine ,

11 And his estate with praise shall byde ,
Though that the wicked man disdaine :

12 Yea, gnash his teeth thereat shall hee ,
And to consume his state to see .

Psalm Cxiii.

Y^ee Children that doe serue the Lord,
Praise yee his Name with one accord
2 Yea, blessed bee alwayes the same,
3 Who from the rising of the Sunne,
Till it returne where it begurne,
Is to bee praised with great fame.
4 The L O R D all people doth surmount,
As for his glorie wee may count,
Aboue the heauens high to bee,
5 With God the Lord who may compare,
Who dwelling in the Heauens are,
Of such great power and force is hee
6 Hee doeth abase himselfe wee know,
Thinges to beholde both heere below.
And also in the Heauens aboue,
7 The needie out of dust to draw,
And eke the poore which helpe none saw
His onelie mercies did him mone.
8 And so him set in high degree,
With Princes of great dignitie,
That rule his people with great fame
9 The barrenhee doeth make to bee,
And with great joye her fruite to reare
Therefore praise yee his holie Name.
P S A L M E C x i i i .

W H E N Israel, by G O D S addresse
From Pharaos Land was bent,
And Iaakobs house the strangers lett,
And in the same traine went.
2 In Iudah G O D his glorie shewde,
His holiness most bright:
So did the Israelites declare,
His Kingdome, power, and might.
3 The Sea it saw, and suddenlie,
As all amazde did flee:
The rolling streames of Jordans flood,
Reculled backwardlie.
4 As Rams afraide the Mountaines skipt,
Their strength did them forsake:
And as the fillie trembling Lambes,
Their topes did beate and shake.
5 VVhat ailde thee Sea, as all amazde,
So suddenlie to flee?
Yee rolling waues of Jordans floode,
Why ranne yee backwardlie.
6 Whv shooke yee Hills as Rammes afraid
Why did your strength so shake?
Why did your tops as trembling Lambes,
For feare quiver and quake?
7 O Earth, confess thy Soueraigne Lord,
And dread his mightie hand:
Before the face of Iaakobs G O D,
Fear yee both Sea and Land.
8 I meane the God which from hard Rocks
Doeth cause maiine floodes appear:
And from the stonye stonye doeth make,
Gush out the Fountaines cleare.
P S A L M E C x v .

N O T vnto vs, O L O R D,
I say, to vs giue none:
But giue all praise of grace and trueth,
Vnto thy Name alone.
2 Why shall the Geutiles say,
To vs as in despite
VVhere is their G O D they call vpon,
VVhere is their heartsdelite?
3 Doubtlesse our Soueraigne G O D,
In Heauen shal on his:

Psalm Cxv.

And worketh what him liketh best,
For all things doe can hee.
4 But their idoles and gods,
Before whom they doe stand,
Siluer and Gold they are at most,
The workes enu of mens hand.
5 A mouth they haue speechlesse,
Not mouing tongue nor lippe:
And eyes they haue, but see no white,
No more than doe dead chippes.
6 Eares they haue, and heare not,
As doe the eares of man:
A nose also, but to no vse,
For smell nothing they can.

7 Both hands and feete they haue,
In forme there is no lacke,
But neither touch nor goe they can,
Nor yet with throat noyse make.
8 Like vnto them shall bee,
The forgers that them framed,
And likewise such are no lesse madde,
VVhich call vpon their name.

9 But thou, O Israel,
In G O D put confidence.
For to all such an ayde hee is,
A Buckler and defence.
10 And thou Tribe of Aaron,
In G O D put confidence:
For to all such an ayde hee is,
A Buckler and defence.

11 All yee that feare the L O R D,
In G O D put confidence,
For to all such an ayde hee is,
A Buckler and defence.
12 The L O R D hath vs in minde,
And will vs bleisse each-one,
The House I meane of Israel,
And the tribe of Aaron.

13 And blesse will hee all them,
That feare the L O R D indeede:
As well the weake, as them of strength,
Which seeke to him at neede.
14 VVith graces maiifold,
The L O R D will all you blesse:
As well yo ur seede as you your selues,
VVith plentie and increase.

15 For yee are deare to him,
That L O R D is ouerall:
VVho made the Heauen and the Earth,
And things both great and small.
16 The Heauens are the L O R D S,
As his owne dwelling place:
But vnto men the Earth hee gineth,
Thereon to runne their race.

17 Surelie they that are dead,
Doe not new praise the L O R D ,
Nor such as in the Graue are laide,
Doe therevnto accord.
18 But wea that heere doe live,
Shall thanke the L O R D , alwyses
With heart & mouth giue thanks will we
Likewise all you haue praise.
P S A L M E C x v i .

I loue the L O R D , because my voyce
And prayer heard hath hee,
2 VVhen in my dayes I calde to him,
Hee bowde his eare to me,

Psalme Cxv.

3 Euen when the snares of cruell death,
About beset mee round,
VVhen paines of hell mee caught & when,
I woe and sorrow found.

4 Vpon the Name of G O D my L O R D,
Thus did I call and say,
Deliver thou my Soule, O L O R D,
I doe thee humblie pray.

5 The L O R D is verie mercifull,
And just hee is also.
And in our G O D compassion,
Doeth plentifullie flow.

6 The L O R D in saftie doeth preserue,
All those that simple bee:
I was in woefull miserie,
And hee relitued mee.

7 And now, my Soule, sith thou art safe,
Returne vnto thy rest,
For largelie, loe, the L O R D, to thee,
His bountie hath exprest.

8 Because thou hast deliuered,
My scale from deadlerehall:
My moysted eyes, from woefull teares,
My flyding feete from fall.

9 Before the L O R D, I in the Land,
Of life will walke therefore,
10 I did belieue, therfore I speake,
For I was troubled sore.

11 I said in my distresse and feare,
That all men lyars bee,
12 VVhat shall I pay the L O R D for all,
His benefites to mee.

13 The wholesome cuppe offausing health
I thankfullie will take,
And on the L O R D S Name I will call,
VVhen I my prayer make.

14 I to the L O R D will pay the vowes,
VVhich I have him behight:
Yea, now euen at this present tyme,
In all his peoples sight.

15 Right deare and precious in his sight,
The L O R D doeth aye esteeme,
The deaue of all his holie ones,
VVhat euer man doe deeme.

16 Thy servant, Lord, thy servant, loe,
I doe my selfe confesse,
And hand maides son, thou Lord hast brok
The bondes of my distresse.

17 And I will offer vp to thee,
A sacrifice of praise:
And I will call vpon the Name
Of G O D the L O R D alwayes.

18 I to the L O R D will pay the vowes,
That I have him behight:
Yea, now euen at this present tyme,
In all his peoples sight.

19 Yea, in the Courts of Gods owne house
And in the midst of thee:
O thou Ierusalem (I say)
VVherefore the L O R D praise yee,

P S A M L E C x v i i .

○ Praise the L O R D, ye Nations all,
Land ye him people great & small,
For why? his grace and tender loue,
Wo vs is great, as wee well prove,
Mistrue is constant cuermore,
Vnto the Lord sing praise therefore.

Psalme Cxvii.

Glue to the Lord all praise and honour,
For hee is gracious and kinde,
Yea, more his mercie and great fauour,
Doeth sorne abide, world without end

2 Let Israel now say, thus beldlie,
That his mercies for euer dure,
3 And let Aarons whole progenie,
Confesse the same stable and sure,

4 Let those fy feare God, the now addresse
To come and sing to him therefore,
That his great loue & teuder kindnesse,
Remaineth still for euermore.

5 For when with troubles I was pressed,
I then vnto the L O R D did call,
VVho heard my voyce & mee vp-raised
And set at large free from all thrall,

6 The most of might, who heard my com-
He is with me, my part to tak, (plaint
No feare therefore can mak me to faint
For ought that man may gaist me mak

7 The L O R D on my side doth retire,
With such as doeth mee helpe and aide
So that I shall see my just desire,
Vpon my foes, which mee vp-braide.

8 In G O D to trust it is farre better,
Than in vaine man to trust and stand,

9 To trust in G O D, I say, is surer,
Than Princes, Lords of Sea and Land,

10 All Nations haue mee round compassed
VVith one consent Yet in Gods Name,
By mee they shall bee soone destroyed,
And put to flight, rebuke and shame.

11 They haue me round about inclosed,
Yea, and shute vp with one accord:
Yet they by mee shall bee destroyed,
Euen in the Name of G O D the L O R D,

12 Lik Bees they came about me swarming
But were as fire of thornes put out,
For in Gods Name the Euer living,
I shall confound them all, no doubt.

13 Thou hast, O cruell aduersarie,
Thrust me at mee, with maine & might
To cause mee fall, but loe, contrarie,
For G O D hath helpe mee in my right

14 My strength and force is God fy most hie,
Yea, hee my song is of pleasure,
For hee hath beeene in all aduersitie,
Mine helper and deliuerance.

15 The voyce of joye and freedome shalbe
Within the just mans dwelling place,
Saying, Behold, right valiantlie,
The Lord s right had hath broght to pas

16 The hand most strong of the Almighty,
Exalteed is now presentlie,
Of God the Lord the right hand sturdy
Hath done (say they) triumphalrie.

17 Away, away, enuyer each-one,
For yet deaths Cuppe I shall not proue,
But shall still liue that I may expone,
And shew abroad GODS works aboue.

18 The Lord my God hath mee chastised,
And that right sore, I must confessie,
But of his goodnesse not deliuered,
Mee vnto death in that distresse,

19 Open therfore to mee the gates faire,
Which are the gates of righteousnesse,

Psalm Cxviii.

That through ſame I may haue repare
And praise the L O R D his holinelle.
20 This is Gods Naine famous & worthie
Wherat the righteous enter shall,
21 I wil thee praise, Lord, which hath hard
And my deliurance benc withal. (me
22 The Stone which whollie was refuſed,
And of the Builders cast away.
The ſame layed is now, and placed,
As of the Corner head and stay,
23 Which thing is done by th'only working
Of God the Lord most glorious,
And as a wonder is appearing,
Unto our ſight most marueilous.
24 This is of trueth the day most happie,
Which God hath made of his goodnes,
Let vs therein bee blyth and mirrie,
And ſing to G O D with great gladnes,
25 O Lord, I now beſeech and pray thee,
Saue thou the King, and him maintaine,
Give him good luck, & prosperous to be
O L O R D, I yet require againe.
26 Who in the Name of G O D most holy
Doeth come, hee bleſſed bee alway,
Vvee with alſo yee may bee happy,
Who in Gods Houſe are night & day.
27 The Lord our God bee is moft nightie,
And hath vs giuen light at laſt.
Unto the horne of th'Altar holie,
Your ſacrifice now bind full fast.
28 Thou art the G O D, in whom I glorie,
To thee I will giue praise therefore.
Euen thou my God art therefore will I
Lande and exalt thee euermore,
29 Giue to the Lord all praise and honour,
For gratiouſ is hee and kinde:
Yea, more his mercie and great fauour,
Doeth aye endure, world without end.

PSALM C xix.

A L E P H.

Blessed are they that perfet are,
And pure in minde and heart,
Vvhose liues and conuerſation,
From G O D S Lawes never ſtarke.
2 Blessed are they that giue themſelues,
His Statutes to obſerue:
Seeking the L O R D with all their heart
And neuer from him ſwerue:
3 Doubtlesſe ſuch men goe not aſtray,
Nor doe no wicked thing:
Vvhofe ſteadfullie walke in his pathes,
Vvhout anie wandering.
4 It is thy will and comuandement,
That with attentiuſ head:
Thy Noble and diuine Preceptes,
Vvee leaue and keepe indeede:
5 O howd to GOD it might thee pleafe
My wayes ſo to addreſſe:
That I might both in heart and voyce,
Thy Lawes keepe and confeſſe.
6 So ſhould no thame my life attaine,
Vvhile I thus ſet mine eyes:
And bend my minde alwayes to minſe,
On thy ſacred decrees.
7 Then will I praise with vpright heart,
And magnifie thy Name:

Psalm C xix.

When I ſhall leaue thy Iudgements juſt,
And likewiſe proue the ſame.

8 And whollie will I giue myſelfe,
To keepe thy Lawes moft righte
Forsake mee not for euer, I. O R D,
But ſhew thy grace and might.

B E T H.

9 By what meanes may a young man beſt
His life leaue to amend?

10 If that hee marke and keepe thy word,
And therein his life ſpend.

11 Vnfainedlie I haue thee ſought,
And thus ſeeking abyde:
Oh, neuer forſet mee, O L O R D,
From thy Preceptes to ſlide.

12 Within mine heart and ſecret thought
Thy wordes I haue hid ſtill:
That I might not at any time,
Offend thy Godlie will.

13 Wee magnifie thy Name, O L O R D,
And praise thee euermore:
Thy Statutes of moft worthie fame,
O L O R D, teach mee therefore.

14 My lippes haue neuer ceaſe to preach,
And publish day and night:
Thy judgementes all, which did pnceede,
From thy mouth full of might.

15 Thy testimonies and thy wayes,
Please mee no leſſe indeede:
Than all the pleaſures of the Earth,
Which worldlings make their meede.

16 Of thy Preceptes I will ſtill muse,
And thereto ſrame my talkes:
As at a marke ſo will I aime,
Thy wayes how I may walke.

17 Mine onely ſoye ſhall bee ſo fixt,
And on thy Lawes ſo ſet:
That nothing can mee ſo farre blinde,
That I thy wordes forget.

G I M E L.

18 Grant to thy ſeruant now ſuch grace,
As may my life prolong:
Thine holy word then will I keepe,
Both in mine heart and tongue.

19 Mine eyes which were dim and shut v.
So open and make bright:
That of thy Law and marueilous workes
I may haue the cleare ſight.

20 I am a ſtranger in thiſ Earth,
Wandring now heare, now there,
Thy word therefore to mee diſclose,
My ſeate ſteps ſo to cloſe.
21 My ſoule is xauithit with deſire,
And neuer is at reſt.
But ſeeke to know thy judgementes hie,
And what may pleafe thee beſt.

22 The proud men and malitious,
Thou haſt diſtroyde each one:
And cursed are ſuch as doe not,
Thine heſteſ attēnd vpon.

23 Lord, turne from me rebuke and ſharne
Which wicked men conſpire:
For I haue kept thy commandments
With zeale as hot as fire.

24 The Princes proude in Counſell ſate,
And did againſt mee ſpeak:
But then thy ſeruant thought how bee,

Psalme Cxix.

Thy Statutes might not breake.
 24 For why? thy Cauenantes are my joye,
 And my great hearts solace:
 They serue in stead of Counsellers,
 My matters for to passe.

D A L E T H.

25 I am, alas, as brought to Grane,
 And almost turne to dust:
 Restore therefore my life againe,
 As thy promise i just.
 26 My wayes when I acknowledg'd,
 VVith mercie thou didst heare,
 Heare now eftsoones, and mee instruct,
 Thy Lawes to loue and feare.
 27 Teach me once throughly for to know
 Thy Precepts and thy lore,
 Thy workes then will I meditate,
 And lay them vp in store.
 28 My soule I feele so sore opprest,
 That it milteth for griefe:
 According to thy word therefore,
 Haste, L O R D, to send relief.

29 From lying and deceitfull lippes,
 Let thy grace mee defende:
 And that I may learne thee to loue,
 Thine holie Law mee send.
 30 The way of ixneth both straight & sure
 I haue chosen and found:
 I set thy iudgements mee before,
 Which keepe mee safe and sound.
 31 Since then, O Lord, I forc'd my selfe,
 Thy Covenants to embrace:
 Let mee therefore haue no rebuke,
 Nor checke in anie case.
 32 Then will I runne with ioyfull cheare,
 Whers thy word doeth mee call,
 When thou haſſt set mine heart at large,
 And ridde mee out of thrall.

H E.

33 Instruct mee, Lord in the right way,
 Oft thy Statutes diuine:
 And it to keepe even to the end,
 Mine heart I will incline.
 34 Grant mee the knowledge of thy Law,
 And I shall it obey:
 With heart and minde, and all my might,
 I will it keepe, I say,
 35 In the right pathes of thy Precepts,
 Guide mee, L O R D, I require:
 None other pleasure doe I wish,
 Nor greater thing desire.
 36 Incline mine heart thy Lawes to keepe
 And Covenantes to embrace:
 And from all althie avarice,
 L O R D, I deld mee with thy grace.
 37 From vaine delires and worldly luttes,
 Turne backe mine eyes and sight:
 Give mee the spirit of life and power,
 To walke thy wayes aright.
 38 Confirm thy Gracious promise Lord,
 Which thou hast made to mee,
 Which am thy servant, and due loue,
 And feare nothing but thee.

39 Reproach and shame which I so feare:
 From me O L O R D expell:
 For thou dost judge with equitie,
 And there in doest excell:
 40 Behold, mine heart desire is bent,

Psalme Cxix.

Thy Lawes to keepe for aye,
 Lord, strengthen mee, so with thy grace,
 That it perform I may.

V A V,

41 Thy mercies great and manifolde,
 Let mee obtaine, O L O R D:
 Thy sauing heath let mee enjoye,
 According to thy word.
 42 So shall I stope the slanderous mouthes
 Of Lewde men and vniust:
 For in thy faithfull promises
 Standes my comfort and trust.
 43 The word of truthe within my mouth,
 Let ene still be prest,
 For in thy iudgements wondersfull,
 Mine hope doſt stand and rest,
 44 And while that breath within my bres,
 Doeth naturall life preserue:
 Yea, till this world shall bee dissolued,
 Thy Law I will obscrue.

45 So walke will I, as set at large,
 And made free from all dread,
 Because I sought how to keepe,
 Thy Precepts and thy tread.
 46 Thy noble acts I will describe,
 As thinges of most great fame:
 Euen before Kings, I will them blaze,
 And shooke no whit for shame.

47 I will reioyce then to obey,
 Thy worthy Hestes and will,
 VVhich euermore I haue loued best,
 And so will loue them still.
 48 Mine hands I will lift to thy Lawes,
 Which I haue dearely sought:
 And practise thy Commandements.
 I will indeed and thought.

Z A I N.

49 Thy promise which thou haſſt to mee
 Thy servant, I. O R D, remember:
 For the ein haue I put my truthe,
 And confidence for ever,
 50 It is my comfort and my ioye,
 When troubles mee assaile:
 For were my life not by thy word,
 My life would soone mee faile.

51 The pronde and such as God contemne,
 Still made of mee a scorne:
 Yet would I not thy Law forsake,
 As hee that were forlorne.
 52 But calde to minde, Lord, thy great
 Shewde to our Fathers olde: (work
 Wherby I felte the joyes surmount,
 My griefe an hundred fold.

53 But yet (alas) for feare I quake,
 Seeing how wicked men:
 Thy Law forooke, and did procure,
 Thy iudgements who know'th where?
 54 And as for mee, I framde my song,
 Thy Statutes to exalt:
 When I among the strangers dwelt,
 And thoughts gan mee assault.

55 I thought vpon thy Name, O L O R D,
 By night, when others sleepe.
 As for thy Law, I it obey,
 And euer will it keept.
 56 This grace I did obtaine, because,
 Thy Cauenantes sweete and deare:

Psalme Cxix.

did embrace, and also keepe,
With reverence and with feare,
H E T H.

7 O G O D, who art my part and lot,
My comfort and my stay:
I haue d' creede and promised,
Thy Law to keepe alway.

8 Mine earnest heart did humblie sue,
In presence of thy Facet
As thou therefore hast promised,
L O R D, grant mee of thy Grace,

9 My life I have examined,
And tryde my secret heart,
Which to thy Statutes caused mee,
My feete straight to conuert.

10 I did not stay, nor linger long,
As they that sloothfull are,
But hastelie thy Lawes to keepe,
I did my selfe beware.

11 The cruell bandes of wicked men,
Haue made of mee their prey:
Yet wold I not thy Lawes forget,
Nor from thee gone astray.

12 Thy righteous judgement toward mee,
So great is and so hie:
That even at mid night will I rise,
Thy Name to magnifie.

13 Companion am I to all them,
Whiche feare thee in their heart,
And neither will for loue nor dread,
From thy Commandements start.

14 Thy mercies, Lord, most plentiouslie,
Doe all the world fulfill.
Oh, teach mee how I may obey,
Thy Statutes and thy will.
T E S H.

15 According to thy promise, L O R D,
So haue thou with mee dealt:
For of thy grace in sundrie wayes,
Haue I thy servant felt:

16 Teach mee alwayes to judge aright,
And giue mee knowledge sure,
For certaintely beleue I doe,
That thy precepts are pure.

17 Ere thou didst touch mee with thy rod
I erde and went astray
But now I keepe thine holy word,
And make it all my stay.

18 Thou art both good and gratiouse,
And giuest most liberally,
Thine ordinances how to keepe.
Therefore O Lord teach mee.

19 The proud and wicked men haue forgd
Against mee many a lie.
Yet thy Commandements still obserue,
With all my heart will I.

20 Their hearts were swolne with worldly
As greasese are they fat, (wealth
But in thy Law due I delite,
And nothing seeke but that.

21 O happy time, I may well say,
When thou didst mee correct:
For as a guide, to learne thy Law,
Thy rodde did mee direct.

22 So that to mee thy word and Law,
Is deare manifold,
Man thousands great of siluer and gold,
Or ought that can bee told.

I O D.

73 Seeing thy hands hath made mee, Lord
To bee thy creature:
Grant knowledge likewise how to learne,
To put thy Lawes in vre.

74 So they that feare thee shall reioyce,
Wheneuer they mee see:
Because I haue leard by thy word,
To put my trust in thee.

75 when with thy rode the world is plagud
I know the cause is just:
So when thou doest correct mee, L O R D,
The cause just needes bee must.

76 Now of thy goodnesse, I thee pray,
Some comfort to mee send,
As thou to mee thy servant hightest,
So from all ill mee shend.

77 Thy tender mercies powre on mee,
And I shall surely liue,
For ioy and consolation both.
Thy Law to mee doeth give.

78 Confound y proud, whose false pretence
Is mee for to destroy
But as for mee thine Hestes to know,
I will my selfe employ.

79 Who so with reverence doe thee feare
To mee let them retire:
And such as due thy Couenantes know,
And them alone desire.

80 Mine heart without all wauering,
Let on thy Lawes bee bent
That no confusion come to mee,
Wherby I shold bee thent.

C A P H.

81 My soule doeth faint, and ceaseth not,
Thy sauing health to craue:
And for thy wordes sake still I trust,
Mine hearts deigne to haue.

82 Mine eyes doe faile, with looking for
Thy word, and thus I say,
Oh, when wile thou mee comfort, L O R D,
Whyn doest thou thus delay?

83 As a skinne bottell in the smoke,
So am I parcht and dryde:
Yet will I not out of mine heart,
Let thy Commandements slide.

84 Alas, how long shall I yet liue,
Before I see the houre:
That on my foes, which mee torment,
Thy vengance thou wilt powre.

85 Presumptuous men haue digged pieces
Thinking to make mee sure:
Thus contrarie against thy Law,
Mine hurt they doe procure.

86 But thy Commandements are all true,
And causelesse they mee grieue:
To thee, therefore, I doe complaue,
That thou might mee relite.

87 Almost they had mee cleane destroyde
And brought mee quite to ground:
Yet by thy Statutes I abode,
And therin succor found.

88 Restore mee, I. O R D againe to life
(For thy mercies excell:
And so I shall thy Couenants keepe,
Till death my life expell.

L A M E D.

89 In heauen, Lord, where thou doest dwell
By word is stablisht sure:

Psalm Cxix.

And shall from all eternitie,
Fast granen there endure.

90 From age to age thy trueth abides,
As doeth the Earth witnessse.

VVhose ground-work thou hast laid so sure
As no tongue can expresse.

91 Euen to this day, wee may well see,
How all things perseuer:
According to thine ordinance,
For all things thee reuere.

92 Had it not beene that in thy Law,
My soule had comfort sought,
Long time ere now in my distresse,
I had beene brought to nought.

93 Therefore will I thy Precepts aye,
In memorie keepe fast:
By them thou hast my life restorde,
VVhen I was at last cast.

94 No wight to mee can title make,
For I am onelie thine:
Sane mee therefore, for to thy Lawes,
Mine eares and heart incline.

95 The wicked men doe seeke my bane,
Bu And there doe lye in waite:
t I the while considered,
Thy noble acts and great.

96 I see nothing in this wide world,
At length whiche haue not end,
But thy Commandements and thy word,
Beyond all end extend.

M E M.

97 What great desire and feruent loue,
Doe I beare to thy Law:
All the day long, my whole deuise,
Is only on thy law.

98 Thy word ha. taught me far to passe,
My fes in policie
For still I keepe it, as a thing,
Of most excellencie.

99 My teachers which did mee instruct,
In knowlde I excell,
Because I doe thy Covenantskeepe,
And them to others tell.

100 In wisedome I doe passe also,
The ancient men indeed:
And all because t keepe thy Law:
I held it aye best reed.

101 My feete I hane refrained eke,
From euery euill way,
Because that I conti. ually,
Thy word might keepe (I say)

102 I haue not swera'd from thy judgment
Nor yet thronke any deale.
For why? thou haft mee taught thereby,
To liue godly and well.

103 Oh, Lord, how sweete vnto my taste,
Finde I thy words alway!
Doubtlesse no Hony in my mouth,
Feele ought so sweete I may.

104 Thy Laws haue mee much wisedome
That vtterly I hate, (learnd
All wicked and vngodly wayes,
In euery kinde or rate.

N V N.

105 Euen as a Lanterne to my feete,
So doeth thy word shone bright:
And to my pathes waere euer I goe,
It is a faining light.

Psalm Cxix.

106 I haue both sworne, and will perf
Most certainly doubtlesse:
That I will keepe thiv judgements iust,
And them in life expresse,

107 Affliction hath mee sore opprest,
And brought mee to deaths dores:
O L O R D, as thou hast promised,
So mee to life restore.

108 The offrings which w heart and voy
Most froncklie I thee give:
Accept and teach mee how I may,
After thy judgements liue.

109 My soule is aye so in mine hand,
That daugersit assaile:
Yet did I not thy Law forget,
Nor it t keepe will faile.

110 Although the wicked laide their
To catch mee at a bray:
Yet did I not from thy Preceptes,
Once swerue or goe astray.

111 Thy Law I haue so clainde alway,
As mine owne heritage:
And why? for therein I delite,
And set my whole courage.

112 For euermore I haue beene bent,
Thy Statutes to fulfill:
Euen so likewise vnto the end,
I will continue still.

S A M E C H.

113 The craftie thoughts & double heart
I doe alwayes detest:
But as for thy Lawes and Preceptes,
I loued euer best.

114 Thou art mine hid and secret place,
My Shield of strong defence,
Therefore haue I thy promises,
Lookt for with patience.

115 Goe to therefore yee wicked men,
Depart from mee alone:
For the Commandements will I keept,
Of G O D my L O R D alone.

116 As thou haft promis'd, so performe,
That death mee not assaile:
Nor let mine hope abuse mee so,
That through distrust I quaille.

117 Up-hold mee, and I shall bee safe,
For ought they doe or say:
And in thy Statutes pleasure take,
VVill I both night and day.

118 Thou haft trode such vnder thy feete,
As doeth Statutes breake,
For nought auis'th their subteltie,
Their counsell is but weake.

119 Like drosse thou castes the wicked one
VVhere euer they bee ordwell,
Therefore can I as thy Statutes,
Loue nothing halfe so well.

120 My flesh (alas) is taken with feare,
As though it were benumde:
For when I see thy judgements straight,
I am as one astonde.

A I N.

121 I doe the thing that lawfull is,
And giue to all men right:
Resigne mee not to them that would
Oppresse mee with their might.

122 But for thy seruant suretie bee,
In that thing that is good:

Psalme Cxix.

130 Reproude men giue mee not the soile,
VVhich rage as they were woode.
Mine eyes with waiting are now blind
Thine helpe so much I craue,
Eke thy righteous promise L O R D .
VVhereby thou wilst mee ffe.
Intreate thy Servant louinglie,
And fauour to him shew:
Sainctes of most excellencie,
Teach mee also to know.
Thine humble servant, Lord, I am,
Oh grant mee t'understand:
Now by thy Sainctes I may know.
Best what to take in hand.
It is now time, L O R D to begin,
For trueth is quite decaide:
By Law like wise they haue transgrest,
And none against them said.
This is the cause wherefore I loue,
Thy Lawes better than gold:
Jewels fine, which are esteem'd
Most costly to bee sold.
I thought thy precepts all most just.
And so them laid in store:
Wicke and malicious wayes,
I doe abhorre therefore.
P. E.
131 Thy Covenantes are most wondershull,
And full of things profound:
My soule therefore doth keepe them sure,
When they are tryde and sound.
132 When me first enter into thy words
They finde a light most cleare:
And very Ideots understand,
When they it read or heare,
133 For joy I haue both gapt and breath'd
To know thy Commandement:
That I might guide my life thereby,
I sought what thing it meant.
134 VVith mercy and compasione, Lord,
Behold me from aboue:
As thou art wont to behold such,
As thy Name feare and loue.
135 Direct my foote steppes by thy word
That I thy will may know:
And never let iniquitie,
Thy servant ouer-throw.
136 From slanderous tongs & deadly harme
Preserue and keepe mee sure:
Thy precepts then will I obserue,
And put them eke in vre.
137 Thy countenance, which doeth surmount
The Sunne in his bright hew:
Let shine on mee, and by thy Law,
Teach mee what to eschew.
138 Out of mine eyes great floods gush out
Of dreatie teares and fell:
VVhen I behold how wicked men.
Thy Law keepe neuer a deale.
Z A D E.
139 In every point, L O R D , thou art iust
The wicked though they grudge,
And when thou doest sentence pronounce,
Thou art a righteous Judge.
140 To render right, and free from guile
Are two chiefe points and hie,
And such as thou hast in thy Law,
Commanded vs straightly,

Psalme Cxix.

139 VVith zeale and wrath I am consum'd
And euen pined away:
To see my foes thy word forget,
For ought that I doe m y.
140 So pure and perfect is thy word,
As any heart can deeme:
And I thy servant nothing more,
Doe loue or yet esteeme.
141 And though I bee nothing set by,
As one of base degree,
Yet doe I not thine Hestes forget,
Nor shrinke away from thee.
142 Thy righteousness, Lord, is most just
For euer to endure:
Also thy Law is truth it selfe,
Most constant and most pure.
143 Trouble and griefe hane seazde on me
And brought mee wondrous low:
Yet doe I still of thy Precepts,
Delite to heare and know:
144 The righteousness of thy judgements
Doe last for euermore.
Then teach them mee for euen in them,
My life lyeth vp in store.
K O P H .
145 With seruent heart I calde and cride
Now answere mee, O Lord.
That thy Commandements to obserue,
I may fully accord.
146 To thee my G O D , I make my suete,
With most humble request:
Sauue mee therefore, and I will keepe,
Thy Precepts and thine Hest.
147 To thee I cry, cuen in the morne,
Before the day waxe light:
Because that I haue in thy word,
My confidence wholeplight.
148 Mine eyes preuent the watch by night
And ere the day I wake,
That by deuising of thy word,
I might some comfort take.
149 Incline thine eares to heare my voyce
And pitty on mee take:
As thou art wont so judge mee, L O R D
Lest life mee shonld forsake.
150 My foes draw neare; and doe procure,
My death maliciouslie,
Which from thy Law are farre gone back
And strayed from it lewdly.
151 Therefore, O Lord approach the neare
For need doth so require:
And all thy precepts true they are,
Then helpe, I thee desire.
152 By thy Commandements I haue learnt
Not now but long agoe,
That they remaine for euermore,
Thou hast them grounded so;
R E S H .
153 My trouble and affliction,
Consider and behold,
Deliver mee, for of thy Law,
I euer take fast hold.
154 Defend my good and righteous cause
With speede mee succour send:
From death, as thou hast promised,
L O R D , keepe mee and defend.
155 Asfor the wicked, farre they are,
From haing health and grace.

Psalm Cxix.

Whereby they might thy Statutes know,
1 They enter not the trace.

156 Great are thy mercies L O R D, I grant,
What tongue can them attaine?
And as thou hast me judge ere now,
So let me life obtaine.

157 Though many men doe trouble mee,
And persecute most sore,
Yet from thy Lawes I never il runke,
Not went awry therefore.

158 And truth it is, for griefe I die,
When I these traytors see.
Because they keepe no whit thy word,
Nor yet seeke to know thee.

159 Behold, for I doe loue thy Lawes,
VVith heart most glad and faine,
As thou art good and gracious, L O R D,
Restore my life againe.

160 What thy word doth decree must be,
And so it hath beene euer,
Thy righteous judgements are also,
Most truc and decay never,
S C H I N.

161 Princes hanc sought with cruelty,
Causelesse to make mee crouch:
But all invaine for of thy word,
The feare did mine heart touch.

162 And certaintly euene of thy word,
I was more merry and glad,
Than hee that of richspoiles and preyes,
great store and plentie had.

163 As for all lies and falsities,
I hate most and detest.
For why thine holy Law doe I,
Aboue all things loue best.

164 Seuen times a day I praise thee Lord:
Singing with heart and voyce:
Thy righteous Actes and wonderfull,
So cause mee to rejoyce,

165 Great peace and rest shall all such haue
Who doe thy Statutes loue:
No danger shall their quiet state,
Impare or once remoue.

166 Mine onely health and comfort, Lord
I looke for at thine hand:
And therefore haue I done these thinges,
Which thou didst mee command.

167 Thy Lawes haue beene mine exercise.
Which my soule most desired:
So much my loue to them was bent,
That nought else I requirde.

168 Thy Statutes, and Commandements
I kept thou knowest aright:
For all the thinges that I haue done,
Are present in thy sight.

T A V.

169 O Lord let my complaint and cry,
Before thy face appeare:
And as thou hast me promised,
So teach mee thee to teare.

170 Mine humble supplycation,
To thee let finde accessie:
And grant mee, L O R D deliverance
For so is thy promise,

171 Then shall my lips thy praises speake
After most amplefors:
When thou thy Statutes hast mee taught
Wherin stands my comfort.

Psalm Cxx.

172 my tong shall sing & preach thy w
And on thiswile say shall,
G O D S famous acts and Noble Lawes,
Are just and perfect all.

173 Stretch out thine hand, I thee besee
And speedily mee saue:
For thy Commandements to obserue,
Chosen O L O R D, I haue.

174 Of thee alone, Lord, I crave health;
For other know I none:
And in thy Law, and nothing else,
I doe delite alone.

175 Grant me, therfore, long dayes to li
Thy Name to magnifie:
And of thy judgements mercifull,
Let mee thy fauour try.

176 For I was lost and went astray.
Much like a wandring sheepe
Oh, seeke mee for I haue not fauldes,
Thy Commandements to keepes.

P S A L M E C x x.

1 N T rouble and in thrall,
Vuto the L O R D I call,
And hee doeth mee comfort,
2 deliuer mee, I say,
From liars lippes alway,
And tongues of false report.

3 VVhat vintage, or what thing,
Getsthou thus for to kynge?
Thou false and flattering liar?

4 Thy tongue doth hant, I weene,
No lesse than Arrowes keen
As hot consuming fire.

5 Alas to long I slacke,
VVithin these Tents so blacke,
VVhich Kedars are by name.
By whom the folke elect,
And all of Isaacks seed,
Are put to open shame.

6 VVith them that peace did hate,
I came a peace to make,
And set a quiet life.

7 But when my word was tolde,
Causelesse I was contredde,
By them that would haue strife.

P S A L M E C x x i.

1 L I F T mine eyes to Syon Hill,
From whence I doe attend:
That succour G O D mee send,

2 The mighty G O D mee succour will,
VVho heauen and earth framed.
And all things therein named.

3 Thy stote from slippe he will preserue,
And will thee safely keepe:
For hee will never sleepe,

4 Ioe, ioe that Israel doeth conserue,
No sleepe at all can him catch,
But his eyes shall euer watch.

5 The Lord is thy warrant always,
The L O R D eke doth thee couer,
As at thy right hand euer.

6 The sunne shall not thee parch by day,
Nor the moone not halfe so bright,
Shall with cold thee hurt by night.

7 The Lord will keepe thee from distres,
And will thy life surefaue,
And thou shalt also haue

8 In all thy busynesse good successe,
Where euer thou goest in or out,
G O D will thy thinges bring about.

Psalme Cxxi.

1 D I D in heart i joyce,
To heare the peoples voyce,
In offering so willinglie
For let vs vp, say they.
And in the L O R D S House pray,
Thus spoke the folke fullouingly.
2 Our feare that wanded wide.
Shall in thy gates abide.
3 O thou Ierusalem full faire,
Which are so seemly set,
Muchlike a Cittie neate,
The like whereof is not else where.
4 The Tribes with one accord.
The Tribes of G O D the L O R D ,
Arethither beat their way to take.
So God before did tell,
That there his Israel.
Their prayers should together make.
5 For there are thornes erect,
And that for this respect :
To set foorth justice orderly :
VVhich Throne right to maintaine,
To Dauids house pertaine,
His folke to iudge accordingly.
6 To pray let vs not cease,
For Ierusalem's peace,
Thy friends G O D prosper mightily,
7 Peace bee thy walles about,
And prosper thee throughout,
Tay Palaces continually.
8 I wish thy prosperous state,
For my poore Brethrens sake,
That comfort haue by meanes of thee.
9 G O D S house doth mee allure,
Thy wealth for to procure,
So much alwayes, as lieth in mee.

PSALME Cxxiiii.

O L O R D that Heauen doest possesse,
I lift mine eyes to thee,
Even as the seruant lifteth his,
His masters hands to see.
2 As handmaids watch their Mistresse hāds
Some grace for to atchieue
So wee behold the L O R D our G O D ,
Till hee doe vs forgiue.
3 L O R D grant vs thy compassion,
And mercy in thy sight,
For wee be fild and ouercome,
VVith hatred and whi spight.
4 Our inides bee stift with great rebuke,
The rich and worldly wise :
Doe make of vs their mocking stocke.
The proud doe vs despise.

PSALME Cxxviii.

N O w Israell,
May say, and that truely,
If that the L O R D .
Had not our cause maintaide,
2 If that the L O R D
Had not our right sustaide,
When all the VVorld.
Against vs furiously,
Made their proaires
And saide wee shold all die,
3 Now long agoe,
They had devoured vs all,
And swallowed quicke,
For ought that wee could deeeme,
Such was their rage,
As wee might well esteeme.

Psalme Cxxiii.

4 And as the floods :
With mighty force doe fall,
So had they now.
Our life euen brought to thrall.
5 The raging stremes
Most proude in roaring noise,
Had long agoe,
Ouerwhelmed vs in the deapes,
6 But loued bee G O D ,
VVhichdoeth vs safely keepe,
From bloody teeth,
And their most cruell voyce,
VVhich as a prey.
To eate vs would rejoice.

7 Euen as a Birde,
Out of the Fowlers grim :
Escapes away.

Right so it fares with vs,
Broke all their nets,
And wee haue escaped thus.
8 G O D , that made Heauen,
And Earth, is our helpe thow
His NAME hath sau'd
Vs from these wicked men.

PSALME Cxxv.

S VCH as in God the Lord doe trust,
As Mount Syon shall firmly stand,
And bee remoued at no hand,
The Lord wil count them right and iust
So that they shall bee sure,
For euer to endure.

2 As mighty mountaines huge and great,
Ierusalem about doeth close,
So will the Lord bee vnto those,
VWho on his Godly will doe waite.
Such are to him so deare,
They neuer neede to feare.

3 For though the righteous tri doth bee
By making wicked men his rod :
Least they through griefe forsak their God
It shall not as their lot still bee.
4 Gine L O R D , to these thy light,
VVhose heartes are true and right,
5 But as for such as turne aside.
By crooked ways, which they out soughe
The Lord will surely bring to noughe
VVith workers vile they shall abide.
But peace with Israel,
For euermore shalldwell.

PSALME Cxxvi.

W H E N that the L O R D ,
Against his Syon had fourth-brought
From bondage great,
And also seruitude extreme,
His workes was such
As did surmount mans heart & thought
So that wee were
Muchlike to them that vse to dreare
Our mouthes were
With laughter filled them,
And eke our tonges.
Did shew vs ioyfull men.

3 The Heathen folke,
VVere forced then this to confesse
How that the Lord,
For them also great things had done
3 But much more we,
And therefore wee confesse no lese

Psalme Cxxvi.

Wherfore to ioye,
Vvee haue good cause, as we begune,
O L O R D , goe foorth,
Thou canst our bondage ende :
To desarts,
Thy flowing riuers send,
Full true it is.
That they which saw with teares indeed
A time will come.
Vvhen they shal reap with mirth & joy
They went and wept.
In bearing of their pretious seede,
Or that their foes,
Full oftentimes did them annoy,
At their returme,
With joy they shall sure see :
Their sheaves home bring,
And not impeded bee.

PSALME C x x v i i .

Except the Lord the house doe make,
And therewithal doe set his hand,
What men doe build, it cannot stand,
Likewise in vaine men undertake,
Cities and holds to watch and ward,
Except the L O R D bee their safe gard

Though yee rise early in the morne,
And so at night goe late to bed
Feeding full hardly on browne bread,
Yet were your labour lost and worne,
But they whom God doe loue and keep
Receiuie all things with quiet sleepe.

Therefore marke well when euer yee see
That men haue heirest enjoy their Land
It is the gift of Gods owne hand,
Or God himselfe doeth multiply,
Of his Great Liberalitie,
The blessing of posterity.

And when their Children come to age,
They grow in strength and attiuentesse,
In person and in comelinesse,
So that a shaft shot with courage,
Of one that hath a most strong arme.
Flieth not so swift, nor doth like harme
Oh, well is him that hath his Quiver.
Furnisht with such Artillery,
For when in perill hee shall bee,
Such one shall never shake nor shiuere,
Vvhen that he pleades before the Judge
Against his foes that beare him grudge

PSALME C x x viii .

LESSE art then that fearest God
And walkest in his way.
For of thy labour thou shalt eate,
Happy art thou (I say)
Like fru. tefull Vines on thy house side,
So doth thy wife spring out :
By Children stand like Olive plants,
Thy table round about,
Thus art thou blessed that fearest GOD
And hee shall let thee see.
ie promised Ierusalem,
And his felicity.
Thou shalt thy Childrens Children see,
To thy great joyes increase,
And likewise grace on Israel,
Prosperity and peace,

Psalme Cxxix.

O Israel,
This may now bee the song,
2 Euen from my youth,
My foes full oft me noyed,
A thousand illes,
Since I was tender and young,
They haue ince wrought,
Yet was I not destroyed.

3 As yet I beare,
The markes in bone and skinne,
That one would thinke,
The Plow-men with their plowes,
Upon my backe,
Haue made their balkes farre in :
For like plowde ground,
Euen so haue I long furrowes :

4 But yet the L O R D ,
Vvho doth all things iustly :
Hath cut the ropes,
And so stayed the wickedes rage,
5 Euen so shall all,
Such perish shamefully.
Vvhich hate Syon,
Or wish it any damage.

6 All such men shall,
Bee like the grasse that growths,
Upon the walles,
Or topes of houses most hie.
Which suddenly,
Ere one beware withereth,
So that no fruite,
On such Hearbes can gathered bee,

7 Neuer man saw,
That any Mower mowde,
Such grasse as that,
Or thereof his hand did fill,
Muchlesse that hee,
Who gaines of that is sowde,
Vnder his arme,
Bare some thing his house vntill.

8 Nor yet that hee,
That passeth by that way,
Say eth to the Repers,
God save you, or God speedes,
No ; no man doeth,
With them good lucke, I say,
Or pray that G O D
Would for their work send them neede.

PSALME C x x x .

Lord, to thee I make my moane,
When dangers mee oppresse :
I call, I sigh, plaine and grone,
Trusting to finde release.

2 Heare now O L O R D , my request,
For it is now due time.
And let thine eares aye bee prest,
Vnto this prayer mine.

3 O L O R D my G O D , if thou wey
Our sinnes, and them peruse,
Who shall then escape, and say,
I can my selfe excuse .

4 But, L O R D , thou art mercifull,
And turnest to vs thy grace,
That wee with heartes most carefull,
Should feare before thy face.

5 In G O D I put my whole trust,
My soule waites on his will:

Psalm Cxxxii.

For his promise is most just,
And I hope therein still.

6 My Soule to G O D hath regard,
Wishing for him alway:
More than they that watch and ward,
To see the dawning day.

7 Let Israel then boldlie,
In the L O R D put his trust,
Hee is that G O D of mercie,
That his deliuernace must.

8 For hee it is that maketh saue,
Israel from his sinne,
And all such that surely haue
Their confidence in him.

PSALME Cxxxii.

L O R D, I am not pust vp in mind,
I haue no scornefull eye:
I doe not exercise my selfe,
In thinges that a e too lie,

2 But as a Childe that wained is,
Euen from his mothers brest:
So haue I L O R D, behau'd my selfe,
In silence and in rest.

3 O Israel, trust in the L O R D,
Let him bee all thy stay:
From this time forth for euermore,
From age to age, I say.

PSALME Cxxxiii.

O F David, L O R D, in minde record,
And eke of his afflictions all:

2 Who sware an oath vnto the L O R D,
And made a solemne vowe withall,
Saying to Iaakobs mightie G O D.

3 This promise, L O R D, to thee I make
Mine house not enter in will I,

4 Nor rest vpon my Couth will take,
Nor once gaine sleepe vnto mine eye,
Or yet mine eye-lids close from wake,

5 Vntill I for the L O R D pronide,
And finde some place his owne to bee,
Where Iaakobs mightie G o d may bide
And plant his House eternallie:
There to remaine from time to tyde,

6 Behold, the same then heare did wee,
In Ephirata that fruitlefull ground,
Which is right pleasant vnto thee,
And haue thy dwelling place out found
Within the Forrests fieldes to bee.

7 Thy Tabernacles there once pight,
To worshipe thee, wee will bee prest,
Before thy foote-stole there in sight,

8 Arise therefore, come to thy rest,
Thou and the Ark of thy great might

9 Let righteousness thy Priests imbrace,
A precious garment it them make,
Gaine to thine holy One sace.

10 And for thy seruant Davids sake
Refuse not thine annointed sace.

11 To David G O D in trueth did swere,
And sure hee will performe that thing:
Saying, Doubtless I will vpreare,
The fruit from thy loynes shall spring
Vpon thy Throne the rule to beare.

12 If that thy sonnes thy bnd retaine,
And from my Lawes abacke not flit:
Which I the n learne, this grace againe
Vvill them shew their sonnes shall sit,
Vpon thy seat, aye to remaine.

Psalm Cxxxii.

13 For G O D hath chosen mount Syon,
Whereto abid hee liketh well.

14 Saying, This is my rest alone,
For euermore I will heere dwell,
My whole desire is set theron.

15 I doubtless will her victuales blesse,
Her poore with bread eke satiesse,

16 And cloth her priests with healthsulnes
Yea all her good men cause will I,
To shout and cry for ioyfulnessse.

17 My seruut Davids horne of might,
In her will I make budde and spring,
For I ordained haue a light,
To mine annointed Christ and King,
There to remaine in all mens fight.

18 But I will cloath his enemies all,
With vile reprehēc, rebuke and shame
Wheras his Crowne Imperiall,
Vnto his honour and great fame,
Vpon his head still flourish shall.

PSALME Cxxxiii.

O HOW happy a thing it is,
And ioyfull for to see?
Brethren together fast to holde
The band of Amitie.

2 It calleth to minde that sweete perfume
And that costly oyntment,
Which on the Sacrificers head.
By GODS Precepts was spent.

It wete not Aarons head alone,
But drencht his beard throughout,
And finally it did manne downe,
His rich attyre about.

3 And as the lower ground doeth drinke,
The dew of Hermon Hill,
And Syon with her siluer droppes,
The fields with fruit doth fill,

4 Euen so the Lord doeth powre on them,
His blessings manifold,
Whose hearts & mindes without all guile
This knote doeth keepe and hold.

PSALME Cxxxiii.

B EHO I D, and haue regard,
Yee Seruants of the L O R D,
Who in his house by night doe watch,
Praise him with one accord.

2 Lift vp your hands on high,
Vnto his holie Place:
And give the L O R D his praises due,
His benefites embrace.

3 For why? the L O R D, who did,
Both Earth and Heauen frame:
Doeth Syon blesse, and will conserue,
For euermore the same.

PSALME Cxxv.

V NT O the Name of God the Lord,
Gaine praise with one accord,
O praise him still all yee that bee,
The Seruants of the L O R D.

2 Extol his praise all yee that stand
Within the house of G O D,
All yee that in his Courtes remaine,
His praise declare abroad.

Praise yee the L O R D, for hee is goods
Sing pra ses to his Name:
It is a comelic and good thing,
Always to doe the same.

4 For G O D hath chosen Iaakob out,
His verie owne you see?

Psalm Cxxxv.

So hath hee chosen Israel,
His treasure for to bee.

5 For this I know assuredlie,
The L O R D is verie great,
And that hee hath aboue all gods,
His dwelling place and seate.
6 For whatsoever pleaseth him,
That hath hee brought about.
In Heaven, and Earth and in the Sea,
Yea, all the depthes throughout.
7 He from the Earth the clouds doth bring
The lightninges and the raine :
Hee maketh eke, and winds to come,
From whence they did remaine,
8 Hee smote the first borne of each thing,
In Egypt that tooke rest,
Hee spared there no living thing,
The man nor yet the beast.
9 O Egypt, hee in midst of thee,
Hath made his wonders fall:
On Pharaao, thy cruell King,
And on his servants all.
10 Hee sundrie people brought to nought
Destroying them out-right.
And many Kings hee slew also,
That were of power and might.
11 As Sylon that sometime was Lord,
And King of Amorites :
And Og the King of Basan Land,
VVith all the Canaanites.
12 And gave their Land to Israel,
An heritage weesee,
To Israel his Chosen Flocke,
Their heritage to bee.
13 Thy Name O L O R D, shall still endure,
And thy memoriall:
Throughout all generations,
That art or euer shall.
14 The L O R D will surely judge a right,
His people all indeed :
And to his servant fauour shew,
Will hee in time of neede.
15 The idoles of the Heathen all,
Throughout their Coastes and Lands,
Offiluer and of Gold they bee,
The workes even of mens hands.
16 For mouthes they haue & speake no whit,
And eyes and may not see,
17 So haue they eares and nothing heare
And breathlesse almost bee.
18 Wherefore all they are like to them,
That doe so let them foorth :
And likewise those that trust in them,
Or thinke they bee ought worth.
19 O all yee house of Israel,
See that yee praise the L O R D,
And yee that bee of Aarons house.
Praise him with one accord.
20 And yee that bee of Leuies house,
Praise yee likewise the L O R D,
And all that stand in awe of him,
Praise him with one accord,
21 And out of Syon sound his praise,
The praise of God the L O R D;
Which dwelleth in Ierusalem,
Praise him with one accord.

Psalm Cxxxvi.

O L A V D E the L O R D benigne,
VVhoſo mercies last for aye,
Give thankes and prayſes ſing,
To G O D of gods, I ſay.
2 for certainly.
His mercies dure
Both firme and ſure,
Eternally.
3 The Lord of Lords praise vee,
Whose mercies aye doe dure,
4 Great wonders onely hee,
Doeth worke by his great power,
For certainly, &c.
5 VVhich L O R D Omnipotent,
By his great wisedome lie,
The heauenlie Firmament,
Did frame as wee may ſee,
For certainelie, &c.
6 Yea, hee the heauie charge,
Of all the Earth did ſtretch,
And on the waters large,
The ſame hee did out-teach,
For certainelie, &c.
7 Great lights hee made to bee,
For why? his loue is aye,
8 Such as the Sunne wee ſee,
To rule the lightſome day,
For certainelie, &c.
9 And eke the Moone ſo cleare,
Whiſh shineth in our night,
And Starres that doe appeare,
To guide the darkſome night,
For certainelie, &c.
10 With grieuous plagues and ſore,
All Egypt ſinore hee then,
Their first-borne leſſe and more,
Hee slew of beast and man.
For certainelie, &c.
11 And from amide their Land,
His Israel foorth brought,
12 Which hee with mightie hand,
And ſtretched Arme hath wrought,
For certainelie, &c.
13 The Sea hee cut in two,
Which stood vp like a wall,
14 And made through it to goe
His chosen Children all:
For certainelie, &c.
15 But there hee whelmed them,
The proude King Pharaao,
With his huge hoaſt of men,
And Chiſet eke alſo:
For certainly, &c.
16 Who led through Wildernesſe,
His people ſafe and ſound :
17 And for his loue endleſſe,
Great Kings hee brought to ground,
For certainly, &c.
18 And ſlew with puissant hand,
Kinges mighty and of fame,
19 As of the Amorites Land,
Sihon the King by name,
For certainly, &c.

Psalm Cxxxvii.

• And Og the (Gyant large)
Of Basan King also,
Vvhose Land for Heritage.
Hec gaue his people tho :
For certainlly, &c.

Euen vnto Israel
His seruant deare, I say,
Hec gaue the same to dwell,
And there abide for aye.
For certainlly, &c.

To minde bee did vs call.
In our most base degree,
And from oppessours all,
In safety set vs free,
For certainlly, &c.

All flet in Earth abroad,
Vvith food hee doeth fulfill:
Wherofe of Heauen the GOD,
To laude bee it your will.
For certainlly, &c.

PSALM CXXXVII.

W HEN as wee sat in Babilon,
The Riners round about :
In remembrance of Syon,
The teares for griefe burst out,
Wee hangde our Harpes and Instruments
The willow Trees vpon:
Or in that place men for their vse,
Had planted manie one.

Then they to whom wee prisoners were ,
Said to vs tauntinglie,
Now let vs heare your Hebrew songes ,
And pleasant melodie.
Alas, said wee, who can once frame ,
His sorrowfull heart to sing ,
The praises of our living G O D ,
Thus vnder a strange King.

But yet if I Ierusalem ,
Out of mine heart let slide:
Then let my fngers quite forget ,
The warbling Harpe to guide.
And let my tongne within my mouth ,
Bee tyde for ever fast:
That I joye before I see ,
Thy full deliuernace past.

Therefore, O Lord, Remember now ,
The cursed noyse and cry:
That Edom sonnes against vs made ,
When they razde our Citie.
Remember, L O R D , their ernele words
Vvhen as with one accord:
They cryde, One facke and raze their wals
In despite of their L O R D .

Euen so shall thou , O Babylon ,
At length to dust bee brought:
And happy shall that man bee calde ,
That our renenge hath wrought.
Blessed shall that man bee calde .
That takes thy Children young ,
And dash their bones against hard Rones ,
Whiche lye the streetes among .

PSALM Cxxxviii.

W IT H my whole heart ,
The L O R D now praise will I ,
Sore the gods ,
I will him praise for euer.
Toward thy Church ,
And Temple will I cry .

Psalm Cxxxix.

Because thy loue ,
And kindnesse taileth never .
Thy Godlie Name ,
Thy word hath most aduanced ,
Which doeth excell ,
And ought to bee enhanced .

3 When I did call ,
Then didst thou mee heare ,
And strengthened haft .
My Soule so sore oppressed ,

4 All earthlie Kinges .
Shall thee L O R D praise with feare
For they haue heard ,
Thy word by mouth expressed .
They shall all sing ,
And praise thy wayes so holie ,
For great thou art ,
And great, L O R D is thy glory ,

6 The L O R D i shigh ,
But yet the mecke doeth see ,
As for the proude ,
Fare off hee him obserueth ,

7 But though I walke ,
And in great troubles bee ,
Mee to reuue .
From all hurt hee dischargeth ,
Thine hand stretchfoorth
My foes their mecke doe render ,
And with the same ,
Thou art my sure defender .

8 The L O R D his worke ,
Which hee in mee begaunce ,
Will it perforne
I am theresoef resolued .
Thy mercies, L O R D ,
Expresse with penne who can ?
They are so great
They cannot bee reuolued .

Forsake not L O R D ,
The worke which thou haft framed ,
But let mee bee ,
By thee alway reclaimed .

PSALM CXXXIX .
O Lord thou hast mee tride & knowne
My sitting doest thou know :
2 And tisng eke my thoughts a farre ,
Thou vnderstand'it also .
3 My pathes, yea, and my lving downe ,
Thou compassest alwayes :
And by familiar custome art .
Acquainted with my wayes :

4 No word was in my tongue, O L O R D ,
But knowne it is to thee .

5 Thou bindst mee in on either side ,
And layest thine hand on mee .

6 Too wonderfull aboue my reach ,
L O R D , is thy cunning skill ,
It is so hie, that I the same ,
Cannot attaine vntill .

7 From sight of thy All-seeing Spirit ,
Lord, whether shall I gree ?

Or whither shall I flee away ,
Thy presence to scape fro ?

8 To heauen if I mote a loſt ,
Loe thou art present there :
In Hell if I lie downe below
Euen there thou dost appeare .

9 Yes .

Psalme Cxxxix.

9 Yea, let mee take the morning winges,
And let mee goe and hide,
Euen there where are the farthest partes,
Where flowing Seas doth slide.

10 Yet notwithstanding thither shall
Thy reaching hand mee guide:
And thy right hand shall hold mee fast,
And make mee to abide.

11 Yea, if I say, the darkenesse shall,
Yet shrowde me from thy sight,
Loe euen also the darkest night,
About mee shall be light.

12 Yea darkenesse hideth not from thee,
But night doth shine as day,
To thee the darkenesse and the light,
Are both alike alway.

13 For thou possessest hast my reines,
And thou hast couered mee:
When I within my mothers wombe,
Enclosed was by thee.

14 I will thee praise for fearefully,
And wondrous mad I am:
Thy workes are marueilous, and well
My soule doth know the same.

15 My bones they are not hid from thee,
Although in secret place,
I haue beeene made, and in the Earth
Beneath I shapen was.

16 When I was formeles, euen thine eye,
Saw mee, for in thy Booke,
Were written all, nought was before,
That after fashon tooke.

17 The thoughts therefore of the, O GOD
How deare are they to mee?
And of them all how passing, great,
The endlesse number bee.

18 If I should count them Ie their sum
More than the sand I see;
And whensooner I awake,
Yet still I am with thee.

19 The wicked and the bloody men,
Oh that thou wouldest slay,
Euen those O GOD to whom I cry,
Depart from mee away.

20 Euen those of thee, O Lord my God,
That speake full wickedly,
Those that are litted vp in vaine,
And enemies are to thee.

21 Hate I not them that hate thee Lord,
And that in earnest wise:
Contend I not against them ill,
That doe against thee rise.

22 I hate them with vnfained hate.
Euen as mine vter foes:

23 Try mee O God, and know mine heart
My thoughts, poue and disclose.

24 Consider, Lord if wickednesse,
In mee their any bee:
And in thy way, O God my Guide,
For euer lead thou mee.

PSALM CxI.

FROM the perverse and wicked wight,
O LORD deliuer mee.
And from the cruell mans despight,
preserued let mee bee,

2 Who in their hearts doe mischiese warp
And euill things iuuent,

Psalme CXL.

Continually to warre right sharpe,
Ou mee thy are full bent.

3 They wherred haue their tongus askeen
As is the Serpents speare:
They adders poyson may bee seene,
Vnder their lippes to beare.

4 From wicked hands, Lord, mewithhold
Preserue mee to abide:
Free from the cruell man, that would
My foote-steppes cause to slide.

5 For loe the proud a snare haue set,
For mee in my path-way:
And haue with cords spred foorth their net,
And grinnes for mee they lay.

6 Therefore vnto the L O R D , said I,
Thou art my G O D alone,
Heare then, O L O R D , the voyce and cry
Wherewith I plant and mine.

7 O Lord my God, the strength and stay,
Of my saluation:
Mine head thou coueredst in the day,
That battell cime mee on.

8 Let not the wicked men obtaine,
On mee his hearts desire:
Nor yet performe his thoughts most vaine
Lest pride, him set on haire.

9 Of those that compasse mee, O L O R D
The chiefe and principall:
The mischiese of their lips accords,
Upon themselues to fall.

10 Let coales vpon their heades down fall
Them cast in fierie glow,
And that they rise no more at all,
Into deepe pits them thow.

11 The L O R D , I know th' affliction came
Will surely take in hand
And hee against the poore mans foes,
With judgement iug will stand.

12 Undoubtedly the man vpright,
Shall praise thy Name therefore,
And eke the just shall in thy sight,
Inhabit euermore.

P S A L M E CxI.

ON thee I call, O I. O R D therefore,
Hast, let I bee dismaide:
Oh heare my voyce when as I roare,
And cry to thee for ayde.

2 My prayers in thy sight let bee,
As incense pure of price,
And eke mine hands lift vp to thee
As euening sacrifice.

3 Before my mouth, O I. O R D , a ward
And watch set I thec pray:
And of my lippes bee thou the gardes,
And keeper sure for ay.

4 Let not my heart to ill incline,
That with those wicked mates,
Which mischiese worke I fall to sinne,
No taste their delicates.

5 When I offend, then let the just
Correct mee, L O R D , that day:
For as a benefite needs must:
I take the same alway.

Yea his reprofe shall bee sweet oy le,
That shall mine head not breake,
As for my foes within short while,
I shall haue cause to speake.

Psalme CXLII.

And when their Iudg's downe shall fall
Amongst the stanes to ground:
The peple shall my words heare all,
Which sweet and true they fround.
O L O R D, behold our bones are strowde,
About the pit had graue.
Like chips by him that wood hath hewde,
Or digged in a caue.

Yet vnto thee mine eyes their sight,
Doe cast in this distresse:
On thee, O L O R D my trust is pight,
Leave not my soule helpelesse,
But keepe me from the snare, which they
Haue spread to trap mee in,
And from the gynnes, which such doe lay,
As are addit to stane.

As for the wicked, let them fall,
Into their nets prearde:
Whilst I escape, yea let them all,
Together to bee snarde.

PSALME Cxlii.

V N T O the Lord, I cry did and call:
Yea, with my voyce I him besought.
And my requestes before him let fall,
So that my grieves and troubles withall,
Before his presence I foorth brought,
To stay my troubled thought.

Though I in spirit was troubled & rent,
Yet thou my path didst know alway:
The selfesame trade wherein I then went,
My foes so much to malice were bent,
They priuily their snare did lay,
To take mee as their prey.

As I now at my right hand did looke,
And so beheld, on either side.
Not one found I, who could me wel brook
But seeming strange, they there me forsook
All refuge was from mee full wyde.
My soule the selfesame tryde.

Then cryed I, O L O R D, vnto thee,
And alle said thus in effect,
Thou art mine hope, and so still shalt bee
Yea my whole part, which thou gauest me
Within the Land so seemely dect
Where dwell doe thine Elect.

To my complaint, O Lord, now give ear
For ayn brought full low and base,
Sane mee from such as puts mee in feare,
Which Tyrants would a-sunder mee teare
For why their force might soone tak place
Mee thoughtly to deface.

Make free my soule, in bonds y doth lie,
That I may praise thine holy Name,
The righteous then will still stand me by
And with much joy thy praises cry:
For shewing, Lord, to mee the same,
They will set foorth thy fame.

PSALME Cxliii.

O H, heare my prayer, L O R D,
And vnto my request:
To bow thine eare accord,
And as thou thinkest best,
According to thy trueth,
And for thy justice sake,
O L O R D, on mee haue ruth,
And answere to mee make.

Psalme CXLIV.

To iudgement enter not,
With mee thy seruant poore:
For why? this well I wot,
No man in sight may dure,
Of thee the lining G O D,
If then his deedes wouldest try,
Hee dare make none abode,
Himselfe to iustifie.

Echold mine enemie,
Pursued hath with spight,
My soule it to deitroy;
Yea, hee my life downe right,
Vnto the Earth hath smote,
And layed mee full low,
Indarknesse as forgote,
Or men dead long agoe.

Wherethrough my spirit, alas,
Was troubled with vnrest.
Mine heart amazed was,
And vexed in my breast.

Yet I to minde doe call,
Time past and doe record,
Thy workes yea, thinke on all,
Thine handie workes, O Lord.

With grieuous plaint and mone,
Mine hands I stretcht abroad,
To thee mine helpe alone:
For loe, my soule, O G O D,
Most ardently desires,
And longeth after thee,
As thursty ground requires
With raine refresht to bee.

O L O R D for mine auaile,
To heare mee make good speed,
For loe my spirit doth failc,
Hide not thy face in need,
From mee poore wretch, alas,
For doubtlesse else I shall,
Bee like to those that passe,
And in the graue doe fall.

Now sith I trust in thee,
Thy clemency benign,
To heare grant vnto mee,
When breake of day doeth spring,
The way to mee descry,
That I should wilke and goe:
For I my soule on hic
To thee haue lifted tho.

From all my foes me save,
And set mee free, I pray:
For, L O R D with thee I haue,
Still hide my selfe alway:

To doe thy will instruct,
Mee, L O R D, my G O D of night,
Let thy good Spirit conduct,
Mee to the Land of right.

To quicken mee accord,
For thy Namesake also,
And for thy justice, L O R D,
Bring out my soule from woe.

And for thy mercie slay
My foes, and put to shame
My loules oppresours aye,
For I thy seruant am.

PSALME Cxlii.

B lest be the Lord my strength, that doth
Instruct mine handes to fight,

Psalme CXLIV.

The Lord that doeth my fingers frame,
Tobatell by his might.
3 Hee is my goodnesse, fort and tower,
Deliuener and shield:
In him I trust, my people bee,
Subdues, to mee to yeeld.
3 O L O R D, what thibg is man that him,
Thou holdest so in pris?
Or Sonne of man, that vpon him,
Thou thinkest is Inch wise?
4 Man is but like to vanity
So passe his dayes to end?
5 As fleeting thade bow dowsie, O Lord,
Thy Heauens and descend.
6 The Mountains touch, & they shal smok
Cast foorth thy lightning flame,
And scatter them: thine arrowes shoot,
Consume them with the same.
7 Send dwyntine hande vñ from aboue
O L O R D, deliuere mee,
Take mee from waters great, from hande
Of strangers make mee free.
8 VVhose subtile mouth of vanitie,
And fondnesse doth intreat:
And their right hand is a right hand,
Of falt hood and deceit.
9 A new song I will sing O G O D,
And singing I will bee:
On Viole and mu instrument,
Ten stringed vnto thee,
10 Euen hee it is that onely giues,
Deliurance to Kinges:
Vnto his servant David helpe,
From hurtfull sword hee brings.
11 From strangers hands me sauue and shidle
VVhose mouth speake vanity:
And their right hand is a right hand,
Of guile and subtilty.
12 So that our sonnes may bee as plantes
Whom growing yonth doeth reare,
Our daughters carued corner stones,
like to a palace faire.
13 Our garners full and plenty may,
VVith sundry sortes bee found:
Our sheepe bring thousands in our streets
Tenne thousands may abound.
14 Our Oxen bee to laboure strong,
That none doe vs suade,
There bee no going out or cry,
VVithin our streetts bee made.
15 Those people blessed are that with
Such blessings are so storde,
Yea, blessed all the people are,
Whose GOD is GOD the L O R D.

PSALME CXL V.

O L O R D that art my God and King
Vndoubtedly I will thee praise,
I will extoll and blessings sing,
Vnto thine holy Name alwayes.
2 From day to day I will thee blesse,
And laud thy Name, world without end
3 For great is God, most worthy praise,
Whose greatness none may comprehend
4 Race shall thy workes praise vnto race
And so declare thy power O L O R D,
5 The glorious beauty of thy grace,
And wondrous workes I will record.

Psalme CXLV.

6 And all men shall the power O G O D
Of all thy feafeull actes declare,
And I to publish all abroad.
Thy greatness at no time wills pare,
7 They shall breake out to mention,
And specific thy great goodnesse:
And w loud voyce their songs eachow
Shall frame to shew thy righteousnesse
8 The Lord our God is gracious,
Yea, mercifull hee is also,
In mercy hee is plenteous,
But vnto wrath and anger slow.
9 The Lord to all men is benigne,
Whose mercies all his workes exceed,
10 Thy workes, each one thy praises sing
And eke thy Saints thee blesse indeed.
11 The glory of thy Kingdome they,
Doe shew, and of thy power doe tell.
12 That so men sons his might know may
And Kingdones great that doth excell.
13 Thy Kingdome hath none end at all,
Thy Lordship euer doth remaine,
14 The L O R D vpholdeth all that fall,
And doth the feeble folke sustaine:
15 The eyes of all things, L O R D, attend,
And on thee waite, that heere doe lie
And thou in season due doest send,
Sufficient foode them to relieue.
16 Yea, thou thine hand doft open wide,
And every thing doft satisfie:
That line, and on this Earth abyde,
Of thy great liberality.
17 The L O R D is just in his wayes all,
And holy in his workes eachone:
18 A hand to all, that on him call,
In trueth that call to him alone.
19 The L O R D will the desire fulfill,
Of such as doe him feare and dread,
And hee also their cry heare will.
And sauue thrm in the time of neede,
20 Hee doth preserve them more and lesse,
That beare to him a louing heart,
But workers all of wickednesse,
Destroy will hee, and cleane subvert.
21 My mouth therefore, my speech shal sing
To speake the praises of the L O R D,
All flesh to blesse his holy Name,
For euermore eke shall accord.
P S A L M E C x l v i.

M Y soule praise thou the Lord alway,
My GOD I will confesse.

2 While breath and life prolong my day,
My tongue no time shall cease.

3 Trust not in worldly Princes then,
Though they abound in wealth:
Or in the Sonnes of mortall men,
In whom their is none health.

4 For why? their breath doth soone depa
To Earth alone they fall,
And then the Counsell of their heart,
Decay and perishall:

5 O happy is that man, I say,
VVhom Izaakohs GOD doethaide
And hee whose hope doeth not decay,
But on the L O R D is staide.

6 Who made the Earth and waters depa
The Heauens high withall:

Psalme CXLvii.

Who doeth his word and promise keepe,
In trueth and euer shall.
7 VVith right alwayes doth hee proceed,
For such as suffer wrong,
The poore and hungrye hee doth feede,
And loosesthe fettters strong.
8 The Lord doth send the blind their sight
The lame to limmes restore,
The Lord, I say, doth loue the right,
And iust man euermore.
9 Hee doeth defend the fatherleſſe,
The strangersad in heart,
And quit the Widow from distresse,
And ill mens wayes subuert.

10 Thy Lord and God eternally,
O Syon still shall raigne,
In time of all posterity.
For euer to remaine.

PSALME Cxlvii.

Praise yee thee Lord, for it is good,
Vnto our God to sing :
For it is pleasant, and to praise,
It is a comely thing,
2 The L O R D his owne Ierusalem.
Hee buildeth vp alone :
And the disperſt of Iſrael,
Doeth gather into one.
3 Hee heales the broken in their heart,
Their fores vp doeth hee bind :
4 Hee countes the number of the Starres.
And nam'th them in their kinde.
5 Great is the Lord, great is his power,
His wisedome infinite :
6 The Lord relieves the meeke, & throws
To ground the wicked wight.
7 Sing vnto God the Lord with praise,
Vnto the L O R D reynce,
And to our God vpon the Harpe,
Advanc your ſinging voyce.
8 Hee couereth Heauen with clouds, & for
The Earth prepareth raine :
And on the Mountaines hee doth make,
The grasse to grow againe.
9 Hee gibeth Beastes their foode, yea, to,
Young Rauens when they cry :
10 In ſtrength of horſe nor in mans legs,
No pleasure taketh hee.
11 But in all thone that feare the L O R D
The Lord hath his delight :
And ſuch as doe attend vpon
His mercie ſhining light.
12 O Praise thy Lord Ierusalem,
Thy GOD O Syon praise,
13 For hee the barres hath forged strong,
VVherewith thy gates hee stayes :
14 Thy Children bee hath bleſſt in thee,
And in thy borders hee
Doeth ſettle peace, and with the loue,
Of VVheat hee filleth thee.
15 And his Commandements vpon
The Earth bee ſcadteth out :
And ere his words with ſpedie course,
Doeth ſwiftly runne about.
16 Hee giueth ſnow likewoole, hoare froſt
Like athes doth bee ſpread:
17 Like morsels castes his Yee, wherē of
The cold who can abyde ?

Psalme CXLVIII.

18 Hee ſendeth forth his mighty word,
And melteth them againe,
His windē hee maketh blow and then,
The waters flow amaine,
19 The doctrine of his holy word,
To Iaſkob doth hee ſhow,
His ſtatutes and his Iudgements bee,
Giues Iſrael to know.
20 With every Nation hath hee not,
So dealt nor hane they knowne,
His ſecret judgementes now therfore,
Praise yee the Lord alone.

PSALME Cxlviii.

G I V E laude vnto the Lord,
From Heauen, that is ſo hie,
Praise him in deed and word,
Aboue the ſtarry Skie.

2 And alſo yee,
His Angels all,
Armies toyall,
Praise him with glee.
3 Praise him both Sunne and Moone,
Which are ſo cleare and bright
The ſame of you be done,
Yee glittering ſtarres of light,
And eke no leſſe,
Yee Heauen faire,
And clouds of the aire,
His laude expreſſe.

5 For at his word they were,
All formed as wee ſee
At his voyce did appeare,
All things in their degrees,
6 Which hee ſet Fast,
To them hee made
A law and traide,
For aye to laſt.

7 Extoll and praife Gods Name,
On earth yee Dragons ſell,
All depths doe yee the ſame,
For it becommeth you well.
8 Hie magnifie,
Fire Haile, Yce Snow,
And ſtormes that blow,
At his decree.

9 The Hilles and Mountaines all,
And Trees that fruitfull are,
The Cedars great and tall,
His worthy praife declar,
10 He ſets and Cartell,
Yea, birds flying,
And wormes creeping,
That on Earth dwell.

11 All things both more and leſſe,
With all their pompeous traine,
Princes and all Iudges,
That in the world remaine,
12 Extoll his Name,
Young Men and Maides,
Olde Men and Babes,
Doe yee the ſame.

13 For his Name ſhall wee praue,
To bee moft excellent,
Whose praife is farre aboue,
The Earth and Firmament.

Psalme CXLIX.

For sure hee shall,
Exalt with blesse,
The horne of his
And helpe them all.)

2 His Santes all shall soorth tell,
His praise and worthinesse:
The Children of Israel,
Each-one both more and lesse,
And also they,
That with good will,
His wordes fulfill,
And him obey.

Glorie to the Father bee,
And to the Sonne most sweetes:
The same Glorie gine wee,
Unto the holie Spirit.
As was before,
G O D creat all,
Is now, and shall,
For euermore.

PSALM E. CXLIX.

SING unto the L O R D,
With hearty accord,
A new joyfull Song,
His praises resonnd,
In every ground.
His Santes all among.

2 Let Israel rejoice,
And praise eke with voyce,
His Maker louing.
The Sonnes of Syon,
Let them euy one,
Bee glad in their K I N G,

3 Let all them aduance,
His Name in the dance,
Both now and alwayes,
With harpe and Tabret,
Even so likewise let,
Them yttre his praise.

4 The L O R D S pleasure is,
In them that are his:
Not Willing to start,
But all meanes doe seeke,
To succour the ineeke,
And humble in heart.

5 The saints more and lesse,
His praise shall expresse;
As is good and right,
Rejoycing, I say,
Both now and for aye,
In their beddes at nigh.

6 Their throat shall布raft one,
In every roue,
In praise of the L O R D,
And as men most boldie,
In hand shall they hold,
A two egged swerd.

7 Auenged to bee,
In every degré.
The Heathen vpon.
And for to reprove,
As them doth behoue,
The people eac' one.

8 To binde strange Kinges fast,
In chaines that will last.
Their Nobies also.

Psalme CL.

In hard yron bandes,
As well feete as hands.
To their griefe and woe.

9 That they may indeed,
Giue sentence with speed
On them to their paine,
As is write alwayes,
Such honour and praise,
His santes shall obtaine.

PSALM E CL.

Y Eeld unto God the mightie Lord,
Praise in his Sanctuarie:
And praise him in the Firmament,
Vvich shewes his power on hie.

2 Aduance his Name, and praise him in
His mightie Actes alwayes:
According to his excelleunce,
Of greatnessse give him praise.

3 His praises with the princelie noise,
Offounding Trumpets blow,
Praise him vpon the Viole, and
Vpon the Harpe also.

4 Praise him with Cimbrell and with Flut
Organes and Virginals.

5 With sounding Cimbales praise ye him,
Praise him with loude Cymbales.

6 What euer hath the benefite
Of breathing, praise the L O R D.
To Praise the Name of God the Lord,
Praise him with one accord.

The end of the Psalms.

*A Confession of our
sinnen.*

O Eternall G O D, and most
Mercifull Father, we con-
fesse & acknowledge before
thee thy diuine Ma-
gistic, that wee are mis-
erable sinners, conceived
and borne in sinne and
iniquitie, so that to vs there is no good-
nesse: For the flesh, euermore rebelleth
against the Spirit, wherby we continually
transgresse thine holie Precepts and com-
mandements, and so purchase to our sel-
ues, through thy iust judgement, death
and damnation. Notwithstanding, O hea-
uenlie Father, for as much as wee are dis-
pleased with our selues, for the sinnes and
offences that we haue committed against
thee, and doe vnsigne lie repent vs of
the same, we: most humblie beseeche thee,
for Iesu Christes sake, to forgiue vs all
our

Morning Prayer.

our sinnes, and to increase thine holie Spirit in vs, that wee acknowledging from the bottome of our heartes our owne unrighteousesse, may from henceforth not onelie mortifie our sinfull lustes and affectiōns, but also bring foorth such frutes, as may bee agreeable to thy most blessed will: Not for the worthinesse thereof, but for the merites of thy dearlie beloued Sonne Iesus Christ our onelie Sauiour, whom thou hast alreadie giuen an oblation and offering for our sinnes; and for whose sake wee are certainlie persuaded, that thou wilt denie vs nothing that wee shall aske in his Name, according to thy will: For thy Spirit doeth assure our Consciencies, that thou art our mercifull Father, and so louest vs, thy Children through him that nothing is able to remoue thine heauenlie Grace and Fauour from vs: To Thee thereefore, O Father, with the Sonne, and the holie Ghost, bee all honour and glorie, VVorld without ende.

So bee it.

Morning Prayer.

A I mightie God, and most mercifull Father; wee doe not present our selues heere before thy Majestic, trusting in our owne merites or worthinesse, but in thy manifold mercies; who hast promised to heare our prayers, and grant our requestes which wee shall make to thee, in the Name of thy well beloued Sonne Iesus Christ our Lord, who hath also commanded vs to assemble our selues together in his Name: With full assurance that hee will not onelie bee amongst vs, but also bee our Mediator and Aduocate towardes thy Majestic, that wee may obtaine all things which shall seeme expedient to thy blessed will for our necessities. Therefore wee beseech thee, most mercifull Father, to turne thy loving countenance towardes vs, and impute not vnto vs our manifold sinnes and offences, whereby we justlie deserue thy wrath and sharpe punishment: But rather receive vs to thy mercie, for Iesas Christes sake: Accepting his de th and passion as a just recompence for all our offences: In whom onelie thou art pleased, and through whom thou caſt not bee offended with vs,

And seeing that of thy great mercies wee haue quietlie passed this night, grant O Heauenlie Father, that wee may below this day wholie in thy seruice: So that in all our thoughtes, wordes, and deedes, may redound to the glorie of thy Name, and good example of st men: who seeing our good workes, may glorie thee our heauenlie Father.

And for as much as of thy meere fauour and loue shal not onelie created vs to thine owne similitude, and likenesse: but also haſt caused vs to bee heires with thy deare Sonne Iesus Christe of that im-

Morning Prayer.

mortal Kingdome which thou prepared for vs, before ſy beginning of the world; we beseech thee to increase our Faith & knowledge, & to lighten our hearts wthine he lie Spirit, that we may in ſy meane time liue in godlie conuerſation and integritie of life knowing that Idolaters, adulterers, conetous men, contentions persons, drunkards, gluttons, and ſuch like, ſhall not inherite the Kingdome of G O D.

And because thou haſt commanded vs to pray one for another, wee doe not onely make request, O L O R D, for our ſelues and them that thou haſt alreadie called to the true vnderſtanding of thine heauenlie will; but for all people and Nations of the World: who, as they know by thy wonderfull workes, that thou art G O D ouer al; So they may be inſtituted by thy holie Spirit, to believe in thee their onelie Sauiour and Redemeer. But for as mē as they cannot believe, except they heare, nor can heare, but by preaching; and none can preach, except they bee ſent: Therefore, O L O R D, raise vp faithfull distributors of thy mysteries, who ſetting apart all worldlie reſpetes, may both in their life and doctrine onelie ſeek thy glorie. Contrarie conſonāt Sathan Antechrist, with all Hirelings whom thou haſt alreadie caſten off into a Reprobate ſeſſe; that they may not by ſedē, Scisms, Heresies, and errors, diſquiet thy little Flocke. And because, O L O R D, wee bee fallen into the latter dayes and dangerous times, wherein Ignorance hath gotten ſy upper-hand & Sathan with his minifters, ſeekē by all meanes to quenchy light of thy Gospel; We beseech thee to maintaine thy caſe againſt thos rauenous wolnes, and ſtrengthen all thy ſeruantes whom they keepe in prison and bondage: Let not thy long ſuffering bee an occaſion either to encreaſe their tyrannie, or to diſcourage thy Children: Neither yet let our ſinnes and wickedneſſe bee hinderance to thy mercies: But with ſpeeđe, O Lord, conſider the great miseries and afflictions of thy poore Kirke; which in ſundrie places by the rage of enemies, is grieuouslie tormented: And this wee conſeſſe, O Lord, to come most justlie for our ſinnes. Which not withſt inding thy manifold benefits, whereby thou doſt daylie allure vs to loue thee, and thy sharpe threatenings, whereby wee haue occaſion to ſearc thee, and ſpedilie to repent, yet conſtaine in our owne wickedneſſe, and ſeelo not our heartes, ſo touchid with that diſpleaſure of our ſinnes, as we ought to doe. Therefore, O L O R D, creaſe in vs new heartes, that with ſeruent mindes wee may reueale our manifold ſinnes, and earneſſlie repente vs for our former wickedneſſe, and ungodlie behaviour towardes thee: And wheregs wee cannot of our ſelues purchase thy pardon, yet wee humbile beseech thee, for Iesas Christes ſake, to thine ſay mercies vpon vs, and receive vs againſt to thy fauour: Grant vs leare

Evening Prayer.

Father, those our requestes, and all other things necessarie for vs, and thy whole Kirke, according to thy promise in Iesus Christ our Lord: In whose Name wee beseech thee as he hath taught vs, saying, **Our Father which art in Heaven, &c.**

Evening Prayer.

O L R D G O D, Father euerlasting, and full of pittie, wee acknowledge and confess that wee be not worthy to list vp our eyes to heauen, much lesse to presēt our selues before thy Majestie, w confidence that thou wilt heare our prayers and graue our requests, if wee consider our owne deservings. For our Consciences doe accuse vs, and our Fames witness against vs, and wee know that thou art an upright Judge, who doſt not iustifie the sinners and wicked men, but puniſhſt ſy faultes of all ſuch as tranſgrefſe thy Commandementes: Yet moſte louingfull Father, ſince it hath pleased thee to command vs to call vpon thee in all our troubles and aduertisſies, promising even to helpe vs, when wee feele our ſelues as if we were swallowed vp of death and deſperation: We vtterlie renounce all worldlie confidence, and flee to thy Soueraigne gracie, as our onelie ſtaye and refuge, beseeching thee not to call to remembrance our manifolde ſinnes and wickednesſe, whereby wee continuallie prouoke thy wrath and indignation againſt vs, neither our negligence and vnkindenesſe, who either worthilie eſteemed, nor in our ſoules ſufficiencie expressed the ſweete comfort of thy Gospel reuealed vnto vs: In the name of thy Sonne Iesus Christ, who by ſuffering vp his bodie in ſacrifice once for all, hath made a ſufficient recompence for all our ſinnes.

Haue mercie therefore vpon vs, O Lord, and forgiue vs our offences: Teach ſy thine holie Spirit, ſy wee may rightlie weigh them, & earnestlie repent vs for the ſame: And ſo much the rather, O Lord, because that the Reprobate & ſuch as thou haſt forſaken, cannot praise thee, nor call vpon thy Name, but the repenting heart, the ſorrowfull minde, the Conscience opprefſed, hungry and thirſting for thy grace, ſhall euer ſette forth thy praise and glorie. And albeit we be but wormes and dufft, yet thou art our Creator, and we be the worke of thine hands: Yea, thou art our Father, and wee thy Children: Thou art our Shepheard, and wee thy Flocke, Thou art our Redemeer, and wee thy people whom thou haſt bought: Thou art our God, and weſt thine inheritance. Correct vs not therefore, in thine anger, O Lord, neither according to our deſerts puniſh vs; but merciſfullie chafte vs with a fatherlie affeſt, that all the world

Evening Prayer.

may knowe, that at what tyme ſoever a ſinner doeth repent him of his ſinne from the botome of his hearte, thou wilt put away his wickednesſe out of thy remembrance, as thou haſt promised by thine holi Prophet.

Finallie, for-as-much as it hath pleased thee make the night for man to reſte and as thou haſt ordained him the day to trauell in: Grant, O deare Father, that wee may ſo take our bodilie reſt, that our ſoules may continually watch for the time that our Lord Iesus Christ ſhall appeare for our deliuerance, out of this mortall life: And in the meane ſeafon, that wee, not ouer come by anie phantasies, dreames, or other temptations, may fullie ſette our minides vpon thee. Furthermore, that our deſire bee not exceilſe, or ouermuch after the iſſatiſble deſire of our flesh, but one-ли ſufficient to content our weak nature, that wee may bee the better diſpoſed to liue in all godlie conuerſation, to the glorie of thine holi Name and profit of our Brethren. So bee it.



A Prayer for the King and Queenes Majestic.

O Lord Iesus Christ moſt hie, moſt migh-ty, King of kings Lord of lords, the only ruler of Princes, the verie Son of God, on whose right hand ſitting, doest from thy Throne beholde all the dwellers vpon the Earth: With moſt lowlie heartes wee beſeech thee vouchafe with favourable re-garde to behold our moſt graciouſe Soueraigne the Kings Majestie, together with his Royall Queene: Replenith them with the grace of thine holie Spirit, that they alwayes may incline to thy will, and walke in thy way: Keepe them farre from ignorance, and through thy gift, let Prudence and Knowledge abound in their royll heartes; endew them in plentifullie with heauenlie gifts: Grant them in health & wealth long to liue; and give them an happy off ſpring: Hespe glorie and honour vpon them: Glad them with the joye of thy Countenance: So ſtrengthen them, that they may vanquith and ouercome all their enemies: And finallie, after this life, attaine to Thine euerlaſting loye and teſticitie, Through Iesus Christ our Saviour. **A M E N.**

F I N I S.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by the Hieres of
ANDRO HART:
April 18. 1630.

